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COMFORT

Christmas Number

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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What We Share

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Write Your Soldier Boy Good, Homy Letters and Write Often—Send Him Papers and Magazines too

COMMANDING officers at the camps of our national army report that the most eager craving of the soldiers is for letters from home, and the farther away the stronger the yearning for tidings from kindred and friends. It is keenest of all with the soldiers and sailors of our expeditionary forces abroad who cheerfully accept any hardship incident to the service except disappointment by delay of the mails.

The first contingent of our troops to engage the Germans gave a touching manifestation of this feeling when, after their initial turn at fighting in the trenches, they were sent to the rear, as usual, for a period of rest and recreation. Though weary, grimy, plastered with trench mud and wet by marching in the rain they were in excellent spirits, nevertheless, on reaching the village where they had been billeted and their mail was supposed to be waiting them. Every heart was jubilant in expectation of the hoped-for letters from home. But their mail had not come and there was a noticeable sense of depression in their disappointment. When asked how they had fared one of them replied, "We have nothing to complain of except the delay of our mail."

To any woman having a son in the service mother love is sufficient urge for her to write him often. Though paternal affection is strong, men, as a rule, are not given to letter writing and make a poor fist of it at best. Besides, to a man temporarily deprived of association with the gentle sex nothing is so cheering to his heart, so steady-ing to his character and helpful of the assertion of his better nature under the trials and temptations of soldier life as frequent letters from a good woman who is sincerely interested in his welfare and proud of his good name. Therefore, writing letters to our soldiers is a duty of no small importance that rests on the women of America.

Because of the Government's preference for young, unmarried men the soldier probably has no wife to write him. Maybe he has no mother living, but, if he has, the performance of this duty should not be left entirely to her but should be shared by all his female kindred and any lady friends with whom he has been in the habit of corresponding. Let them all write him good, long, cheery, racy letters, and often too. But right here we would draw the line on girls writing to strangers whether soldiers or civilians.

Our Cousin Marion in her "Talks with Girls" has repeatedly cautioned them against indiscriminate correspondence with men, especially with men they have never met or are but slightly acquainted with. That advice accords with the universal standard of propriety and there is no apparent reason for any deviation from it even under stress of present war conditions. Therefore we disapprove of the suggestion, now going the rounds, that every girl adopt a soldier as a correspondent regardless of having no personal acquaintance in the army. The well-being of our soldiers does not require such sacrifice of propriety, for it is hardly imaginable that any normal young man fit for a girl to correspond with could be destitute of female relatives and friends, not to mention sweetheart, willing to write him. A girl should take her mother's advice in choosing her correspondents and remember that there must be something wrong in any letter she is unwilling to show her mother.

Russia Down and Out

IN the nine months since the Czar was dethroned great and once mighty Russia has descended swiftly from bad to worse and now lies prostrate and helpless, the victim of avarice and treason instigated and promoted by German intrigue. A large section of her territory lopped off by the invading enemy while other provinces are seceding or in revolt, her army and navy mutinous, her industries paralyzed and her people everywhere divided into factions arrayed against

each other in partizan strife, the last vestige of respectable, responsible authority vanished when, on November eighth, the worst elements of the Petrograd populace, led by traitors and supported by the soldiers of the garrison and the crews of the war-ships, arrested all the government officials in the capital and proclaimed themselves the rulers of Russia. A pitifully heroic incident of the revolt was the splendid gallantry of the "Woman's Battalion of Death" which fought loyally in defense of the lawful government until overpowered by the shell fire from the fort and ships.

Neither our Government nor that of any of our allies has recognized this insurgent rabble as the government of Russia, nor are they likely to hold intercourse with the usurpers. As the head of the insurgent government immediately after getting control proclaimed a three months truce for the purpose of negotiating a separate peace with Germany, our Government undoubtedly will stop the further shipment of supplies to Russia.

It is expected that the better element of the Russian people will not submit to these tyrants without a determined effort to overthrow them. But that involves civil war which means that Russia is practically out of the world war as she has been during the last four months. If, however, the insurgents remain masters of the situation Russia's policy will be dictated by the Kaiser whose interests these traitors are serving.

Crucifying the Magazines

TO serve humanity by being a faithful and fearless purveyor of truth always has been and still is a thankless and often a perilous task. History records that many of the most ardent propagandists of truth have suffered all manner of persecution, including martyrdom, for their zeal. Twentieth century susceptibility, even in Germany, would hardly tolerate burning at the stake and other old-time bloody ways of dealing with persistent exponents of unwelcome facts, but more refined and equally effective modern methods of suppression are in vogue in our own country at the present time.

By their relentless exposure of graft, corrupt politics and neglect or abuse wherever found in the administration of public affairs certain influential magazines have incurred the deadly hatred of those interests and persons that object to having their deeds uncovered and their designs unmasked before the public. To hamper the activities, cut down the circulation and diminish so far as possible the influence of the magazines has been the ill-disguised purpose of certain interests in their repeated efforts to procure legislation hostile to this class of publications.

All such attempts failed until, under pretext of providing war revenue, the present Congress raised the second-class postage rate and graded it on a zone basis. Doubtless most of the members who voted for this measure did so inconsiderately in the hurry, excitement and confusion of the special war session and were innocent of any intent to crucify the magazines. But there were some that knew better and were not displeased with the prospective punishment of the magazines.

The first intimation we ever had of any move to put second-class postage on a zone rate basis was gleaned from a circular letter, dated May 17, 1916, issued by an organization with a high sounding name. The sponsor for this scheme shamelessly urged as one of its chief recommendations the injurious effect that zone rates would have on the magazines. The purport of the appeal was—though not in these precise words—crucify the magazines.

At the following session of Congress, last December, a bill embodying this proposition was introduced but defeated, greatly to the chagrin of its promoters. Then came the special session at which they succeeded in forcing it through as

a part of the war revenue bill. The utter sham of the pretense that it was designed as a war revenue measure appears from the fact that it does not become operative until next July and then only in part, as the rates increase each succeeding July until 1921 when the full maximum will be reached. Furthermore, the prescribed rates are so oppressively high as to be likely to prove prohibitive in the larger zones and result in diminishing rather than increasing the revenue, while the extra labor of classifying, sorting and weighing by zones with a second sorting by mail routes will add materially to the Government's as well as the publisher's expense of handling. It is unjust thus to single out the magazine publishers as a class for double taxation, for besides this they will be taxed the same as others on their incomes and profits, if they have any.

As explained in last month's editorial, the maximum postage rates would wipe out our profits many times over and we shall therefore be obliged to pass this added expense on to our subscribers by raising our subscription price. How to apportion this increase among subscribers is a difficult problem, though it appears to be assumed that the subscription price will have to vary according to zones, as it seems hardly fair to make the nearer subscribers share the greater cost of sending to the most distant ones. But remember that Congress and not the publishers is responsible for this local discrimination against those who dwell in the far rural sections. Decrease of sales is the natural result of higher prices, and it will be regrettable as detrimental to the national welfare if the zone rates of second-class postage curtail the dissemination of knowledge through the restriction of magazine circulation.

That there is no necessity for raising the postage rate on magazines is proved by the recently published report of the Postmaster General which shows that the Government made a net profit of nine million dollars on the business of the Post-Office Department for the year ending June 30, 1917. The Government should not engage in business for profit, but only for the benefit of the people by serving them at lowest cost.

The Senate at first rejected the zone rate proposition but finally yielded with the understanding that the question would be reopened for further consideration at the present session of Congress. So there is a chance that this menace may be removed before it begins to work mischief. Of course the movement for repeal will be strenuously contested by the interests that secured the adoption of this abomination, but in a matter of this kind members of Congress are likely to be influenced, as they should be, by public opinion expressed in letters and petitions from the people. Therefore it behooves everybody to get after his or her congressman on this matter of common interest.

We print a petition in due form on page 12. If you believe in equal rights and privileges for all under the postal laws; if you are opposed to unjust local discrimination; if you favor making the second-class postage rate, hereafter as heretofore, one and the same, level and uniform throughout the Union, cut out the petition, sign it, get others to sign it, and then mail it to your congressman at Washington where it will find him attending the present session of Congress.

Washington a Dry City

THE law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in the District of Columbia went into operation on the first day of November and it is hoped that a marked improvement in the moral atmosphere of the national capital will result. Congress is to be commended for having set this good example before the country, and its action may well be regarded as the forerunner of nation-wide prohibition.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

New Ideas for Home-Made Gifts

NOW that the rush and bustle of getting the Christmas packages off to the boys is over, we can turn our thoughts to the other members of the home circle.

Between now and Christmas I know every woman will be as busy as a bee planning and working, for one of the most satisfying things about this most important of holidays is the making and giving of pretty and useful gifts to our loved ones.

I hope many of you who have to accomplish considerable with a small outlay will find this month's page of practical value and help.

An Attractive Hatpin Holder

A couple of yards of ribbon and a little originality resulted in this ornamental as well as useful little affair for one's bureau. To be exact two yards of three-inch satin ribbon, three yards of No. 3 ribbon and one small wine glass will be necessary.

Use enough of the wider ribbon to cover the glass, joining neatly. Overcast top and bottom selvages of the ribbon rather loosely then draw up closely to fit over glass.

Cut six pieces of ribbon and fold in points and seam. Place these, overlapping each other around the top of glass. Cut the remainder of the ribbon in three parts, measuring 12, 15 and 18 inches respectively. Shirr each selvage, place one piece of ribbon inside the other and sew to covering of glass. Sew points at base after which finish this point, base of glass and top of each row of ribbon with the narrow ribbon. To shirr this up as shown run diagonally from one selvage to the other. If necessary fill the glass with sand, covering the top with a piece of net or muslin.

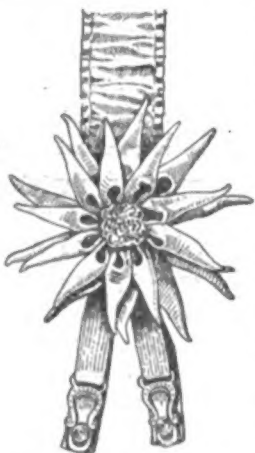


HATPIN HOLDER.

Marguerite Garters

Any girl who loves dainty personal belongings will surely welcome a pair of ribbon covered garters. In planning such a gift as this care should be used in choosing the color, for most of us have a favorite shade and whether it be in the millinery, which is so essential and the key-note to one's dress, or to the alluring waists and ready-to-wear house frock or street costume, the color is sometimes selected without regard to its being becoming, or to the taste of the wearer.

An ordinary pair of garters, covered with tulle ribbon or silk elastic may be used and made most attractive and pleasing to the eye. The rosettes are made of ribbon which comes in many colors; the centers are of yellow French knots.



MARGUERITE GARTERS.

By-low Pillow Doll

If every mother could see this dear little pillow doll, I feel sure every baby would have one for bedtime.

Our illustration cannot begin to show the sweetness of the little face which is painted with water colors and then outlined or the daintiness of the plain white dress and lace-trimmed cap.

The doll, head and body all in one, is simply



BY-LOW DOLL.

a small cotton filled pillow, which may be made any size desired, about one third as wide as it is long. On the top of the pillow-case

War-Time Novelties

work the features of the head, filling in the sides by outlining with gold to represent dolly's curls.

The cap is simply a circular piece of lawn, edged with lace and having a lace beading stitched on, a little ways from the edge, through which is run a ribbon, which ties the cap in place. The dress is a straight piece, hemmed at the lower edge and the upper edge finished with lace edging, beading and ribbon.

War-time Novelties

This season when all the school children are knitting and the scouts are doing their bit, the shops are showing timely gifts designed especially to appeal to the patriotism of the children.

A few of these ideas we can illustrate here.

Any boy whether he be a scout or not will surely be delighted with a sofa pillow of his very own, made for real use. The design here shown worked on khaki or any tan material, is particularly good. Use shades of brown for the eagle, red, white and blue for the shield, and black for the ribbon and letters.



BOY'S PILLOW.

easily be redressed in uniform and made to do duty for another year, as well as not.

The little Khaki suit may be very easily made and if the doll is small it will be as well to fasten the trousers and jacket in place.

A hat can be shaped from an old felt hat if one is fortunate enough to have one, or an addition to this outfit might also be a sleeveless sweater of the regulation army style and a little knitted helmet of khaki colored yarn.

These garments will be especially welcome if the Khaki suit does not come off as children always love to dress and undress their dollies.

To make a sailor boy doll dressed as one of Uncle Sam's marines, one will need a little navy-blue flannel. Use this for the blouse and long wide bottom pants. Add a white sailor collar will complete the little and a small white hat uniform for jackie.

Made of Bits of Linen

White linen shoestrings are one and one half inches wide, with tiny machine hemmed edges and hem-stitched ends.

A washable hair-receiver requires a square of white or colored linen, with three sides button-holed in color to suit room scheme, and rolled up like a cornucopia, either snapped or hooked invisibly together, and a loop to hang it up. Line with stiff paper to keep in shape and to give firmness.

A square or oblong pincushion top of white linen may be embroidered and have buttonholed edge, or a crocheted medallion inserted in top and crocheted edge, and laced or tied to a plain bottom section over a foundation of color, about an inch thick, and filled with rice in which pins will not rust.

Brush broom holder of two pieces laced together, with front embroidered in design or monogram, or stenciled and cords to hang it is quickly fashioned and will be appreciated by the happy receiver.

Swagger Stick Bag

Our illustration shows one of the very latest ideas for knitting bags. If one has not a swagger stick, a light cane or a handle from a discarded umbrella may be made to do duty.

The bag may be of any pretty material and should be cut circular and the size designed, according to the size of the stick. From the center of the circular cloth cut a three- or four-inch circle.

Run a drawing string around this edge, slip over the stick with the wrong of the material outside and the top of the bag at the bottom of the stick. Draw the thread up closely and secure, then slip over this end a strong rubber band. Turn the bag up and just above the rubber band, tie a ribbon and a silk cord as tightly as possible. Run cords in the top of the bag, running the same through a celluloid ring, large enough to slide up and down the stick. These bags besides being attractive are most practical, as they hold a vast amount of work, which can be carried very easily as one can use the stick for a cane in walking.



SWAGGER STICK KNITTING BAG.

Pin Tree

This little novelty for the dressing-case can be made of a good-sized cork blackened with a couple of coats of shoe polish and then glue to the end of a blackened meat skewer.

For the base a tiny flower pot painted, decorated with ribbon and filled with bird shot can be used or a cardboard or small tin box completely covered with ribbon may be substituted.

Fill the cork with pins with varied colored heads and the pot with hairpins.

Little Gift Suggestions
A cardcase of fancy ribbon, white linen or material like the gown, with an initial or monogram is a useful choice.

Dainty handkerchiefs need 12-inch squares of sheer linen with scalloped edge or hem-stitched with a tiny crocheted edge of fine thread added. The initial or monogram gives the personal note to the gift.



PIN TREE.

Boy Scout Doll

There is nothing new about these dolls, which this year look so different, but their clothes.

Any good old-fashioned kind of a doll such as children always have and always will love as long as there are children in the world, can



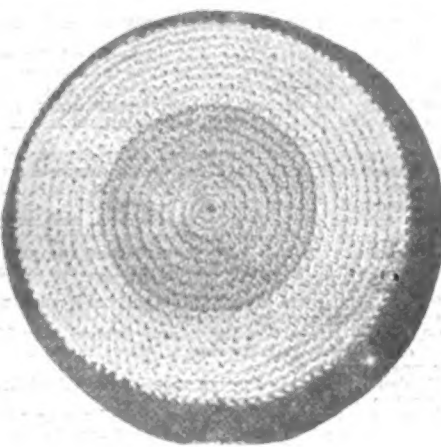
RED CROSS NURSE.

as shown or in dressing a smaller doll the bib may be omitted, the dress made low neck and a handkerchief substituted instead.

The head-dress is of white in shape the same as a handkerchief folded once. This fits smoothly about the head the ends falling on either side as shown. Decorate the front with a red cross and one also may be added to a white band, placed about the sleeve just above the elbow.

Patriotic Bean Bag

A simple little gift made up of the national colors is the crocheted bean bag illustrated below. For this use colored silkateen in red, white and blue with a suitable sized steel crochet hook. Ch. 4 with the blue, join in ring



Dainty little bean bag, Red, white and blue, Just for the little folks, They're patriotic, too.

PATRIOTIC BEAN BAG.

work round and round in single crochet through loops of each stitch, making an extra stitch here and there as necessary to keep the work flat. Make nine rounds of blue, join in white and make nine rounds. Then red and enlarge for three rounds then three more without increasing followed by three in which one should decrease slightly.

Begin with blue again and follow with nine rows of white, fasten off and join to red by overcasting the two edges together, when nearly closed fill with beans, split peas or rice.

Candy Man for Christmas Trees

These cute little candy men, which take the place of the usual candy bags, delight the children.

Large white peppermints painted with chocolate and candy colorings are used for the heads, stick candy for arms and legs with the addition of a little broken candy. Cut two pieces of tulle to shape as shown and overcast the edges together with bright wool, fill and complete by leaving a few inches of string at the top to use in tying to the tree.



CANDY MAN.

For Father or Brother

Paper weights which do not slip from the papers are of leather, scraps from the shoemaker, or of ooze leather or old gloves, which can be dyed with gasoline and oil paint in gay shades, and are filled with shot.

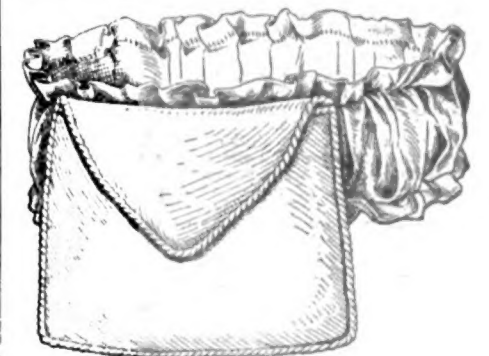
Case for fountain pens should be of two strips of leather, one long enough to fold over and fasten down with snap fastener, or one long strip folded over.

Pattern Bag

A cretonne bag for patterns is appreciated by the woman who makes her own and the children's clothes. Stitch two rows of pockets on a foundation and a blank card fastened on the outside of each pocket to be used for an index of contents of each pocket, shirt-waists, coats, skirts, one-piece gowns, underwear, blouses, shirts, etc.

Boodle Bag

Lots of girls have a way of tucking a few dollars away, feeling that they are more safe than in their purse. So I feel sure any girl who considers money on her own person safer than in a national bank, will welcome a dainty receptacle especially for this purpose. Make the little gift as daintily as possible by covering a garter with shirred satin ribbon and to this attach the envelope shaped bag. To make this one will need about seven inches of ribbon three inches wide. Fold in three parts turning back the sides of one end to form the flap of the envelope.



BOODLE BAG.

Seam up the bag neatly and turn inside out, then line with an inner bag of camoils. Finish all edges with a small silk cord. Place a small snap fastener at the point of the flap and one at either end of the inside of the bag. An edge of narrow full lace may be substituted for the cord, if one prefers.

Bunny Hot Water Bottle Cover

This cover is designed for use on a baby's water bottle and can be made up very easily.

Outing or cotton flannel is perhaps as good as any material to use. Cut the lower part of white and the upper on jacket of either a light blue or pink. The head should also be of white, with inside of the ears of pink. Stuff the head, arms and legs with cotton batting making the body of just the right size to cover the bottle. The head is attached to the front part only, while the back is cut straight, turn in for a running, through which run a narrow ribbon which can be drawn up about the neck of the bottle closely and tied in front, as shown. Such a gift as this would be welcomed by any young mother, as hot water bottles are always needed more or less wherever there are babies or young children and the cover helps retain the needed warmth and adds to baby's comfort.

Sewing Box

A very attractive and useful little gift may be made of small pieces of silk or figured cotton goods; lined with a plain tone will answer as well.

A piece of each measuring six and one quarter by fourteen and a half inches will be needed.

Place the right sides together and stitch around three sides, turn and pull out the cor-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Sibyl's Influence

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Sir, you have dropped something upon the floor."

"Lady, I—I haven't any mother!"

"I think ye'll be hearin' from me again one of these fine days."

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CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE WARD.

IT was a chill November day, the wind whistled a mournful dirge, the sea echoed its grief in a low, monotonous, sullen roar, and the somber clouds dropped their tears in sympathy, and cast long, pall-like shadows over the whole earth.

Along a low, sandy beach, where the incoming waves almost washed its wheels, there came apace, on this chill November day, an elegant coach, drawn by a noble span of bays.

Evidently the day's journey had been a long and tedious one, for the panting horses were flecked with foam, and now and then lagged as with weariness, while the driver appeared restless and anxious, and the footman was half asleep.

At length a distant spire was seen rising among the trees so bare and brown, and soon after a little village appeared in view, its neat, white houses seeming like so many white doves brooding upon their nests.

A few minutes more and the imposing coach drew up before an ancient and rather uninviting looking structure, sheltered beneath the bare but protecting arms of a venerable elm tree, of no one could tell how many centuries' growth.

This was the village inn, in a low, rambling building, with its small, old-fashioned windows, its wide, hospitable doors, and its yawning fireplaces, telling that it belonged to a previous age, and had been fashioned according to antiquated modes of architecture.

With a deep-drawn sigh of relief, the footman sprang to the ground as the horses stopped, opened the coach door with a low bow, and a young, fine-looking man of about twenty alighted. He was followed by a stately dame of perhaps forty, who, judging from the points of resemblance between them, must have been his mother.

They were met at the door by a gaping, ill-looking man, who appeared to be the proprietor, and who preceded them into the receiving room, and stirred the dull fire into a more cheerful blaze, and toward which the lady advanced to warm her chilled hands and feet.

The young man lingered a moment to give some directions to the coachman, and then he, too, entered the dismal place.

At the foot of the stairs, in the hall, he desisted, what his mother, in her weariness, had passed unnoticed by, a little maid upon her knees, with scrubbing brush, soap and water, hard at work upon the wide, old-fashioned oaken planks which led into the story above.

She had just reached the bottom as the stranger appeared. She arose, leaving her brush upon the floor, and stood with downcast eyes to let him pass, for the last stair came to the very door of the receiving room.

Scarcely heeding her, and paying very little attention to his steps, the young man's toe suddenly came in contact with the scrubbing brush with considerable force, and sent it flying with cruel speed against the bare and slender ankle of the girl.

A sudden spring to one side, and a quickly stifled cry of pain, made him turn instantly to see what mischief he had done.

He saw a fair young girl of perhaps thirteen summers, standing in a drooping attitude, a weary, pained look upon a face as delicate and beautiful as any he had ever seen in his life. Her broad, rather low forehead was surrounded by short, clustering, jetty curls, soft and fine as floss, straight, delicately pencilled eyebrows, lying above white, drooping lids with long black curling lashes, cheeks smooth and fine as damask, with the dainty tint of a seashell's heart upon them, small ears like tinted pearls, a straight, small nose, and lips not too full, but of a most vivid scarlet.

Her arms, which were bare to the elbow, were of perfect mould, tapering down to the little hands, which, although red and soiled from her disagreeable task, were models of symmetry and grace.

Instinctively his eyes dropped to the little bare feet, and he was startled to see upon one, a long, livid mark, where the offending brush had inflicted its cruel wound.

Infinitely surprised at beholding so much beauty in so lowly a place, and conscience-smitten at his own awkwardness, he spoke in gentle tones:

"Little maiden, I pray your pardon. I was very careless, and you are hurt," and he glanced in compassion at the rapidly swelling foot.

"It is nothing, sir; I do not mind," she returned, patiently, yet he knew she was suffering from the line of pain between her eyebrows.

"I am very sorry," he added, then dropping a golden coin at her feet, he turned to follow the stately dame, his mother, within the receiving room.

But quicker than he, the injured girl sprang before him, her eyes of blackest hue now raised unflinchingly to his, her fair, soft cheek all ablaze with some inward emotion suddenly stirred.

Her delicate crimson lips curled with something of scorn and wounded feeling, as pointing with one little finger to the shining gold lying upon the floor, she said, coldly, but in clear, rich tones:

"Sir, you have dropped something upon the floor."

He looked at her in amaze.

But for her ragged and soiled dress, and her wretched surroundings, she might have been some haughty Lilliputian princess.

He saw that she resented his throwing her the money, and yet he felt he owed her some return for his carelessness.

"But I meant it for you, my poor child, as a sort of apology for my awkwardness," he answered, and a slight smile of amusement curled his handsome lips at her haughty air; it seemed natural to her, and yet in her poverty-stricken garb, so utterly out of place.

"Your kind and gracious words are very pleasant to me, sir," she replied, with a slight quiver of her sweet lips, as though she was unaccustomed to such sounds then she added, firmly: "But your gold I do not want."

More and more surprised, particularly at her correct language and mature bearing, the young man for a moment could do nothing but stare, as one fascinated, into the dusky upraised eyes, while he read there the evidence of a spirit as proud as his very own.

Who was she, this dainty piece of humanity, living in such a miserable place, doing such hard and unflattering labor, and looking more like some neglected little pauper than anything else?

The young man began to experience a feeling of embarrassment creeping over him at the position in which he found himself placed. The child still stood in his path, the little rosy finger still pointing at the shining coin upon the floor.

It was evident that she did not mean to touch it, while his own pride forbade him to stoop to pick it up after having once bestowed it upon her.

"If you do not care for the money," he said, gently, and with a sense of respect stealing over him, "will you not keep it as a little token of remembrance?"

"I do not need a token; I shall never forget you, nor that you have spoken kindly to me, while I live," she answered, with a quiver of passion in her voice, while there was a suspicious trembling of the heavily-fringed lids, a startling tear in the dark eyes, and the shining, proudly-lifted head drooped just a trifle.

Deeply touched by her words, he turned quickly away, and walked to the open door again.

The house fronted the sea, which now roared, and heaved, and beat upon the beach, like some restless caged animal in a passion, striving to burst from its prison.

A steady rain was beginning to fall; the wind was rising, making wild, weird noises as it whistled through the bare brown branches of the huge elm tree, and among the loose clapboards of the shabby house.

There was something grand and mighty in the broad, deep waters, and taking off his hat and tossing back the heavy masses of chestnut hair from his high, white brow, the young stranger stood fascinated by the scene.

Suddenly he was conscious of a light step behind him, and in another instant the child sprang forward, dropped the piece of gold into his hat, then darting swiftly away, fell upon her knees again, and returned vigorously to her task.

Pretending to be still looking out upon the sea, he turned a little to one side and covertly watched her.

Every movement, even about the obnoxious task, was full of a light and airy grace that was as wonderful as it was out of place; and the young man, with rising indignation, felt as if he would like to seize the offending brush and cast it into the depths of the sea, rescue the poor little waif from her misery, and place her in a position befitting her refinement and beauty.

The last stair had scarcely attained a state of perfect cleanliness, when a harsh, shrill voice from some remote regions, to the stranger unknown, called out:

"Sibyl! Sibyl! you lazy jade, how much longer you goin' to be 'bout them stairs?"

The child started, cast a quick, mortified glance at the quiet figure in the doorway, colored a vivid, painful crimson, and hastily seizing the pall of dirty water, all too heavy for her slender frame, she quickly vanished from the place.

"Sibyl—a prophetic; it should rather have been Sara—a princess. I am willing to wager my handsome hairs, though, that the child does not belong here. That low-browed villain," with a glance at the innkeeper approaching from without, "was never her father, whoever her mother may be."

With these thoughts passing in his mind, the stranger turned away to avoid the proprietor of the dismal establishment, and sought his mother in the receiving room.

CHAPTER II.

"THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS."

"Mother, did you notice that child scrubbing the stairs as we came in?" he asked, as he approached the stately and very beautiful lady, who had removed her outer garments, and was striving to make herself comfortable by the poor fire in the very comfortable-looking apartment.

"No, Raymond, I did not particularly. I only knew that there was some one there; I was too cold and benumbed to think of anything but getting warm. But what of her?"

"A modern Cinderella—a princess bewitched, and as charming a piece of humanity as ever was born in palace or hall, and doomed by those cruel goddesses, the Parcae, to poverty and rags!"

"Yes, I do remember now that I saw a ragged, dirty, barefooted little girl scrubbing the stairs. Pray, what glamour has come over your eyes, Raymond, to turn her into such a vision of loveliness?"

"Nothing but my own observation," he replied, coloring slightly beneath her words.

"I think I shall have to take a closer look at this enchanting, or rather enchanted, little princess, if she becomes visible again tonight. Did you discover her name?"

"Sibyl. I heard an owl, or some other bird of ill-omen, screech it out from some of the secret

regions of this dismal place; and the poor little thing rushed away as if her very life depended upon instant obedience."

"This is a dismal place, Ray. Must we stay here all night? Cannot we go on to the next town after the horses are fed?" his mother asked, somewhat anxiously, and looking about the bare apartment.

"I think we must remain here, mother; that is, if they can accommodate us with a decent bed and something to eat. The horses are wearied out, and it is raining hard. If we had not lost our way, and been obliged to travel so many extra miles, we could easily have reached Uncle Royal's tonight. I regret it exceedingly on your account; on my own part, I rather enjoy the adventure in this strange, wild place."

"I like to have you enjoy yourself, Ray, but I must say I wish you could choose your pleasures in a different location, and nearer civilization. Here you have been dragging me about this forlorn country for more than a week, until I feel like a heathen, and look like a gypsy," she said, shaking her finger at him in mock displeasure.

"I had my orders to keep you near the sea, you know; you are getting a beautiful color, I own, though not at all gypsyish; and, for a heathen, I like you very well," her son replied, laughing, and giving her a fond look.

"I know what your orders were, Ray, and no one could have been more faithful in obeying them. The sea air has done me good, and I shall go home stronger than I have been for many a long month; but I shall tell your father, next time, that I should like my medicine sugar-coated with a little more of life and civilization."

Again the young man laughed, yet at the same time he looked annoyed.

He knew that they were in a very uncomfortable predicament, and, though he knew that his mother was only jesting, and would really make the best of their situation, yet the barrenness of the place, and the lack of every luxury to which she was dally and hourly accustomed, was a severe trial, and the next day, also, if the storm continued, would seem very long and tedious to her.

"Who knows, mother mine," he said, speaking lightly, "but what this week, which you say has been so dismal for you, will be the means of bringing my fate to me."

"I am sure I cannot see where it is coming from, unless you break your neck stumbling over more of those huge rocks like those we clambered over yesterday; or perhaps, though, it has come to you already, Ray, in the form of your little 'enchanted princess,' Sybil," she retorted, in a spirit of mischief.

"Stranger things than that have happened—the latter I mean, not the breaking of my neck," he answered, in the same strain.

"Madam, sir, your supper is ready."

Both lady and gentleman started at the clear, flute-like tones, and turned to see whence they proceeded, and both were surprised at the rude loveliness of the picture which met their eyes.

Sibyl, with her fresh young face, her large, lustrous eyes, and clustering curls, stood in the low doorway, near the fireplace.

The ruddy light of the fire flashed and flamed over her, bringing out her wonderful beauty in a way to startle her observers, and at the same time hiding the defects of her shabby dress, her bare feet and legs, by the dusky shadow it made around her.

Her cheeks were crimson, and after one searching glance into each face, her eyes drooped and were hidden by her long, dark lashes, while she stood modestly awaiting their orders.

Her sleeves had been pulled down and were buttoned around the delicate wrists, while Raymond and his mother both noticed that the short clustering curls had been freshly and nicely combed and arranged.

"Little girl, come here," Raymond said, wishing his mother to see her nearer.

The child lifted her head, and flashed a swift look of defiance at him, but did not move from her position.

Evidently, the imperative mood was calculated to arouse her antagonism.

Her utter disregard of his command was a new revelation and pleased him, strange to tell, more than prompt obedience would have done. He wondered if she had heard what they were saying. But he was not one to give up a point readily, and advancing nearer to her he said, gently:

"This lady is my mother, Lady Prescott, and I was just telling her how carelessly I hurt you in the hall a little while ago."

"It was nothing, sir—it does not hurt much now," and the defiant eyes softened and sank again to the floor.

"Will you come and speak to the lady now?" She went instantly and stood before Lady Prescott.

"Your name is Sibyl, is it not?" she asked, kindly, and studying the child's delicate features.

"Yes, lady."

"How old are you?"

A look of startled pain came into the large, sad eyes.

"I—don't know, lady—they say thirteen."

The words were jerked out with an effort. Evidently it was a tender subject.

"Who are they?"

"Why, he and she."

A smile of amusement curled the lady's lips, which Sibyl, quick to see and interpret, hastened to complete her sentence, by adding:

"I mean Jem and Nell Sloan—they keep the place here."

"Is that their name? Do you go to school?" she continued, without waiting for an answer to her first question.

"No, lady," was the sad, dejected reply.

"Can you read and write?"

"I can read some—I can write a little; a kind lady who is sick, and comes to the seaside every summer, taught me—but she don't know it," with a quick glance over her shoulder in the direction of the kitchen.

"Blessings on the kind, sick lady!" Raymond breathed to himself.

Instinctively, the little hand crept over the region of her pocket, and a keen glance showed him the ragged edges of a book sticking out.

"Will you let me see it?" he asked, pointing at it.

She uttered a little, startled cry.

"Oh! I didn't know it showed—please don't tell," she said, pathetically, and flushing a guilty crimson, as if she had been detected in some forbidden act.

"No, I will not tell. What book is it?"

"I only want to learn how to talk as the kind lady does—it is so beautiful, but it is so hard to do; and I don't know all the meaning of what I read here," she said, as she drew forth a soiled and ragged book, and laid it in his extended palm.

A strange feeling of pity and compassion moved him as he opened it, and found it to be an old and nearly worn-out grammar.

"Where did you get this book?" he asked.

"I picked shells for the sick lady last summer—she told me I needed to study grammar—and she gave me a whole shilling. I heard Harry Bend say his mother had one, and, lowering her voice to a whisper, with another stealthy look behind her, 'I bought it of her.'"

"Why are you so secret about it, Sibyl?" asked Lady Prescott, gravely.

The rich color mounted to her brow, and a look of shame passed over her face.

"Because they say it is nonsense, and beat me," she whispered.

"Poor child! Do you thirst so for knowledge, and have to steal it?" Raymond demanded, while there was a note of anger in his tones, which made the child start in sudden fear.

Then the proud, defiant spirit broke forth again.

"It is the only thing I ever—I do not—you have no right to say that I steal! It isn't stealing," she cried, indignantly, and the little breast heaved, convulsively.

Raymond saw that she misunderstood him, and hastened to set her right.

"Pardon, pardon, little maiden; you do not understand. I meant nothing unkind. Would you like to go to school?"

"To school? Oh, sir!"

The words were almost rapturously uttered, but they ended in a sob, deep as it was bitter, as if such a blessing as that she could never hope to enjoy.

"Why does not your mother allow you to go to school, Sibyl, and give you an opportunity to learn?" asked Lady Prescott, feeling deeply moved by what she had heard.

The child started back from her, her eyes ablaze, her head erect, and her little hands clinched.

"My mother!" she cried, passionately, in suppressed tones. "Do you think she is my mother? Do you think my mother would do that, and that?"

Swift as thought, she pushed up her sleeve to her shoulder, and showed two large, livid marks upon her delicate flesh. Then her self-command forsook her, all her desolation seemed to rush over her like a torrent, and, with a wild, heart-broken sob, she cried:

"Lady, I—I haven't any mother!"

Lady Prescott's eyes filled with sudden tears. She put out her jeweled hand and drew the girl to her side, and looked into the beautiful, flushed face.

"Dear child," she said, softly, and to Sibyl the words were the sweetest music she had ever heard in her life. "I did not mean to wound you thus. I think I shall have to intercede for you, but we will talk more of this by and by. Did you say that our tea was ready?"

"Yes, lady."

The words were spoken almost with reverence.

CHAPTER III.

MY LADY'S BRIBE.

Sir Athelstone Prescott belonged to an illustrious family, residing in the southeast of England.

The son of a physician, he early showed an inclination to become a master of healing, also, and, after completing a thorough collegiate course, he spent several years in the study and practise of medicine, under his father's direction, after which he went to Dumfries, a large city in the south of Scotland, where, by the exercise of his skill and knowledge, he was not long in establishing for himself a magnificent practise.

He early married a lovely girl—the daughter of the vicar in whose benefice he resided—and life began for them in the most promising manner.

Their union was blessed by one child only—a son—Raymond Athelstone Prescott he was called, thus combining the names of his maternal grandfather, the vicar, and his father.

He was reared in the tenderest and most careful manner.

Every advantage was bestowed upon him, and, possessing a quick, keen intellect, his education, at the time of which we are writing, was nearly completed.

During the past month he had been traveling, with his mother, whose health had seemed to demand a change, and, Sir Athelstone being unable to leave his important practise, Raymond had been recalled from his studies at Edinburgh to attend her.

They were now on their way back to Dumfries, having made a tour of England and Wales.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families, as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers, to become coworkers with all who work friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as having correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILHELM WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HERE is considerable doubt in my mind as to whether teeth and their care is a specially Christmas subject, though if one has an adaptable mind it can be made to see the close relationship between good teeth and their relation to the Christmas dinner with all its goodies, is only too apparent. So many times we see a mother who would be horrified at the mere thought of letting her daughter wear a soiled dress, calmly allow the same child to go day after day and week after week without having her teeth cleaned or, if cleaned at all, the most superficial of cleanings. That same mother may demand obedience in almost everything but when a visit to the dentist becomes necessary, as it must, and the child rebels (that I blame them) and will yield and say: "The poor child can't bear to have her teeth touched," and thus it goes till the "poor child" awakens to a realizing sense of her teeth or perhaps by that time, her lack of teeth and then it is too late, though modern dentistry can accomplish wonders. The early duty of a child is as important as cleanliness and if there are any careless mothers among our Comfort sisters, I don't think there are very many. I hope they will give this consideration the subject deserves and a Merry Christmas to all.—Ed.

THEO. ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:—Mrs. J. M. I think you should believe what your husband tells you. Tell those sisters the next time they bring the subject up that you are satisfied and that you do not care to hear any more about it. Let them get cross if they want to. They won't stay that way long. If you say it kindly but positively.

I have a son married four years to a dear Jack and we have a baby girl, Dorothy, nearly three years old, whom we both love dearly. I believe what my husband tells me. The only thing that worries me now is the fear that he will have to go to the war. I don't think it hard to think of having to see your loved ones go. We can now sympathize with our sisters across the ocean, who have actually given their loved ones. I cannot see the justice of it.

How many of our sisters have good teeth? Have your children good teeth? If so, are you doing your part by trying to keep them good? My teeth were bad and by the time I was fifteen they were full of fillings and now it is a continual patch to keep them. So when I found out our baby was coming I began to try to learn how to care for her in every way. She is fit in every respect. Her teeth are good, for ever since she was a tiny baby I have cared for her little mouth. When they are tiny, wash their mouths at least twice a day with warm water and a soft rag. When they are large enough, get them a soft toothbrush. Our baby will ask for her "tooth brush" and paste now if I forget it, and sometimes I do for I am a father's wife and have a good many things to do. I like farm life. We lived in town the first year we were married but the second year we moved out to our little farm and think it was a good move for everything is so high now. We have can't get plenty of vegetables and fruits, enough to do us this winter. My husband is a believer in "can all you can," and he helps me with my work.

Best wishes to all the sisters.

Sincerely,

MRS. LUM REEVE.

ROBESON, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Will Comfort readers living in Virginia write to me? I want information as to climate, renting or buying of small places and other general information, as I wish to move to a different and more favorable climate.

I live twelve miles from town in a very thinly settled neighborhood, far from my own people, and am very lonely. I am not in good health. I would appreciate good reading matter, but not of a religious nature for I have my own faith and my Bible. Wish some sister would send me copies of Holland's Magazine.

MRS. E. A. DOYLE.

PAULINE, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It has been four years since I visited this department so now I will give an account of myself. I carried my children's Christmas presents last year to some interesting club for Comfort, and am going to do the same this year.

I have seen almost all of this big state since my last letter so you will know that I have traveled some. It is hard to decide which part of the country I like best. I like the East as I grew up among the pines.

M. B. I wish I could help you in your resolution to do better. I am praying for you and I want every Comforter mother to join me in a prayer to the Giver of all good gifts for this poor girl. My advice to her is to trust in God, cling to your resolution and forget as much as you can that you did wrong. Remember you did not go alone. Hold your head up and be proud that you are trying to live a better life.

Long live Comfort, Mrs. HATTIE YOUNG.

HAMLER, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We have had Comfort in our home for at least twenty years.

Mrs. H. L. Holder, I am convinced that slapping and all such habits of little ones are simply undisciplined energy and not any bad tendencies. I have four children but not until my youngest came did I learn this. When his little hands first went up to slap or pull hair, I said, "This is a better way to love, mamma," and took his little hand and directed it to smooth my hair or gently pat my cheek. When he began to bite I said, "Ewwy now, just a love bite," not a "short bite." When he got into mischief, instead of scolding or spanking him, I said, "Let's do it this way," and showed him some other amusement. I do not believe children ever do things to be naughty un-

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

WHETHER or not we obey Mr. Hoover's request on Christmas Day is a question that will have to be settled by families themselves, but if they do, there are so many satisfying substitutes for turkey that they need not feel they are being deprived of so very much. Those having that Christmas comes but once a year feeling and go in for a real spread, can console themselves with the thought that left overs can be used in so many ways that it really is economical in the end and that their seeming extravagance is not so unpardonable after all.

LEFT-OVER SAUSAGE. Cut sausage into small slices, put into frying pan and heat well. Pour over two cups of milk. When boiling hot, thicken slightly with flour, stirred in cold water.

SAUSAGES WITH TOMATOES. Fry sausages and arrange in dish on stove where they will keep warm. Cut tomatoes into slices, with a few slices of onions. Fry, season with salt and pepper, place among the sausages and serve hot. Canned tomatoes may be used instead with good results.

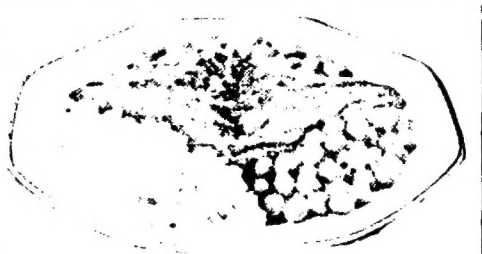
BEAN ROAST. Boil a good roast till almost tender. Put in roaster and sprinkle with chili pepper. Peel four large potatoes and boil a few minutes in boiling water. Cook in. Take out and slice and lay around the meat. Over this spread a large onion. Bake slowly two hours, basting every few minutes.

E. B., Arlington, Texas.

CHOP STEAK. Two pounds of meat, veal and pork. Cut this into small pieces. Cut up three bunches of celery and six onions of medium size. Stew the meat in one tablespoon of butter, season with salt, pepper, one third teaspoon cumin and one quarter teaspoon ginger. After a few minutes add a little water. When half done, add two tablespoons of molasses to the meat, adding also the celery and onions, which have been yellowed in butter. Stew all of this till done and serve with rice.

Subscriber, Wisconsin.

MEAT TURNOVER IN COMBINATION DISH. Chop meat left over from yesterday's dinner, add onion or other left over vegetables, flavor with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little thick gravy. Make rich biscuit



MEAT TURNOVER IN COMBINATION DISH.

dough, but instead of kneading on board take small pieces of dough, flour on both sides, pat and roll about a third of an inch thick, and as large around as a saucer. Fill one side with meat, moisten the edges and turn over the other half. Crimp edges and bake in hot oven to a rich brown. Serve with potato salad and peas.

BEAN CAKES. Take left over beans, mash with spoon, add one beaten egg, one half cup milk, and enough bread crumbs to form into small cakes. Fry.

EGG-TOURTED TURKEY. Place a layer of boiled rice in buttered baking dish, cover with a layer of finely shredded turkey, or chicken, season to taste and add another layer of rice, etc., until dish is nearly full. Sprinkle with seasoned bread crumbs, dot with butter, add milk to moisten and bake until brown.

CHICKEN SALAD. Pick the meat from the bones of cold chicken, and chop fine. Spread a layer of bread or cracker crumbs on the bottom of a buttered baking dish, moisten with a little milk, and cover with a layer of chicken, a little dressing and tiny dots of butter. Season, then add another layer of bread crumbs, etc., until the dish is nearly full. Add gravy or milk, and then make a crust of one egg, beaten, two table-spoons of milk, a little salt and enough crumbs to make it thick enough to spread with a knife. Dot with bits of butter and cover and bake half an hour. About ten minutes before serving remove the plate and let brown.

HAM AND CHEESE.—One half cup cheese, one half cup cold boiled ham, finely chopped together, two eggs, seven soda crackers, rolled fine, salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoon baking powder and one cup milk. Stir eggs into ham and crackers, add milk and baking powder last.

CHEESE POTATO BALLS. Take left over potato, mash fine, flavor with grated cheese, salt and pepper and add enough milk to make the mixture moist enough to mold into balls. Fry these in hot fat and serve immediately.

MIXED FISH. Put pieces of left-over fish through food chopper. To a cup of fish add two crackers, roll ed fine, one beaten egg, three teaspoons of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Drop in hot fat by table-spoons and fry till brown.

CODFISH BALLS.—To one pint cooked and shredded codfish add one cup cold mashed potatoes, one egg, one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of cream. Make into balls and fry in very hot fat, first rolling the balls in beaten egg and crumbs.

CREAMED SALMON.—Make a sauce of one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk. Into this put the contents of one can of salmon, heat thoroughly, season and add one beaten egg. Stir until egg is cooked, then serve.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.—Mix two cups of cold mashed sweet potatoes with two teaspoons of butter, one egg, well beaten, salt and pepper to taste. Make into small cakes, dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and fry.

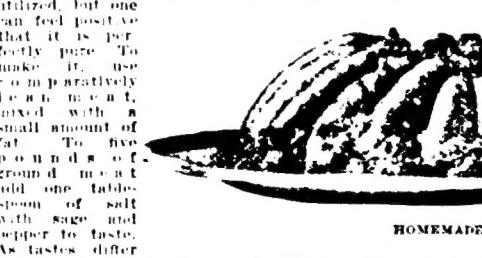
BAKED SWEET POTATOES.—Cut boiled sweet potatoes into slices. Into a buttered baking dish put a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with sugar and dot with pieces of butter. Add another layer of potatoes and sugar and butter and so on till dish is full. Over this pour half a cup of milk or enough to slightly moisten and bake.

TOMATOES AND CORN.—This can be made of left over corn and tomatoes, equal parts, butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a little sugar. Serve them on toast or toasted crackers.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash beets, being careful not to break the skins, and put in baking pan with a little hot water. Turn frequently and when tender, peel, slice, serve with oil and lemon juice, or butter, salt and pepper. Serve hot.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Chop a small cabbage into fine pieces, put in cold water and let stand a few minutes, then drain thoroughly. Make a dressing of one quarter cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of sugar and a little salt and pepper. Mix this well, stir into cabbage and add one half cup sweet cream. Serve at once.

HOMEMADE SAUSAGE.—Not only is this less expensive than in the stores, as all meat scraps can be



HOMEMADE SAUSAGE.

utilized, but one can feel positive that it is perfectly pure. To make it, use corn comparatively lean meat, mixed with a small amount of fat. To five pounds of ground meat add one table-spoon of salt with sage and pepper to taste. As tastes differ

so, no stated amount can be given. After all is thoroughly mixed, form into cakes or roll into sausages. Fry and serve piping hot.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Melt one half cup shortening

and two squares of chocolate and add to the following: One cup sugar, one cup flour, two eggs, one half cup milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar and a little salt. Stir all well together and bake.

CREAMED OYSTERS.—Pick over and wash one pint of oysters, and pack in a pint of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the yolks of two eggs and cook until thick. Stir until smooth, season to taste. Serve on toast or toast ed crackers.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Mince two cups of cold meat, add to it juice of one onion, salt and pepper to taste. Turn into a deep pie dish, add a little hot milk and cover with a deep layer of mashed potato, seasoned. Dot with butter and bake half an hour.

POTATO CAKES.—Broken bits of cold boiled potatoes or left over mashed potato can be used for appetizing potato cakes. Season to taste, moisten with a little milk, add a little chopped parsley and form into round, flat cakes a little less than an inch thick. Brown these in either drippings or salt pork scraps and serve while hot.

RICE AND POTATO CAKES.—Mix equal parts of cold mashed potato with boiled rice, season to taste, add a little butter and form into small cakes. Sprinkle the tops of these cakes with a small amount of grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven.

VEGETABLE SALAD DRESSING.—When small portions of various vegetables are left over they can be made into a good salad by the addition of a good salad dressing, with cold boiled egg cut in slices over the top, or the yolk may be grated and sprinkled over the top.

UNCOOKED SALAD DRESSING.—Two eggs, one tea-spoon mustard, one teaspoon salt, one can of condensed milk and three quarters cup vinegar. Beat well. Add a little cream before serving.

BEAN CAKES.—Two cups of milk, one and one half cups of flour, one half cup whole wheat, one half cup brown flour, one egg, one half cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt and one table-spoon butter.

MRS. J. E. D., Malden, Mass.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, one half cup shortening, one half cup cocoa, one cup milk, two eggs and two and one half cups flour. Beat this thoroughly, then add a level teaspoon of soda dissolved in one half cup hot water. Cover with white boiled icing.

KATHLEEN D. HOLT, Hse. Colo.

BANANA PIE.—Make a rich crust and peel and slice enough bananas to fill it. Sprinkle with sugar and put in quick oven and bake. Have ready this way: Cream together two tablespoons flour, two well beaten eggs, one half cup sugar, one tablespoon butter and two cups milk. Cook till thick and pour into pie, over baked bananas. When cool, cover with meringue made of the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and sugar, and return to oven to brown.

A. MISSOURI, Mother.

BUTTER SCOTCH PIE.—One cup dark brown sugar, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon corn starch, one and one half cups milk, yolks of three eggs, two small tablespoons of butter, and one teaspoon of vanilla. Cook until thick, beat lightly and put in baked crust. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, and set in oven to brown.

MRS. E. L. B., Norwich, N. Dak.

KENTUCKY PIES.—Beat together three eggs, and one and one half cups sugar, two thirds cup of butter, four tablespoons of flour, three cups sweet milk and flavor to taste. Add to pre-rolled and baked.

CREAM PEACH PIE.—Slice peaches thin, put into pie crust and sprinkle with sugar. Put top crust on and dot pinching together, air baked. Mix one half pint cream, one teaspoon corn starch and one teaspoon sugar, together and let boil. Take top crust off pie and cream mixture in on top of peaches. Put crust on and serve.

MRS. THO. GLASS, JR., Harrisburg, Ill.

ROLLED OATS PUDDING.—One half cup rolled oats, one half cup molasses, one egg, one pint of milk, a little salt, vanilla. Bake one half hour and serve with whipped cream. ALICE MAY, Augusta, Maine.

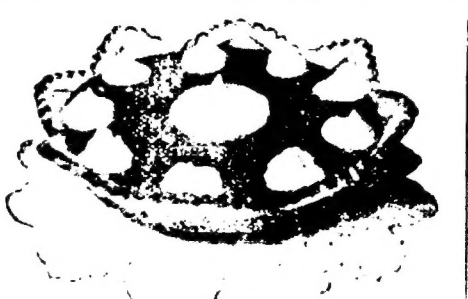
ORANGE PUDDING.—One and one third cups stale bread crumbs, one cup cold water, one cup granulated sugar, one cup orange juice, one tablespoon lemon juice, two eggs and an extra yolk, one tablespoon melted butter and quarter teaspoon salt. Soak crumbs in cold water for twenty minutes, then add other ingredients and pour into buttered pudding dish. In about ten minutes the eggs will be cooked. When done, cover with a meringue and serve pudding cold.

MRS. C. F. GARDNER, Marietta, N. Y.

PRUNE WHIPS.—Whites of seven eggs, beaten twenty minutes, one and one half cups sugar, one cup of prunes, after seeded, one cup of finely chopped nuts. Mix and beat fifteen minutes. Bake and serve with whipped cream.

MRS. M. J. L., Palmyra, Tenn.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PUDDING.—One quart of milk and two squares of chocolate brought to a boil in a double boiler or on an asbestos mat on top of stove. Stir in four even tablespoonsful of corn starch previously mixed with a little cold milk. Add teaspoonful of butter,



CHOCOLATE CREAM PUDDING.

cook four minutes, stirring very frequently so it will thicken evenly. Beat the yolks of three eggs till pale yellow, add scant cup of sugar and stir together and pour over it the hot milk. Beat hard and cook two minutes. Have whites of eggs beaten stiff, pour the custard into them, and beat. Do not return to fire. Serve with cream and sugar.

CARROT CAKE.—One cup granulated sugar, one tablespoon butter, yolk of one egg, three teaspoons cocoa, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, beaten white of one egg and one and one half cups flour.

ICEING.—One cup powdered sugar, two teaspoons cocoa, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon vanilla, one or two tablespoons hot coffee. Beat well and spread on cake.

ETHEL STAFFER, Poland, Ohio.

QUICK WHITE CAKE.—Mix together one scant teaspoon each butter and lard, one quarter cup sugar, one well beaten egg, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, three quarters cup of milk and when mixed add flour enough to make dough as stiff as for cup cakes. Spread in pan and sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar.

MRS. M. KERN, Corvallis, Mich.

UP CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one half cup butter, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs and two and one half cups flour. Mix and bake in small time.

MRS. E. V. DAVIS, Duluth, Minn.

AMMONIA COOKIES. (Requested).—Three cups sugar, one pint sweet milk, three eggs, one cup lard, five cents' worth oil of lemon and five cents' worth of baking ammonia. Put one half cup boiling water on ammonia and stir until all is dissolved. Mix as a cake and then work flour and ammonia in to make a stiff

dough. Roll out on a floured surface and cut with a small piece of butter. Thicken with flour.

CARROT PRESERVE.—Boil carrots until tender. Peel and slice and to each pound add one pound brown sugar and one half cup water. Flavor with lemon and cook till thick, then seal.

CREAMED CARROTS.—Wash and scrape the carrots, cut in thin slices and boil in salted water until tender. Drain, add sweet milk to cover, season, and add a small piece of butter. Thicken with flour.

MRS. H., Pennsylvania.

Bake a NONE SUCH WAR PIE

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It saves where it is needed, and you don't lose in goodness with

NONE-SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like Mother Used To Make"

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You save when you serve NONE SUCH War Pie



And you help the U. S. Food Administration

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If they are taught to by hearing older ones say such things. Of course as your boy is so big now it might be hard to teach him differently, though I surely would not punish him even when he bites and slaps others. And when he gets things a baby must not have, don't scold or punish him. For instance, suppose he reaches for a fragile piece of china. Just say, "How pretty! Hold it tight and nomenclature will show you what to do with it." Then after looking it all over, help him to carry it to a new place where he won't reach it again. I have a friend who always spanked her little one for every bit of mischief, and gave her nothing to take its place. So he constantly went from one forbidden thing to another, always expecting a spanking as soon as he saw him. He soon learned to drop whatever he had on, if possible, to throw it. She lost very many valuable pieces of china, glass, records, potted plants, etc., because her own son was so afraid of her that he would throw things and run. And don't correct your boy because others object to his crying. Unless he is really hurting himself or others or destroying property let him alone. And never make a child stop doing anything until you have thought of an amusement to show him and help him to do.

To the sister who says, "Don't send my boy where you can't control him," I want to say that some young people, especially boys, have such a strong tendency to the transgression of the law that you can't teach them the physical side, that you can't discipline them without making defective children. Study the effect of cigarettes, late hours, drinking, a bad sexual habit, etc., on the future home, wife and child. Teach him his duty to God by teaching him what he will do to his physical being. Read of a Wheeler Wilcox's "The Prince He Paid" and it will save your boy for it will just make you help him. It is claimed that something like eighty per cent of the young men of today have some form of poisoned blood. What is the next generation to do? No girl should marry until a reliable physician has tested the young man's blood and pronounced it pure.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY

BOSTON

U. S. A.

The Girl He Loved

By Adelaide Stirling



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravenel Annesley, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravenel. Receiving an appointment to India Adrian seals his proposal and Ravenel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravenel bids Adrian good by, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravenel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravenel to make a good appearance at the party provides her with a new dress. Ravenel is unsuspecting of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallon, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravenel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravenel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallon, not knowing it is he. Wary and wanting to go home he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring but does not find it. The next day Ravenel prepares for her wedding and waits for Adrian, who fails to meet her. Going home she enters the drawing-room, where she finds Lady Annesley and Lord Levallon, the latter telling her of his cousin Adrian Gordon's departure for India. The Duchess of Avonmore, to Lord Levallon's delight, invites Ravenel and Sir Thomas to her home.

CHAPTER IX.

REVENGE—AND A BALLROOM.

THE Duchess of Avonmore was giving a ball, and she prided herself on giving the best balls in London. The big house was a fairy-land of flowers and lights, the staircase was impassable. Ravenel, standing by her hostess in a white satin gown with a string of the Avonmore pearls round her neck, was beautiful enough to take away a man's breath. The duchess, swelling with pride in blue velvet and diamonds, was enraptured at her looks, for there had been no want of animation in Ravenel ever since that visit to Hester Murray. She was feverishly gay and full of laughter. Not even Sir Thomas knew her spirits came from pride alone.

No wonder Adrian Gordon had jilted her, and no wonder he had wished to keep that mad plan of marriage a secret! He had had excellent reason. It all held together too plausibly for doubt. No one—no one should ever know what a fool Ravenel Annesley had been, to believe in the sweet lies, the passionate promises of a lover like Adrian Gordon. She was glad she had lost his ring; she thanked the fate that had made him repent at the last moment and leave her.

No one seeing her tonight would have dreamed she had a care in the world; yet behind her smile her teeth set suddenly. Two men of Adrian's regiment, his best friends, were coming up the stairs. They should not have to tell him if they wrote that the girl with whom he had amused himself in the country was either sad or sorry for his sake.

She looked about her sharply for a weapon, for some man whose outspoken devotion should let these men see how little she cared. And there—at her side—was Levallon.

He bowed to her with his old half-mocking politeness. He was very handsome for all his years, and his evening clothes seemed to take from his age. His keen eyes were full of admiration. Ravenel held out her hand, nearly touching those two men, who knew her by sight from seeing her with Adrian Gordon.

"You!" she cried. "At last! Do you know you have never come near me?"

"I was warned off," calmly. "I am not supposed to be a good playmate for little girls."

"Now, Levallon, do move on!" cried the duchess over her shoulder. "You can't talk here," for he was calmly blocking the way.

"I told you so," he commented, perfectly unmoved; he took Ravenel's program, where it dangled from her fan, and wrote his name on it four times in succession.

Two hours later the whole room was agog. Levallon, who never spoke to a girl and had not danced for years, was doing both.

And he danced admirably. Even the duchess, who was furious, allowed that. But she was so angry with him that she even snubbed her dear friend, Mrs. Murray, who—looking her innocent best in white—was most uneasy at the sight of Sylvia's stepdaughter on such excellent terms with the only man who ought not to hear of "Mrs. Gordon."

"Dear Grace," she said pathetically, "do tell that poor child that she will have no reputation left if she makes herself conspicuous with the most notorious man in London."

The duchess gave her a stare. "Tom Annesley's child and my adopted daughter," she remarked calmly, if untruthfully, for she had no idea whatever of adopting Ravenel, "has reputation enough to do anything she pleases." And she turned a stout shoulder on her friend to the joy of the on-lookers.

But, nevertheless, she went post-haste in search of Levallon and his partner, who had mysteriously vanished. And in her own house looked in vain.

Lord Levallon was no novice. He had found the only dark place in the conservatory, and there

he and his companion remained long after their four waltzes had crashed out and died languorously.

He was wise from experience. He had stayed away from the house till the girl wondered why he never came. Even now they had been seated for minutes behind a flowering orange-tree before he spoke. Then he stopped fanning her and looked at her.

"When are you going home?" he said. "Home!" Her face was suddenly wild. She had forgotten! She must face Annesley Chase, her stepmother—perhaps gossip that had leaked out; for a curate who is asked to marry a couple who never come might be excused if he spoke about it.

"Yes, home! Back to Sylvia?" drawled Levallon.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she said in a sick whisper. "I had forgotten."

"But you go in a fortnight," coolly. The girl laid a trembling hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Lord Levallon, you know the world! You know—Lady Annesley! Can't I—aren't there anything I could do to earn my living, and Tommy's?"

"No!" and for once he spoke bluntly. "There is nothing you could do. You are too handsome; women would not have you in their houses!"

She thought of the long, long summer days at the Chase, with thoughts of Adrian wherever she turned, and was frightened—at herself. Here she could live it down, there—a sob rose in her throat. But she said nothing. She sat like a stone, her hand lying as it had fallen from Levallon's coat-sleeve.

Somehow, she had thought this man might help her, friend of Sylvia's though he was.

Levallon glanced at her pale face. There was certainly more than dread of Sylvia there, but it was no concern of his. And without it the girl would never have been here.

"You don't want to go home, and you can't work," he said brutally. "There is one other thing you can do—marry me!"

"Marry you!" she gasped. She sat staring straight in front of her, her hands clenched in the folds of her satin skirt. "No, no, no!" she cried fiercely. "I can't marry any one. You don't know me; you can't want me—you—"

"Are a friend of Sylvia's?" he finished for her quietly. "Listen! I do want to marry you, and I want to know nothing"—emphatically—"about you that I do not know already. Do you understand?"

A terror shook her. Could he know what a fool she had been, what a laughing-stock she had made of herself for a married man? She could not speak.

"As for being a friend of Lady Annesley's, I may tell you that the only reason I do not wish to marry you is that it will please her. But that will not matter. She will go out of your life as she came into it. You need never see her when you marry me."

"But I don't love you," she said, with hard eyes.

Levallon smiled.

"I haven't asked you for love," he returned indifferently. "I don't know that I expect it. I am forty-seven years old, and I have no home but grand empty houses, no relations but Adrian Gordon"—if she winced he did not see—"and I want you—and Tommy!"

"Tommy says you are an old beast," said Ravenel, with despairing frankness.

"So I am!" watching her. "But even I have my good points, though I would not reform even if you married me; it would bore me. I think, though, I might leave Adrian a decent

legacy to make up for my astounding daring in getting married."

He spoke more to himself than to her, but the sense of his words made her face grow suddenly dangerous. Adrian—who had said he must go to India because he was too poor to marry her—was this man's heir! If she married him would be so no longer. And every pulse in her body beat for revenge on Adrian Gordon, who had deceived her and made her name a laughing stock in her old home; for there is never anything that is not known in a village.

A curious, slow gleam came into her eyes. "If I marry you," she said dully, "can Tommy go into the army?"

"If he can pass his exams. Certainly!"

For a long moment they looked at each other in the dim rose light, the man covertly triumphant, the girl strangely vacant-eyed.

Levallon was not imaginative, but the curious quietude of her crouching attitude in her chair made him think suddenly of a panther he had seen trapped in India. The beast had been dull-eyed, quiescent, like the girl, till a man came within her reach. Then—Levallon moved uneasily—he had never willingly thought of how that man looked when they got him away. Yet the very wildness in her face pleased him. Even at forty-seven, Lord Levallon preferred excitement to calm in his love-affairs.

"Well," he said gently, "is it Sylvia, or I?"

For a moment she did not answer, then her voice came harsh and changed.

"I will marry you, if you like," she said slowly, for now that her revenge was in her hand, it sickened her; "but I'm a bad bargain."

"You please me," calmly. He was too wise to kiss her; he did not even touch the hands that lay so still on her lap. He rose silently, and without any will of her own Ravenel Annesley followed him. She never felt him take her hand and lay it on his arm; never saw where he was leading her, till she stood in the door of the ballroom, the center of all eyes, face to face with the righteously angry duchess.

"You had better stay with me, Ravenel," she said coldly, without a glance at Levallon. But it was he who answered her, not the girl who stood at his side dazed and silent.

"You are too late, dear lady," Levallon smiled into her cross face. "I have stolen her—for good!"

"What!" The duchess could not get out another word to save her life. The people about stopped talking and listened.

"She has promised to marry me," said Levallon, laughing.

If there had been a convenient chair her grace would have dropped into it. Levallon! of all men! And yet, why not? He was richer than any man she knew, he was probably no worse than a great many of them, and he had not always shown his evil side to the duchess, who had a sneaking affection for him under her virtuous disapproval.

"My dear Levallon," she cried, "I wish you joy! But—well, you have surprised me!"

Levallon smiled. His marriage would surprise a good many people—disagreeably—but that affected him not at all.

"Take me away," said a husky voice in his ear. "Oh, take me away!"

The lights, the staring people, the publicity of it all, were like separate daggers in the heart of the girl, who only a month ago had put on her wedding-gown for a bridegroom who never came.

The duchess patted her shoulder kindly. No wonder she looked pale and shy!

"Give her some champagne, Levallon," she

said. "I see I am not the only person taken by surprise tonight."

Levallon nodded. But even he did not know how hard it was for his promised wife to lift her head and walk by his side out of the room. And no one in the crush of wondering people on the stairs guessed that the pale girl on Levallon's arm was taking the first step on the bitter path that leads to the very gates of a shameful death.

CHAPTER X.

A TIRING DAY.

A week after every fashionable newspaper had a flaring announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Ravenel Annesley and the Earl of Levallon, which was to take place at once—that "at once" of upholsterers and milliners, which means in a month's time.

Lady Annesley, with joyful hands, tied up a copy of *The World* and forwarded it to Adrian Gordon. But if she had known it, her pains were wasted. Trouble had broken out on the Indian northwest frontier and Gordon had moved heaven and earth to get there. The neatly tied newspaper never reached him any more than a note from Levallon himself. Sir Thomas was the other person who remembered Adrian Gordon, but he said nothing about him. As for the bride, the only thing she had in her mind was that the wedding was to be in London, and she need never go back to Annesley Chase again; also that she was paying off that debt of treachery with interest.

"I suppose you know your own mind," Sir Thomas remarked to his sister the night before the wedding. "So I haven't said anything. It isn't me that's going to be married."

"You're going into the army, and you're going to have the Chase redeemed for you," she returned wistfully.

"If you're doing it for that," he sat up and glared at her, "you can let it alone! I don't want that kind of rot."

"I'm doing it because I want to," her voice sharper than his. "Lord Levallon's kind; and I'm sick of Sylvia!"

"So am I," returned Sir Thomas dryly. "But I wouldn't sell my soul to spite her, all the same."

"I'm not selling anything," wearily, for was she not putting behind her the burden of her humiliation?

"Tommy, you'll stick to me, won't you? You won't speak little like this again!"

"Of course, I'll stick to you." He got up and kissed her awkwardly. "So will Mr. Jacobs!"

And he tried to laugh, conscious of angry tears in his eyes. For it seemed to him that this was no way to get married, to an old man you hardly knew.

"Good old Tommy!" said Ravenel unsteadily. She little knew that he and his dog would be her last chance of salvation in dark days to come; but something in Tommy's honest face had gone near to shaking her purpose, even on the night before her wedding. What she was doing looked suddenly mean and paltry to her, as she knew it would to Tommy, if he guessed it. She looked at the clock, that marked eleven. Twelve hours more, and not even shame or repentance could undo the wreck she had made of Adrian Gordon's fortunes. And all that night she sat by her bed and deliberately let those last hours go by, till, at dawn, she said to herself, with cold lips, that, after all, Adrian Gordon's future was no business of hers.

Lady Annesley—come up to town on Levallon's money, and almost off her head with the excellent allowance that was to be hers for the future, with escape from Annesley Chase forever—could not believe her eyes when she actually saw her stepdaughter go up the aisle of St. George's on Sir Thomas's arm. "It was that white gown!" She bowed her head devoutly as the service began. "It was an inspiration. And the little fool should go on her knees to thank me. That Gordon man could never have given her a wedding like this!"

He could not, indeed.

Ravenel had never lifted her eyes as she passed up the aisle, whiter than death under her lace veil. Adrian Gordon would have taken her to an empty country church, where the scent of the May would have swept through the open windows; where her soul, as she knelt beside him, would have mounted the very steps of heaven—and, now—

For the first time she lifted her head, remembering, with agony, that day in May when she had seen, as in a vision, what her wedding would be with any man but Adrian Gordon.

It was on her; she was in the very center of it. The cold air of the church seemed to strike on her face like a breath from the grave, as in that dreadful present moment when the veil seemed lifted from the future. She stood, helpless, just as she had known she would, when Adrian forsake her.

The crowd of smart people, in gorgeous gowns and frock coats, whispering indifferently; the bishop, whose words were chaining her to Levallon forever; the organ pealing through the church; the bride with a heart of stone!

No one ever knew how near that quiet bride came to screaming aloud in a nightmare of terror; nor how she had all but turned and run, frantically, from the very altar.

But something struck her dumb and powerless where she stood.

Only Levallon's level voice, as he spoke out

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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By Violet Marsh

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“WHAT would Christmas be without Christmas candles, is the wall going up all over the land from both children and grown-ups, as we are daily reminded of the price and scarcity of sugar.

However, it is not necessary that Christmas be shorn of all its sweets, if we will but exercise some forethought with a little harmless camouflage, in the use of substitutes, making dried fruits and nuts largely take the place of sugar. Camouflage, that new word which has come to us from the French so recently that it has not yet got into our dictionaries, means disguise and more especially in the sense of the imitative disguise used on the theatrical stage. Camouflage has assumed an important role in the present war to deceive the prying eyes of aerial scouts, and scene painters are employed to make cannon resemble natural objects in the landscape while ships are striped with sunset tints, that blend with the sky tones at the horizon and escape detection by prowling submarines.

As war prices and scarcity of certain kinds of food have driven the housewife to the use of substitutes she will do well to resort to camouflage discreetly practiced to make the substitute do better service by more closely resembling in looks and taste the article which it imitates.

We can have mock mince pie for the real, Indian pudding with suet and raisins instead of English plum pudding, a simple cake with

head showing in center. Surround pineapple with red apples, oranges and nuts. Tie every green to each handle.

Christmas Cakes

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Cream one cup of butter, slowly add one cup of sugar and cream again. Beat to a light lemon color the yolks of four eggs and then beat in one cup of sugar. Add to creamed butter and sugar. Mix together three and one half cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, half a teaspoon of soda, half a tea-



CHRISTMAS TABLE CENTERPIECE.

spoon each of ground mace and cinnamon. Add alternately to butter, sugar and eggs, one cup of strong coffee and the flour, and next the beaten whites of four eggs. Have prepared half a cup of stoned and chopped raisins, one cup of washed and dried currants, and quarter of a cup of finely sliced citron all lightly dusted with flour. Add lastly to cake batter, and bake in three sizes of round tins in a moderate oven. Frost the largest cake, and while the frosting is soft, set on top the next smaller size and frost that; then the smallest cake which is then frosted. A pretty decoration is made by stringing bright red cranberries on a tiny wire, imitate leaves, if fresh leaves are unobtainable, by wisps of green tissue paper tied on the wire between cranberries. Each end substituting a leaf.

SNOW CAKE.—Cream two thirds cup of butter, slowly add two cups of sugar, and cream again. To four cups of flour, add two rounding teaspoons of baking powder and one quarter of a teaspoon of salt. Add alternately to the sugar and butter one cup of milk and the flour. Add one teaspoon of almond extract and beat until very smooth. Beat in the whites of six stiffly beaten eggs and bake in an angel cake tin in moderate oven. Cover with white frosting. Around the sides make vertical lines of red by adding a little beet juice to some of the white frosting. Finish each end of lines with a circle. For the snow lady, dress a doll in white cotton flannel and sprinkle with diamond dust. Stand in center of cake and surround with tip ends from evergreen boughs.

SOUP CREAM FEATHER CAKE.—One half cup molasses, one half teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of mixed spice, one



SNOW LADY CAKE.

half cup of sugar and one cup of sour cream. Beat well together, and then add two and one third cups of sifted flour to which has been added one half teaspoon of soda. Lastly add one half cup of seeded raisins that has been chopped fine. Bake in muffin pans. Frost white and decorate with dice of red jelly or sprigs of holly.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Grate the meat of two coconuts, taking care not to grate into the dark outside. Weigh and take an equal amount of sugar. Add one cup of flour, half a teaspoon of vanilla, and the beaten whites of two eggs. Shape into cakes about one third of an inch thick and bake twenty minutes.

STAR COOKIES.—Cream one half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and cream again. Add two eggs lightly beaten and one tablespoon of sweet milk. Beat hard and add one and one half cups of flour mixed with one and one half level teaspoons of baking powder, and enough more flour to handle. Roll a little at a time and cut into five-pointed stars. Bake about ten minutes. Make a white frosting, and just before putting onto cookies, stir in red candied cherries chopped fine. These will be appreciated by the soldier-boy.

Christmas Candies

CANDIED ORANGE OR GRAPEFRUIT STRAWS.—Remove peel in quarters and cut into long narrow

strips. Put in saucepan of cold water and boil twenty minutes, then drain, and repeat this boiling process twice. To each pint of water, add two even teaspoons of salt. After the third boiling and draining, place straws and an equal measure of sugar in clean saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover; let come to boil and cook until syrup hairs from spoon. Drain, roll in granulated sugar and lay "crisscross" on plates.

PEANUT BRITTLE.—One cup of roasted peanuts chopped or broken into small pieces; line a greased pan with them. Put two cups of sugar into a sauce pan, and very slowly heat until it becomes a thin golden brown syrup, stirring constantly. Pour over the peanuts, and when partly cool, mark in squares, and break apart when cold.

DRIED FRUIT CAKES.—One cup of dates from which the outer skins have been removed, one cup of cleaned figs and half a cup of walnut meats run through a grinder. Moisten with a little lemon juice and add a little of the grated rind. Very thoroughly mix together, press into a cake tin, and cut into squares. A little white before serving, roll in powdered sugar.

STUFFED DATES.—Clean, slit down the side with a sharp knife and remove stone. Make a filling from equal parts of peanuts (or other kind of nuts) and seeded raisins put through the grinder. To half a cup of ground fruit and nuts, add one tablespoon of heavy sweet cream and powdered sugar sufficient to handle. Work into rolls to fit dates. When filled, roll dates in powdered sugar if desired.

STUFFED PRUNES.—Select soft, large prunes. Wash, slit open the side and remove stone, and in its place put a large sweet almond.

CANDIED POPCORN.—Put into a perfectly clean iron spider one tablespoon of butter, three tablespoons of water and one teaspoon of sugar. Boil until it hairs from the spoon. Have ready three quarts of freshly popped corn, put into candy and stir briskly until candy is evenly distributed over corn. Remove from fire and keep stirring until partly cooled and each kernel is crystallized with sugar. Nuts may be prepared in the same way.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Three cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one half teaspoon of cream of tartar, one cup of water, and butter size of a walnut. Boil until a little in cold water becomes brittle. Pour onto buttered plates, and when cool enough to handle, pull until light colored and cut into sticks or squares.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, one quarter of a pound of chocolate cut fine and one tablespoon of butter. Put all together, letting it slowly warm on the back of stove, stirring frequently, then remove to hot cover and boil hard stirring constantly. When a little hardens in water it is done. Pour into buttered tin, and when cool mark in squares.

TURKISH PASTE.—Soak two envelopes of gelatine in two thirds cup of cold water ten minutes. Put together two cups of sugar and two thirds cup of cold water and when it boils add the soaked gelatine. Boil gently twenty minutes, then add the grated rind of one orange, and one quarter of a cup of orange juice and one quarter of a cup of lemon juice. Wet tin and pour in mixture to a depth of little less than one inch. When firmly set, immerse tin in warm water a few seconds, then turn out and cut into squares and roll in powdered sugar to which has been added a little corn-starch.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

To L. T., I want to say that seventeen years ago I married just such a man and for sixteen years endured. Today I am an old woman, though young in years. My health is broken past all help. I am a nervous wreck, my three older children are away from me and I am lonely for them. I am now in another home and my present husband is kind and loving but I feel that I am not much of a wife because of my poor health.

It is a woman's duty to God to keep herself at her best, mentally, physically and spiritually and she cannot do that under such circumstances. She will grow out of date and broken down under his iron rules and then be cast off for some one who has been able to keep herself fresh and young.

With best wishes to all and many thanks for all the good things I have found in the Corner, I am,

MRS. R. S. SHIPLE.

MORRIS, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We have taken this magazine for years and all enjoy it. Mother wrote a letter to the Sisters' Corner a few years ago and gained much useful information thereby.

I am a junior in high school and for the past two years I have walked two and one half miles to school. My one and only brother is in the army, in the Medical Corps branch, doing clerical work. He thinks Uncle Sam takes good care of his soldiers.

I am a member of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Alpine, Oregon. It has always been my desire to be a missionary and work in India. I would like to know more about the educational requirements and what country has the most need of this work.

With best wishes to all, I remain, your sister,

MISS MILDRED I. BARKER.

Mildred. The pastor of your church is the person to consult about missionary work. Your desire is truly laudable and praiseworthy, but are you sure you are in dead earnest about it? I don't want to discourage you or say anything against the work and its self-sacrificing workers, but there comes a time in the average girl's life when she wants to be a missionary. It seems to be a certain phase of development that we can't help any more than we can help teething or playing with dolls. I felt the same way about it, years and years ago, only I wanted to go to China instead of India, and all because a woman missionary at our little home church spoke so thrillingly of her adventures there. Needless to say I didn't go and I don't know as I regret it so much now for I have found that there is opportunity for missionary work wherever we are and you will realize the same thing, Mildred, as the years go by. I don't mean to say that I've grasped every opportunity but if we do the best we can I'm sure it won't be overlooked when the final reckoning comes.—Ed.

PEEBLYVILLE, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to say just a word about letters. I receive many from friends. Some are brief, but tender, helpful and sympathetic, while others are long and loving. Some I lay down with a sigh. Almost invariably they say, "Your letter was so interesting, you told us so much, etc.," and then they go on and tell me of various happenings in and around their own home, all of which is duly interesting, but they totally ignore all I have said, all my comments, news questions or requests. I might as well have never written, for all the satisfaction I gain from their reply, and I am left to wonder if I have overstepped courtesy in the questions, if my comments were uncalled for and they wished to remind me of it or whether it is thoughtlessness or ignorance on their part. Not one of them would treat me so if we were engaged in actual conversation. Every remark then would receive due appreciation and consideration. Is it an art to be learned? A really good letter is like a cup of cold water to the thirsty, encouragement in trouble and a labor of love never forgotten. It is like the sunshine sending a glimmer of golden light down among the shadowy pines, making glad the dark places with its brightness.

Best wishes to the COMFORT family.

MRS. LULA M. PHARSON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Especially Mrs. R. C. Edwards, in regard to your little Camille crying all the time. I had a similar case with my own little girl. When she was five years old she cried all the time. I don't think I ever saw her face straight two hours at a time. She was



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like that for a year and a half and I did not know what to do. My own nerves were about worn out. Finally I started her in at school and then she cried with headaches so I found out the trouble was with her eyes. She needed glasses and that had made her cry until her nerves were all gone to pieces. She is eight years old and still wears glasses. This year she got a double promotion in school so that she is in the fourth grade now.

Love to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson,

COMFORT Reader.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am coming to you for advice as to how to break my little boy of some bad habits he has taken up. He is a dear child and everyone seems to love him but I am sure if he persists in his rude ways no one will love him much longer. He is four years old and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



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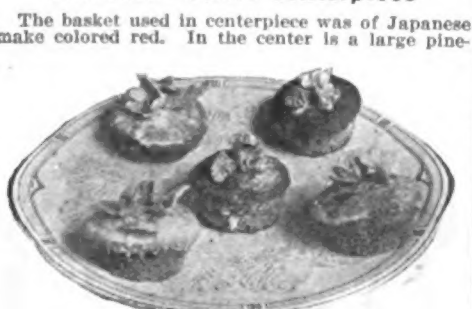
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SOUP CREAM FEATHER CAKE.

apple with top cut off smooth, and in its place a closed Japanese lantern with Japanese doll's

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

has been spoiled as so many little fellows are but I plead "Not Guilty," for his father and grandfather are the ones to blame. He is getting very saucy. When I scold or whip him he threatens to knock me down or take a stick to me and will stand off and shake his fists at me, just as though he would like to hit me if he dared. I was raised by one of the kindest and best of mothers but she never allowed me to threaten or hit at her, for which I am thankful and now it hurts to think that I cannot get my little darling to obey me as I obeyed my mother. He is very hard to control and is getting so he does what he does when they are around. I have talked to both of them and begged them to help me make him mind instead of hindering me. My father never interfered with my mother when she whipped or scolded me.

A WORRIED MOTHER.

PRESTON, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Some time ago I read a letter in COMFORT how a wife should make home a comfortable place for her husband, not to annoy him with the fuss and din of house cleaning and washing, etc., and to be careful of his wants and comforts. That is true and I agree with it and similar advice in COMFORT and other papers, but I have ever failed to see one word on the husband's side of the question. You say he appreciates the comfort and quiet of a well-kept and orderly home and no doubt he does but most always without a word of praise. The average husband accepts as his due the comforts of an orderly home that offentimes his wife has worked hard to maintain, especially when they are not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. True, the husband has trials to meet, but does not his wife share with him his failures as well as his successes, and I never could see why a husband should be treated any more like a guest than a wife should. They should be treated as one and the same. A true wife and mother that looks well to the ways of her household and rears a family of children that are a credit to her, has no easy task and not only is it hard manual labor, but it is endless and tedious. A woman's work is never done and if her husband would only give her a few words of praise how it would encourage her. Of course there are exceptions and some men are more thoughtful than others but I am speaking of the average man. You may ask if I am speaking from experience no, not as yet.

With best wishes for COMFORT and all.

MRS. CRYSTAL PETERSON.

Mrs. Peterson. The following poem, sent in by a reader, will be appreciated by a number of women and perhaps it will awaken men to the fact that they are not making life "a bed of roses" for their wives—not that we want that, but we are not to blame for expecting proper appreciation of our efforts to make home all that it should be.—Ed.

The Housekeeper's Soliloquy.

"Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it.
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I ever get through it.

"Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left over from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

"Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking;
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh, dear, the baby's waking!

"Hush, baby dear! there hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little
Till I could run and get some wood
To hurry up the kettle.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! if R—comes home,
And finds things in this pother
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

"How nice her kitchen used to be,
His dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

"And then will come some hasty words,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

"Now is not that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning
Because a weary, half sick wife
Can't always smile so winning?

"When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

"I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I a lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,
chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman
and scrub, generally, doing work for six.
For the sake of being supported!"

Sent in by Miss S. Blakeley, Almont, Mich.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: In reading some recent letters in this department I notice that some of the readers seem to approve of corresponding with prisoners and wish to ask how many know that there is in Washington, a league formed for the purpose of securing correspondents for prisoners, and that hundreds of men and women all over the U. S. are trying in that way to uplift the prisoners, and bring a little cheer into their lives. Many of the prisoners have no friends or relatives, and the prospect of a letter is something to be looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure.

Doubtless, some will hold up their hands in horror at the idea of writing to a convict, but hasn't our Lord given us assurance that He is well pleased with those who visit the prisons—"sick and in prison and ye came unto Me"—and if we cannot go in person, cannot we at least send a message?

Membership in this league is free for prisoners. Outsiders must pay a registration fee of ten cents and twenty cents for a year's subscription to a prison magazine.

For full particulars concerning this work, write to:

O. E. Library League,
1207 Q Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Thanking you for this space, I am,
Very truly yours, Mrs. N. L.

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: At the request of COMFORT Reader for an outfit for a newborn baby, will send a list of what I prepared for my boy, born a year ago. Six bands, two shirts, twenty-four diapers, two pairs wool hose, two pairs booties, six skirts (outfit flannel), six everyday dresses, two cotton blankets, two white dresses one small crib blanket, one large crib blanket, one coat and one bonnet.

Now for the material: My husband works by the month and we have to make every penny count. COMFORT Reader doesn't say that she has to do the same but probably there are others interested who do. For the bands I used the good parts of a worn-out muslin sheet, making them double, turning all the raw edges in and sewing on machine; also made two small darts, one on each side of center as this makes them fit better. The skirts I got at the five-and-ten-cent store. The diapers and skirts are made of white outing flannel, twenty-six yards will make two dozen diapers and six skirts, muslin waists. The everyday dresses are made of light calico (white with a colored figure or stripe) and have a square yoke. Ten yards are sufficient. The white dresses are made the same as the others only of embroidery flouncing. Two and one half yards will make a dress and bonnet. I made the yoke of the embroidered part and the sleeves of the plain goods above it. I bought a plain bonnet, outing flannel jacket and booties at the five-and-ten-cent store. The amount of material I have given are for garments that come just even with the bottom of their little feet as I put stockings and booties on them at once. My boy began to creep when nine months old and I put creepers on him with the result that when his little sister was coming to gladden us I had everything ready but hands booties and one white dress, as he did not wear his outfit out.

Other articles I got were: Castile soap, vaseline, comb, talcum powder, one dozen large safety pins.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

WHAT WE SHARE

By Mildred Van Inwegen

(See front cover illustration)

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A young Doctor Henry raised his hat and bowed. Gracia Graham's cheeks glowed with a sudden rush of color. It was months since she had caught more than a distant glimpse of him, and though the plate glass window of her electric now stood between them, she felt strongly the spell of his proximity. To hide her confusion, she looked down at the lever of the car, which she had just brought to a standstill, and waited for the moment in which he would pass by and she be free to alight. But when her eyes strayed upward again, she saw to her surprise that he had paused and was coming forward, smiling in the friendliest possible manner.

"Are you busy?" he asked, when they had exchanged greetings and she was withdrawing her fingers from his. Then, as she shook her head, wondering at the question, he added: "Would I be considered impertinent if I asked a favor?"

"Not at all," Gracia answered, trying to still the absurd beating of her heart. "What can I do?"

"You can drive me to the orphanage," he replied, coming to the point immediately, as was characteristic of him in everything. "I'm due there in twenty minutes, and as my car's out of whack and the street cars held up by the Christmas rush, it will be a physical impossibility for me to make it, unless—" with one of his winning smiles—"you come to my rescue."

"I'll be glad to," Gracia said, eagerly. A trifle too eagerly, perhaps. "Jump right in," and as she guided the car carefully through the crowded street, she inquired: "Since when have you turned orphan?"

Setting himself comfortably on the cushions, he replied: "Oh, I've been the orphan's doctor for some time, and today I'm playing Santa Claus, though I can't think of a thing I'd rather less do."

"So?" murmured Gracia. "And why?"

"Why?" He paused, as if deliberating the question; then said, whimsically: "Christmas, somehow, doesn't fit in an orphanage. Christmas means home and father and mother and—love. And when you try to put it in a place where there are none of these, it's—well, it can't be done. It knocks me all to pieces to see these poor little kiddies on Christmas Day, and I'd sooner be shot than do what I'll have to do—hand out their hair brushes and shoes."

"Hair brushes and shoes?" Gracia repeated, in bewilderment.

"Yes. What did you think I'd hand them—nuggets of gold?"

Gracia turned to him swiftly. "Do you mean to say," she began, "that the orphans receive hair brushes and shoes for presents?" And, as he assented, she burst out: "Why, that's outrageous! I never heard of such a thing. Hair brushes on a Christmas tree, and—shoes!"

He smiled at her vehemence and asked, quietly: "What would you have them receive?"

"Oh, everything bright and pretty," she cried. "Dolls and toys and candy and books. They ought to have them. They deserve to have them."

"Of course they do," said Doctor Henry. "But where would they get them?"

"Why," said Gracia, blankly, and stopped.

"Isn't there anyone?" she asked.

"They are orphans," he reminded her.

"Surely there must be someone. The trustees—" she brought out the name, hopefully.

"The trustees have expenses to meet. They can't waste money on frivolities."

"But toys aren't frivolities," Gracia pleaded.

"They belong to childhood."

"Not to an orphan's childhood."

"Oh!" she cried. "Isn't it awful? I never before realized the tragedy of it."

"You will have a great deal to realize before you grow older," he said.

Something in his tone made her glance up, and she caught him regarding her in that manner which once had made her think that perhaps—But she checked herself, sharply. She was a fool to have imagined anything could come of his marked attention, to have mistaken his preference for the prettiest and newest girl in town for a stronger attachment. But the mistake had been made with the result that for long weeks she had been hiding an aching void in her heart. There had seemed a case of mutual attraction at first sight. They had been constantly together, and, as in small towns it had not been long before their names were being linked, and whispered speculations floating in the air. Everyone expected and Gracia expected, when, all at once, he stopped coming; not too abruptly, for Doctor Henry was a gentleman and, no doubt, sensed Gracia's regard for him, but gradually, showing now by sign, now by word, that what he may have felt in the beginning had waned. There was never any explanation and Gracia was in no position to ask one. She withdrew coldly and proudly into herself, learned to laugh at the crude banter of town gossip, to quell the tumult which clamored within her. But there was one thing she could not quell—the persistent wondering, why? why? why? What had caused that sudden change? Was it something she had done?

Talking of commonplaces, they came at length to the orphanage and stopped before its entrance.

"How can I thank you?" the doctor asked, as he stood, hat in hand on the curb.

"By inviting me in," Gracia answered, and was overwhelmed the next moment by her boldness.

"You really mean it?" he cried, and as she nodded, shyly, said: "I would have suggested it, myself, had I had any idea you'd care about it."

"I—I can't stay but a moment," Gracia stammered, wondering if he would think. And, rather than he should, added: "I'm going to a dinner-dance at the Club, so I must be starting back almost immediately."

"Of course," he murmured, while a certain eagerness which had sprung to his face, died.

"I've never been in an orphanage," she further explained. "And I'd rather like to see one."

He led the way up the steps, and while they waited for someone to answer their ring, Gracia glanced curiously about her. The orphanage stood on the outskirts of the town, and the snow-clad fields and barren trees which surrounded it, completed its air of isolation. Gracia sensed the chill and bleakness of the interior before she entered, and after they had been admitted and were hurrying through long corridors toward the chapel, she told herself her expectations had been in no way exaggerated.

"I'm afraid I'm late," Doctor Henry said, as a glimpse of the chapel came to them through the open double doors. "I'll have to leave you and hurry into my get-up. Slip in anywhere and take a seat, and stay through the whole proceedings if you can. But if you can't, good by—and thanks a thousand times."

Tingling from the brief contact with his fingers, Gracia stole into the chapel and sat down in one of the seats at the rear. The chapel was very Christmasy in its trimmings of evergreen and holly, and the big tree which occupied the platform was so like other Christmas trees that Gracia was inclined to think the doctor had overdrawn the misery of an orphan's existence. Nor did the children about her seem so different from other children. They were round and chubby and angular and thin, and some were pretty and some were not, but none of them looked unhappy. She wondered why they should sit so still. And it dawned on her, suddenly, that they were wait-

ing for Santa Claus. But what a way to wait for him—with hands folded and lips mute! Gracia recalled the Christmas eyes of her childhood, the rushing to doors and windows, the feverish suspense, the shrieks of laughter and excitement, and the crowning moment when Santa appeared and caught her up in his generous arms. Oh, nothing could equal it! Was it possible these children did not know Santa was coming? Or did they know only too well and realize the hollow mockery of it?

Hair brushes and shoes! Gracia glanced at the boxes piled high about the base of the tree and in her indignation could have cried aloud. No wonder the children sat silent. And no wonder as Doctor Henry, clad in a dingy Santa Claus suit, appeared and made his way to the front of the platform that there was no welcoming outburst. But this was not entirely the fault of the orphans, for over them like a watchful cat, ready to pounce at the first move of its victim, sat the matron, and until she nodded permission, there was no demonstration. And it was no kind of a demonstration which finally came. Restriction had robbed it of all warmth and spontaneity.

In the ceremony which now took place, Gracia lost all track of time. With mingled sensations she listened to the shrill singing of a hymn by the children, to a prayer and remarks from the trustees, and to the matron's meaningless talk concerning blessings and gratitude. And she almost cried out when the children rose and formed in line and marched stiltily forward to receive their presents. Not a doll, not a drum! Just endless pairs of shoes, and dozens upon dozens of hair brushes, and for a "treat," as the matron announced, a suit of underwear, apiece, and brand new, tint of it—which was the gift of a Ladies' Aid society. Underwear! Gracia could have wept from sheer rage. Why hadn't they sent, if it must be something useful, bright colored hair ribbons and neck ties? And why must it be something useful? Couldn't they for once overstep the rule?

Gracia longed to rise up and shout: "Oh, you are cheats to bring this kind of a Christmas to these starved little hearts. It isn't Christmas at all. It's a miserable sham!"

One little chap was more courageous than she, for as he was handed his share in the tree's offering, he piped up, disgustedly: "Aw, you ain't no Santa. You're a fake."

And from a little girl came a heart-breaking sob and: "Minnie, you sez he'd bring dolls."

This was more than Gracia could stand. Rising, she escaped to the corridor and paced up and down and told herself with tears in her eyes it was wrong—all wrong.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed. "It wouldn't take fifty cents to satisfy your longing."

Hardly had she thought left her, than another took its place—a wild, daring thought, so daring that it sent little shivers of delight up and down her spine.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," she said, impulse battling with reason. "I'll ask Doctor Henry."

While she waited for the doctor to finish with his ceremonial duties, the little plan which had found root in Gracia's brain, grew and swelled until it was in danger of bursting away beyond itself. And when the doctor finally did join her she was so excited as to be almost incoherent in her unfolding of it.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, cutting short his demurring. "I've thought it all out and there's no reason why I can't. They must have a Christmas—a real Christmas, I mean, with dolls and toys and books. It isn't too late. I can go down now and buy the things, and you can still be Santa Claus and fill the stockings. Oh, please, doctor, let me do it. You can't say no."

Doctor Henry gazed down at her, but she was too wrapped up in her project to be conscious now of the look which came into his face.

"Bless your heart!" he exclaimed. "I have no power to act. But you mustn't get your hopes too high for I doubt very much if they will listen to you. The trustees and matron labor under the delusion that the least spark of human feeling would throw the orphanage into mutiny. They permit no privileges. It was all I could do to persuade them that the candy canes I insisted upon providing wouldn't be demoralizing, but they wouldn't hear of toys."

"At least we can ask," Gracia said, her ardent undampened by his doubt. "Perhaps if we take the fort by storm they won't have time to find objections."

It happened, fortunately, that the matron was the only member of the formidable host whom they had to consult, the trustees having departed early to fill more important engagements, and she was easily won over, not being strong enough to resist the doctor's winning smile and Gracia's ardent pleading. She pronounced it a foolhardy undertaking, one, capable of getting her into trouble, but when Doctor Henry had assured her he would take all the blame, if blame there should be, she gave a reluctant consent and promised that the children might hang up their stockings.

"And now for town!" cried Gracia, joyously. When they were climbing into the electric, the doctor asked, suddenly: "How about your dinner dance?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Gracia in a deprecating tone. "That!"

And the next moment her heart was jumping violently, for under cover of the darkness Doctor Henry had caught her hand in his and given it a mighty squeeze.

The evening which followed was one of the happiest Gracia had ever known. For more than three hours she and the doctor wandered through the stores, with blind indifference to time and expense. They bought recklessly, extravagantly, for in her exuberance Gracia took everything she chanced to see, and Doctor Henry was too brimming over, himself, to restrain her.

"Now I'm going to get Mrs. Webb something," Gracia announced, when they had bought toys and dolls for sixty children.

And, knowing what would delight a woman's heart, she selected a ravishing negligee, all pink and shimmering, and slippers and a boudoir cap to match.

"Somehow," said Doctor Henry, bursting into a hearty laugh, "I can't picture Amanda Webb in *that*. Why don't you get her a dark bathrobe? It would be much more serviceable."


"Serviceable!" echoed Gracia in a scathing tone. "Haven't we had enough of that for one day?"

It was after ten o'clock before they finished and made their way to a little luncheon room for the dinner they had forgotten about. Sitting on twirling stools they revelled in coffee and pie and laughed and chatted like two light-hearted children.

"I've never had a better time," Gracia declared, gazing at the doctor over the brim of her cup.

"Nor I," said Doctor Henry, gazing back with eyes which expressed volumes.

When, finally, they set forth for the orphanage, they looked for all the world like a visitation from Santaland. Gracia's electric literally crammed with packages, and the cab following overflowing to the roof. Mrs. Webb, warming up to the project surprisingly, met them at the door and helped them carry the things to the dormitories where she proved an invaluable help in the distributing of the gifts. Fearing lest a light should awaken the children, they worked by the feeble reflection of a street lamp, which stood beyond one of the windows, tiptoeing among the cots and filling the stockings with stealthy movements. Gracia, gazing down at the dark little heads outlined on the pillows, felt a great pity



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well up in her heart, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, she bent over one of them and pressed a kiss on the hot forehead. Instantly, she regretted her action, for the child stirred and, hearing noises rustling about him, opened his eyes and stared into the dimly lighted room. And what child, waking in the dead of night and seeing an image which greatly resembled Santa Claus standing in the middle of the room, could resist crying out.

Like a trumpet call came his excited: "Chee, it's Santy!" Then, as his senses became clearer, he sat bolt upright and added: "I say, Jimmy, wake up! It's Santy, fer sure."

"Santy?" was the sleepy protest from the next cot. "Aw, quit yer kiddin'. Santy ain't never coming here." But it was Santy, sure enough, and in another minute the place was in an uproar. White-gowned figures, appearing from every direction, swarmed about Doctor Henry and plied him with eager questions. And when someone discovered the gift-cramped stockings hanging to the foot of every cot, it seemed that the roof would fly off. With shrieks and shrills of joy, the little orphans fell upon their treasures, and with tears raining down her cheeks, Gracia stood in the doorway and watched the happy scene.

"Come, come! We can't have this," chided Doctor Henry, when, deserted for the stockings, he was free to join her. "Tears and Christmas don't blend well."

"But they're happy tears," Gracia replied, as she mopped her eyes and tried to smile at him. "I've never known such happiness. It proves, doesn't it—?" and she quoted:

"Not what we give but what we share
For the gift without the giver is bare."

"I've given before, lots of times," she went on. "I've given meaningless checks and money. But I've never given myself. I've never shared what's here." Her hand stole to her heart. "And that, really, is all that counts. If these little orphans could have more sharing and less giving they'd not be half so lonely or—starved. Doctor," she looked up, her face bright with emotion—

"Doctor, isn't there something I can do here, not just once, like tonight, but often, everyday. I feel so useless, so utterly without worth. I'm not doing anything for anyone. And I want to, truly I do. I want to—"

The rest of the sentence was smothered, for Doctor Henry with a little inarticulate cry had grabbed her in his arms and was saying: "Thank God! Thank God! You're you, after all."

"What do you mean?" stammered Gracia, hiding her face on the rough sleeve of his Santa Claus suit and making no move to free herself. "How could I be other than I am?"

"You couldn't," he answered, holding her close. "But I thought you were. You seemed so satisfied with the aimless life you led, so content with the empty round of small town society, that I began to believe that in spite of your sweetness and loveliness you were as shallow as all the rest. And so, I stayed away. I hardened my heart to your appeal. I told myself that you were not for me that the woman I chose must be able to share equally the cares and responsibilities of my profession. And you can, Gracia. You can, thrice over—that is—"

"Will," he bent his face to hers. "Will you, dear?" he whispered.

As a look of perfect understanding passed between them and Gracia raised her lips to his, there came a shrill shout from the dormitory.

"Tree rousin' cheers fer Santy!" the small Jimmy was commanding. "That's right, fellers, let 'er rip."

"And now," said Doctor Henry, stepping to the doorway, his arm about Gracia. "Can't you give another three for Mrs. Santy?"

DOG-FISH GOOD FOOD.—According to a bulletin issued recently by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, grayfish—formerly known as dogfish—is excellent eating and may be used as a food with satisfactory results. The bulletin tells in detail the best way to prepare the fish for the table.

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To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
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NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

CUDDLE down close for this is our last talk for 1917. This is the month of Christmas. How I love that name; what blessed memories it conjures up, not only to me but to all of us. The happy days of childhood, father, mother, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, all around the family table, and Santa Claus, radiant of face and fat of tummy, crawling down the chimney, and loading our hosiery with glorious goodies, and above all the echo of angel voices in the starlit skies, and bounteous cheer, peace and good will everywhere. The ambitions of one war mad, degenerate Kink, drunk with power has broken the golden chain of those peaceful, blissful, happy Yule-tides, so dear to the hearts of all of us; pregnant with promise of the happy days to come, when the Christmas spirit will pervade all humanity and every day will be as full of joy and bliss, as is the natal anniversary of the Christ Child.

Are we going to have those dear old Christmas back again, with all their sweetness and joy, peace and love? Above all are we going to have a united, worth-while America, that no Kaiser can conquer, no foe invade, dominate or destroy? That all depends on whether you, the loving children of a Heavenly Father get together and live in amity, peace and mutual helpfulness, actuated by the highest ideals that can inspire the human soul to noble and unselfish deeds, making your own land and the world safe for democracy, filling your souls with the loftiest conceptions of patriotism, loving your native land, or the land of your adoption as you love your mother, cutting out envy, hatred and malice, taking the most profound interest in everything that affects the welfare of mankind the world over, cultivating the holy things of the spirit, and keeping yourself in tune and in harmony with that divine Providence which seeks to order our lives for good, if we would only let it, and which gathers us to its breast as a mother gathers her child to her bosom when life's fitful fever is over and past.

Now this article is a plea for genuine Americanism. Why can't we get the spirit of Christmas into our narrow, puny souls, and make us a nation? Don't fool yourselves into believing we have a nation here in the same sense that Germany, France and Britain have a nation. We could have had the same devotion to country here that we find in France, Prussia or Britain, but, as you know, you cannot make a pudding that is worth while unless you are careful as to what ingredients go into it.

Here we have a melting pot that was to fuse all the races, and blend them into one perfect whole. On the way we performed that task depended not only the future of this nation, but its very existence, and this task on which hinged not only our destiny, but the destiny of all mankind, we have with tragic and criminal indifference utterly ignored. There were a few men with vision who foresaw the danger of neglecting the melting pot and flooding our land with millions upon millions of immigrants, but no one heeded them. All our energies were concentrated on developing our resources, bridging streams, felling forests, irrigating deserts, tunneling mountains, linking up our coasts with bands of steel. Into these prodigious tasks we put our whole strength and energy, trusting like gamblers to luck to take care of those finer problems which cannot be solved with axe or hammer, silver or gold. We wanted labor and we did not care from whence it came, as long as it was cheap and plentiful. That labor, dumped on our shores, was allowed to shift for itself, and each race instead of tumbling into the melting pot and becoming assimilated, formed into groups and colonies, just as hard masses form in a badly constructed pudding. Each group perpetuated its language, customs and habits, refusing to assimilate, making our country one vast, transplanted, European boarding house, a very tower of Babel, with the occupants of each floor speaking a different tongue, hating and despising all the other boarders, and particularly despising Uncle Sam, the good-natured, kind-hearted, happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please landlord. Our immigrants came from lands where law was rigorously enforced, crime swiftly and relentlessly punished, implicit obedience to authority insisted upon, where officials were domineering and often cruel and oppressive, and where liberty and freedom were handed out in homeopathic doses, a spoonful at a time. Some, especially the German revolutionists of '48, had brains and sense enough to understand and appreciate the Anglo-Saxon ideal of government, which is our ideal, our intense love of liberty and strong individualistic tendencies. Others accustomed to an iron tyranny or a benevolent, paternalistic despotism on the Prussian order, have in the past and do unto this day, regard our system of government and the genius of our institutions, and our free and easy way of doing things, with contempt and abhorrence. The old country way of doing things alone appeal to them. They would rather have the state hand them a bone than be given the opportunity to go out and of their own initiative, bring home a porterhouse steak.

Some people and some nations prefer to be sheep rather than men. There is a certain advantage in a fat pasture, a snug sheepfold and a good shepherd. But the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt long ago broke away from the sheepfold idea. They knew the shepherd only protected them so that he might fleece them of their wool, and only fed them so he could convert them into mutton, otherwise cannon fodder, when necessity demanded it. There is good however, in every system, good in every individual, and every race that comes here, could and should contribute of its best to our national character, genius and welfare. The greatest wrong however that has been done to the immigrant, a wrong that has robbed him of his Americanism, is to allow him to settle in colonies, where he hears nothing but his own language spoken, preached and taught, reads nothing but foreign language papers and grows up a man without a country. Here is the crime of crimes, and it is the German-American who has been wronged more than all others in this regard. There are in this country today over 450 German language papers. All but nine of them are openly and brazenly disloyal to the United States. These papers openly boast that it is their determination to Germanize America, in other words to put the Kaiser in the

White House. The Cologne Gazette of June 10, one of the greatest of German papers, impudently declares that the best allies of Germany are the Germans in the United States, and gloats over the fact that these German-Americans "embarrass and restrain us in our war efforts." No foreign language paper is allowed to be printed in Germany in time of war and neither should any be allowed to be printed here. As Theodore Roosevelt says: "The German-American press was lavishly subsidized by the German government during the early stages of the war," and recent disclosures by our government prove it.

The people who own these papers and those who read them, can never become American citizens and have no right to remain in this country. It is due to these poisonous and lying sheets that Minnesota the other day witnessed a spectacle which has probably never been duplicated in any other land on earth. A number of American born boys of foreign parentage, of the village of Piers, received their farewell in German, as they entrained for the training camp. There was not a soul in the community who could have addressed them in English, the language of their native land. That is the tragic and terrible thing about these foreign language papers—the harm they do not only to those of foreign birth but to their children—American boys and girls who are brought up in an alien and foreign atmosphere, taught to despise the land of their birth and to love a land which is nothing to them, and whose rulers are the bitterest foes of democracy. To my mind it is the crime of all crimes to deprive these children of their nationality, poison their minds and fill them with hatred of their native land, and leave them without a country, stranded a million miles from nowhere. We must have one language, one allegiance, one race, one devotion, one flag, one country, or haul down our flag and become slaves to a more efficient, sensible race. Take the village of Hoboken, the docking place of the German liners. This mile square ninety per cent German "American" city contains 328 saloons. In this hot bed of treason and anti-Americanism our boys have embarked for France. Some months ago the government took over the piers, from one of which no less than 8,000 empty beer kegs were removed. The military commander ordered all saloons on the waterfront to close at 10 p. m. These enemy saloon keepers have for months defied the United States and continued to run their poison shops wide open. Not until President Wilson issued a personal order closing these saloons, was any effort made to obey the law. Rum and rebellion, beer and license always go hand in hand.

Imagine for one moment what would happen if some four hundred American editors were suddenly to open up American newspapers in Germany and start to damn everything German, dynamite German munition plants, wreck German vessels, and attempt to inflame the German mind against its government and plot to put President Wilson in the palace of Potsdam, and throw the Kaiser out. Now what do you think the German-American papers of this country would say to a performance of that kind? Of course all the American editors in Germany would be instantly shot and their property confiscated, and that is the medicine that should be given to the rascally editors of German language papers in the United States who know that they cannot exist except as they make their readers friends of Germany, and enemies of America.

Now let me appeal to you one and all. The Christmas message I want to bring home to you is this: Why not all of you, no matter what your race, cut out all your other "isms," and fight and work for Americanism. There is not anything in God's world that Germany would do for its people that Uncle Sam would not do a thousand times over and a thousand times better. Now let's be sensible and reasonable. You Germans, Austrians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Poles, Slavs, Russians, Swedes, Danes and Norwegians have sought this country for good and sufficient reasons. Not one of you owned an inch of soil in your Fatherlands so why rave about them? You came here to better yourselves and if this country did not give you advantages you could not get at home, you would not be here ten minutes. America is good enough to exploit, to feed on; its roads are good enough for you to run your automobiles over, its food is good enough for you to eat; its cigars are good enough for you to puff and its soil is a good enough sepulchre for your dead. Now why are not its language, its institutions, its ideals good enough for you to adopt? Don't tell me its newspapers are not good enough for you to read, for the American newspaper has more real live news to the square inch than all the miserable sheets published in Europe have in a mile. Why not be worthy sons of Washington and Lincoln, and that great American, Benjamin Franklin? This is a glorious, beautiful country. If politics are rotten, why do you not work to make them clean? How can they be anything else but rotten when you force politicians to betray their own country and seek your German or your Scandinavian or your Irish vote and work for foreign interests against the land that gives you your bread? Shame on you all, shame! The men that sent La Follette, Stone, Gronna, etc. to the Senate, should be disfranchised forever. You make our politics rotten and then curse them because they are rotten. Again shame on you all! I know there are tens of thousands of loyal Germans, loyal Scandinavians, loyal Irish. I have more loyal, sincere German friends, than I have of any other nationality and they endorse every sentiment expressed in this article. Cut out racial hates and racial differences. Teach your children love of this great United States, teach them to despise autocracy and kings, love your native lands if you will (you would be dogs indeed if you did not) but do not make your love of your native land, make you false to your vows of citizenship, and make you forget the duty you owe to the land that has sheltered, protected and enriched you.

As you gather round your tables on Christmas Day, do not grieve if your son is in France, do not grieve overmuch even if his blood should be shed, for when those boys come back from the other side, a new light will have come into their souls, a new hope into their breasts. Their sacrifice, their experience and comradeship will give us a nobler citizenship, a new and better nation, a nation in which there will be no disloyalty, no hyphenism, no fifty-fifty allegiance, but just one great, big, glorious, democratic country, our



Like Taking an Axe To a Corn

Some methods of removing corns suggest an axe. They are harsh. They attack live tissue as well as the corn. And soreness often follows.

Some are mussy. Some require frequent applications. All were uncertain, all unscientific, until Blue-jay came.

Now, with Blue-jay, you apply a thin protector, which stops the pain at once. In the center—acting on the corn alone—is a gentle, efficient wax. And a tape wraps the toe while it acts.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. When applied, you forget the corn. In two days you find it gone.

B&B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. Chicago and New York

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

About one corn in ten needs a second application. But no corn can resist this new-day method.

At least a million corns a month are ended in this easy, gentle way. Users of Blue-jay apply it as soon as a corn is felt. And it never pains again.

Try it tonight—on any corn, old or new. What it does to that corn, it will do to all. And that means lifetime freedom. You will be amazed to know how easily this trouble can be ended.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters are sold by all Druggists. Also Blue-jay Bun-ion Plasters.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, to make the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

country, which will be the rock the Gibraltar of democracy around which all the nations of the world can gather and plan for the uplift and betterment of mankind for all time.

This is my last message for this year, a year which has been full of trials and tribulations, the hardest and most trying year of my life and probably of your lives too, and the most momentous year in the history of this and all nations. Certain un-American elements have poured a perfect Niagara of wrath and hate upon my devoted head because of my treatment of the war issues. I have tried to watch faithfully over you, to protect your interests and to tell the truth and to warn you when danger was nigh. Time will prove that all I have written regarding the war and those involved in it, has been absolutely just, fair and correct, and those who malign and criticize me, will in the coming years be forced, probably against their will, to admit that Uncle Charlie was right. I have done and shall continue to do my duty toward my God, my country and my fellow men generally. Neither threats nor abuse can swerve me one inch from what I consider the path of righteousness and duty. Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to the Uncle Charlie Home Fund. I had nothing to do and still have nothing to do with the managing of that enterprise. It was started by Comfort Sisters and is solely their work. I am however deeply grateful for the love and kindness which prompted this act. I am only referring to this matter now, lest further silence on my part might seem an evidence of ingratitude. Nearly two thousand letters and cards of thanks have been sent to those who contributed to this fund, and more than fifty dollars have been spent in postage. If there is anyone who has not received a personal note of thanks from me, or an acknowledgment of their gifts, I shall be grateful if they will drop a line, for if they have been neglected, it has been through no fault of mine. Once more let me thank you from the depths of a grateful heart for all your loving kindness to me. On Christmas Day at one o'clock, if God spares me, I shall drink your health in a glass of boiled milk, and I hope and pray that I may be spared to you for many years yet to guide you through these warring, troubled years, into that haven of righteousness and peace for which we all so devoutly long to reach. Once more a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and a fervent God bless everyone of you no matter what your nationality or race.

The Christmas season will soon be here and if you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's four beautiful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

WAGONER, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
May I ask how much you got to change your politics?
Your reader,
JOSEPH H. COURTNEY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Early on the morning of that chill November day mentioned in the first chapter, they had left the large town of Hull for the smaller one of Scarborough, where they had relatives residing, and whom they were to visit before their return to Dumfries.

But, having been misinformed regarding their route, they lost their way, and having to retrace many miles night overtook them, and their horses gave out just as they reached the miserable inn in the little fishing village on Flamborough Head, where they were obliged to stop for another day.

It is doubtful whether the fastidious Raymond Prescott and his high-bred lady mother were ever entertained in so primitive a fashion before as on this dismal night at the rude fisherman's inn.

The little, black-eyed maiden waited upon them quietly and handily, anticipating and supplying their wants in a manner belonging to an older and more experienced person.

Very lovely and womanly she appeared to both Lady Prescott and her son, who watched her closely without appearing to do so, and who were more and more surprised at the native grace and refinement which she displayed—all the more noticeable from her very rude surroundings.

"She is of too fine a mold to be in this place. I wonder how it happened?" the young man observed, under his breath, to his mother.

"You are right, Raymond, and it is a mystery which I cannot understand. I am deeply interested in her."

"She is very lovely—do you not think so?" "Yes. And how she thirsts for knowledge!" "Poor child!" Raymond said, compassionately; then added, with a chuckle of amusement:

"There is plenty of spirit, however, bottled up in her dainty body."

"That is so. How her magnificent eyes blazed when she faced you so indignantly!"

Raymond was very thoughtful during the meal. Not a movement of the strange, fair child escaped him.

He saw how her eyes lingered upon his mother, and then wandered to his own face, with a look that was almost reverential, as though she thought they were creatures of a higher order than she had ever beheld before.

He noticed, too, that she paid strict and earnest attention to their way of speaking, and several times corrected her own language in imitation of theirs.

After supper, Raymond ordered lights to be brought into the receiving room, and, drawing from his pocket a copy of "Tennyson's Poems," he sat down to read to his mother, hoping to make the dull evening pass quickly and pleasantly to her.

He chose that beautiful and touching story of "Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat," and her sad and fatal love for Lancelot.

He read finely, and as if his whole soul was stirred with the melancholy tale.

A passionate sob interrupted him when he reached one portion of the story, startling both the reader and his listener.

Turning quickly to see whence it proceeded, Raymond's keen eye descried a slight form crouching behind one end of the old-fashioned, high-backed settee.

He arose, and crossed the room to the spot; but, before he had scarcely reached it, a girlish form arose, and stood, tremblingly, before him.

It was Sibyl, as he had expected.

"I could not help it, sir," she said, humbly, and with a deprecating air.

"Could not help what?" he asked, curiously, yet kindly.

"Crying—it was so sad!" and another suppressed sob heaved the little chest.

"How came you here? I did not hear you come in."

"I heard you reading out there," indicating the room beyond, "and I did not think, but coming nearer and nearer—it was so beautiful—I got

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. This series closes with Miss December.—EDITOR.

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CAPRICORN rules between December twenty-one and January twenty, and is supposed to endow persons born under the influence of this sign with keen and discriminating minds. Their strong faculty for grasping the causes and reasons of things, combined with a natural leaning toward the useful, qualifies them for success in the business world. They are leaders in large enterprises and invite responsibility. Yet they represent two distinct types though similar in certain traits. One type is the class that feels the world owes them an abundance of her riches, and it is unfortunate if



MISS DECEMBER.

they are born poor. They love luxury and are depressed if it becomes necessary to curtail expenses. They possess pride tinged with arrogance; are independent and will labor without stint so long as their efforts are productive of the desired result.

The second type has all the same love of wealth and are determined in its acquisition. They are natural organizers and realize that success depends on self. But if, however, they fail in their efforts to reach a high level, they become discontented, and the real incentive of work is gone, and they live without ambition, yet will never lose a certain haughty mien, and be inclined to

into the room before I knew it; then I—was afraid, and—hid down there."

"Would you like to listen to the rest of it?" he asked.

He took her gently by the hand, and led her

look down on others in their own reduced sphere. Financial success develops beautiful traits in these characters, making them magnanimous, philanthropic and pleasing. In most undertakings they commence with a definite idea and work to that end. Both types are lovers of art and literature, and freely contribute to educational interests that lead to business development.

Women born under this sign are naturally active and take great interest in business pursuits. They have a fine nature and high ideals. Being of broad understanding, concise of speech and easily understood, they make excellent leaders of women's organizations. Not being as domestic as Leo women, but independent and well able to take care of themselves, they should weigh well any marriage proposals, for unless money is plenty they may become restless and exacting, and by hard experience learn that "money is a handmaiden, if thou knowest how to use it; a mistress, if thou knowest not."

Turquoise the December Birth-Stone

The idea that birthstones possess a certain indefinable, but none the less genuine significance appears particularly marked in regard to the turquoise, the December birth-stone. The exquisite blue of the stone has ever been emblematic of the celestial regions, and of the celestial virtues, and in Christian art the virgin, saints and angels are often robed in blue. December being the month when rich and poor alike prepare to celebrate the event of the "King's" birthday, and sing carols of "Peace on Earth," it cannot be denied that the ones whose natal stone is the turquoise will be impressed with the idea, that the Christmas season possesses something infinitely necessary to their well-being, which cannot be called "imaginary."

The occult power of the turquoise is supposed to help toward the skillful handling of affairs and in bringing things to a successful issue; hence, this gem is the symbol of prosperity.

There is an odd, yet interesting Hindu legend which records that it is very lucky to have a turquoise close at hand at the time of the new moon, for whoever, after first looking at the moon on the first day after new moon, should cast his eyes upon a turquoise, for then he would be destined to enjoy immeasurable wealth. Hindu women from the early centuries have believed in the potency of the turquoise, as seen in the following lines:

"No other gem than turquoise on her breast
Can the loving, doubting heart bring rest."

Miss December appears made up as Santa Claus, carrying his pack of Christmas gifts, never more appropriate than for this 1917 season, when we must remember not those who already have, but send to those who are in sore need of cheer or assistance, or perhaps both, for there are many vacant chairs and desolate hearts that the Christmas spirit will not enter unless we make it a season of "remembering."

to a chair a little behind his mother, where, with the firelight playing over her, he could watch her every expression, unobserved.

Then he read on uninterruptedly, until he had finished the sad story, casting, every now and

then, a quick glance at the quiet little figure sitting in the glow of the firelight.

Never before had he had such an appreciative listener—every word was swallowed with the greatest eagerness, and Raymond Prescott recognized in the neglected child a soul capable of rising to the grandest heights, and of attaining great cultivation.

As he closed the book and turned with a smile to ask her how she liked it, a harsh voice rang out:

"Sibyl! Sibyl!"

The girl started to her feet, cast a grateful yet appealing glance into the young man's face; then, with a shudder and look of fear, darted from the room.

A moment later he heard a stream of angry, abusive words heaped upon her, followed by a blow and a cry of pain.

He started, angrily, to his feet, but, at a motion from his mother, resumed his seat, exclaiming:

"Infamous!"

.....

The next morning the storm raged wilder than on the night previous, and Raymond Prescott's face seemed longer by half a length when he arose and looked from his window upon the turbulent sea, now lashed to fury, and the rain falling in torrents upon the dreary earth.

Lady Prescott looked pale and wan when she met him in the room below, but she strove to be cheerful, and not let him see how disappointed she was at the dreary prospect of spending the day in that miserable place.

Later in the day she came to him, saying:

"Ray, I have been having a long talk with your 'enchanted princess.'"

"Well, what do you make of her?" he asked.

"I find her a dear little thing, her heart brimming over with gratitude for every kind word given her. What say you to trying to better her condition for her?"

"Just what I had been cogitating myself, mother mine; but how can it be accomplished?"

"That remains to be seen. I have discovered that she does not belong in any way to these people, and, by questioning and gently drawing her out, that she has a faint remembrance of her mother, and also of some one else, whom she used to call 'Nannie,' or 'Nannie.' She does not like to say much about her life here, though I imagine it has been a sad enough one. The only bright spot in it seems to have been the kindness of the sick lady who comes here in the summer."

"Does the dame here know nothing of her history?" asked Raymond.

"Sibyl says she has begged her many a time to tell her how she came here, but the woman only gets angry and cuffs her for her inquisitiveness."

"What a heartless thing! Mother, let us take the child away with us," he suddenly exclaimed. "I have thought of that; but what could we do with her, even supposing her mistress here could be prevailed upon to give her to us?"

"Educate her; she seems eager for knowledge. Let us try the experiment, and see what it will amount to. I have no doubt that the people here would gladly give her up for a small sum of money, and it would be a mercy to the poor, abused child. Even if she should never amount to anything very brilliant, we could, at least, put her in a way to make a comfortable living," the young man said, really interested in the project.

"That is so. Ray, I have half a mind to try it," Lady Prescott exclaimed, earnestly. "But," she added, a moment after, "what will your father say?"

"He will say, as he always does, mother mine, 'that his Annie shall do just whatever her own kind heart dictates.' Raymond replied, with a fond glance into the beautiful face opposite him.

Lady Prescott flushed slightly, and a smile, half proud, half tender, curled her lips at this re-

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JANUARY COMFORT

our bright New Year Number, will give its readers the right start on the new year. If they wish to keep themselves attuned to the spirit of the times, now in a state of such marvelous and rapid transition, they should take care not to miss a single one of the next twelve issues. We are preparing to make the February and March numbers exceptionally interesting and useful. We mention here a few of the

Special Features for January

"New Year Resolutions on Food Economy" with recipes and instructions that will make it easy and profitable to live up to them. Learn how the skillful cook wastes nothing and makes equally nourishing and appetizing dishes from cheaper materials, which is quite important in these times of high prices.	
"Miss Brent's Orphan" A touching story of the great war in France, with a thread of romance that leads to America. It has a humorous side, too.	"Turning Over a New Leaf" Describes a novel and amusing form of entertainment for a New Year party, including appropriate decorations and refreshments.
"Start Your Flower Garden Indoors" An interesting, instructive and timely article picturing and describing how to start your plants indoors for early blooming in the garden.	"Cubby Bear's Visit" Another of those fine stories of Mrs. Ellingwood's that so delight the little folks. More of these stories are in store for them.

2-Year Renewal to Cost 40 Cents January First

See the announcement of advance in subscription rates on page 6. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 351 or any less number, it means that your subscription needs to be renewed at once. The present low renewal rate will continue in force until the last day of this December, which gives our present subscribers an opportunity to renew their subscriptions

2 Full Years in Advance for 30 Cents.

Avail yourself of this privilege immediately. 10 cents is worth saving. Send 30 cents today to renew your subscription two full years. Even if your subscription is paid some months ahead, renew now at special low renewal rate and we will extend your subscription two full years beyond date of expiration. Use the coupon below.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are: 25 cents a year, 50 cents for three years, 30 cents for a TWO-YEAR renewal, in U. S. and Cuba. (In Canada 50 cents a year or 75 cents for a two-year renewal.)

SUBSCRIPTION COUPON FOR RENEWAL OR EXTENSION ONLY

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I enclose 30 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of expiration.

Date Name,

Postoffice Street and No.

R. F. D. No. Box No. State
December, 1917.

Crumbs of Comfort

Nature never pretends.
Children sweeten labors.
A light heart lives long.
Talkers are no good doers.
Friendship requires action.
Life is the soul's nursery.
Prevention is the best of bridges.
Time is the chrysalis of eternity.
Prayer is a self-preached sermon.
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
Ignorance of wealth is true riches.
Liberty is the daylight of the soul.
He that sips many arts, drinks none.
The good are Heaven's peculiar care.
Great wants are born of great wealth.
Where pity dwells is the peace of God.
They can conquer who believe they can.
A sunny temper gilds the darkest hour.
Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.
They that know no evil will suspect none.
Joys are our wings; sorrows are our spurs.
A suspicious parent makes an artful child.
Wise kings have generally wise councillors.
When passions glow, the heart is heated steel.
The tongue can be the ambassador of the heart.
Pride that dines on vanity may sup on contempt.
Love's reign is eternal, and his throne the heart.
The man with an empty purse may sing before a robber.
In the world a man lives in his own age; in solitude, in all ages.
The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others.
He that would have bread from wheat must wait the grinding.
True friendship has not a heart of milk that turns in two nights.
Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.
A cask will long retain the flavor of that with which it was first filled.
To bring a child up to the dearest common sense is the cheapest course.
Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those that are to follow.
If all the world played holiday, to sport would be as tedious as to work.
Many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made.
When young, we trust ourselves too much; when old, we trust others too little.
Nature has concealed at the bottom of our minds talents and abilities of which we are not aware.
Occupation was one of the pleasures of the Garden of Eden, and we cannot be happy without it.
A miser may grow rich by seeming to be poor; an extravagant man poor by seeming to be rich.
The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.
If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a dream and shadow.
If you would relish food, labor for it before you eat it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.
Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother, that God's own hand did not fasten the other end around the neck of the oppressor.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Our Mistletoe Girl

MERRY CHRISTMAS, everybody! And are you all looking so pretty that mistletoe near at hand is very, very dangerous? I hope so! But if you aren't, let me give you just a few words of advice.

December is a cold and blustery month. Wet snows beat into our faces, and chill winds congeal our blood, not yet accustomed to winter cold, and our lips chap and our ears turn blue and our noses red, alas!

This is the one combination of red, white and blue which none of us love, so let's see how to get rid of it.

Let me whisper a secret, girls. You can't look pretty in winter if you don't feel warm! Really! The moment you are chilled, your face grows pinched, and your lips lose their color, and you have unbecoming gooseflesh on your arms—and



OUR MISTLETOE GIRL

you're not pretty any longer! So your first aim must be to keep warm. Your ankles and your hands have a great deal to do with the warmth of your body. They are easily chilled, and as the blood creeps back to the heart from these extremities, it chills all the body. It is all right to wear low shoes in winter, in the house, if it is a steam-heated or furnace-heated house, so that every room and hall is warm, but if it is stove-heated, so that you go from a warm room to an icy hall or a cool bedroom, then stick to high shoes.

You may even wear low shoes outdoors (if the soles are not too thin, and there is no snow to wade through), provided you wear spats, or gaiters snugly buttoned about ankle and leg, keeping you as warm as toast.

Carry a muff, or wear fleece-lined mittens slipped over your gloves when you are going a-calling or to a party. You can slip off your mittens as you reach the door of your destination, and enter in all the glory of your best gloves.

Before going outdoors in winter, rub cold cream well into the face, wipe off any excess with a pad of cotton and powder lightly. Rub the lips thoroughly in the same manner (no powder of course). If you take this precaution, you won't have chapped and roughened lips to sigh over. But be sure to wipe cream off eyebrows and brush every bit of powder out with your eyebrow brush.

If, in spite of warmly dressing the body, your lips get blue and your face pinches, your circulation isn't as it should be. Exercise for five minutes before going outdoors, in addition to ten or fifteen minutes' boudoir exercises daily, either night or morning or both. Here's a good exercise.

To Speed Up the Circulation

Stand with heels together, toes out, head erect, arms at sides. Now rise slowly on the balls of the feet, keeping the body from hips up, perfectly erect. Throw arms back as far as possible. Bend knees and sink to squatting position, at the same time swinging arms down and forward, to maintain balance. The heels must not be allowed to touch the floor, while doing this, nor must the upper half of the body bend. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

When you take your daily body bath (whether it is in the tub, or a sponge bath), rub the body vigorously with a rough towel. In taking a sponge bath, only uncover a small portion of body at a time—as one arm, or the lower leg, or a foot, etc. Sponge quickly, dry, then rub vigorously, recover, and proceed to the next portion. In this way, there is no danger of chilling.

A red nose usually means imperfect circulation, although it may be the result of indigestion. If it appears in winter only, however, you may know it is the circulation that is at fault. So, exercise as I have suggested, keeping the body warm (but not too heavily clad when in warm rooms), and look after the elimination. In the meantime, you may bind on the nose each night a pad of cotton, wet with the following, and then covered with a dry cloth.

That Red, Red Nose

Rosewater, three ounces; glycerine, two ounces; muriate of ammonia, one dram; tannic acid, one half dram.

You can have your druggist put up a smaller quantity, if desired. The muriatic acid should be dissolved in the glycerine and the water then added.

Answers to Questions

S. M. L.—At eighteen years of age, being five feet eight inches tall, you should weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds is enough for you, as this depends somewhat on the size of your frame. Your waist measure should be about thirty inches, bust forty and hips forty for that height; but age cuts some figure, and at eighteen you should not be as fully developed as to bust as if you were twenty-eight. I imagine you are not far off in measurements, though you could stand quite a little larger waist. I am sorry that I am not permitted to express an opinion about any proprietary remedies. Probably all that you mention are perfectly good ones. A brunette with fair skin should use a flesh-tinted powder—with dark skin, a pink powder. White powder is not good for a brunette. At eighteen you should not be using many cosmetics, for your skin should be healthy and natural and much better looking without artificial aids than with them. A good cold cream occasionally will do no harm, and a light dust of powder when it is needed, but be careful not to powder heavily or use it when your skin is perfectly fresh and attractive without it.

Jennie.—If the hair on face, neck and arms is very light—like down—I should not worry about it. If you

will carefully examine the girls you know, you will see that almost all of them have some hair on face or arms. You have probably not paid much attention to it, because it is not at all a serious matter, and when you realize this, you will take your own hair less seriously. See answer to "Ruby" for treatment you can use. This will bleach the hair while killing the roots.

Irene.—For the small moles, you can touch them with salicylic acid moistened with glycerine binding this on for half an hour. The acid eats away the little spot. Take the treatment three consecutive days, unless the face is sore. You must always be careful in treating moles, for you are apt to develop more serious troubles. Better try just one mole to begin with.

Alley.—If you are only thirteen, do not worry about the shape of your legs. They will shape themselves as you get a little older and nothing that you can do will hurry them. Forget about them, for they are not important. Also, let your skin alone, except to protect it, when you go outdoors, with a large hat or sun-bonnet. Keep it thoroughly clean—see what I say to "Blue Eyes" about scrubbing the face, but don't do any of the other things I recommend to her. Keep your bowels open. Stay outdoors as much as you can, and do active things so that every part of your body is exercised. You don't weigh nearly enough, so should drink lots of milk, eat plenty of bread and butter, and potatoes, and rice, and fruit, and vegetables and eggs. Don't eat between meals, though it might be all right for you to have a glass of milk between meals. Your knuckles look large because you do not weigh enough; but as you build yourself up in weight, your fingers will fatten as well as the rest of you, and that trouble will be taken care of. What you want to do is to eat well, sleep well (with windows open), exercise a lot, stay outdoors all you can, and drink lots of water. Keep warm in winter, especially your ankles and your hands, and take a body bath every day except when you are not feeling well. You can stand on a folded bath towel and give yourself a perfectly good sponge bath with a rough washcloth, if you haven't a bathtub.

D. D.—I do not think your pimples would leave a scar if you did not squeeze them or touch them. How about this? See my answer to "Dollie" and "Irene." If your neck is too fleshy, you probably are too fleshy elsewhere, also. Try some of the exercises printed in COMFORT from month to month, for reducing. In the meantime, use this one for your fleshy neck:

For a Too Fat Neck

Drop head limply on chest. Now roll it toward the left, then drop it backward and roll it toward the right, drop forward and roll toward left. Continue for ten or more times.

M. E. B.—The peroxide and ammonia treatment consists of dampening the hairy spots one day with ammonia, the next with peroxide. That is all there is to it. You may use the ordinary household ammonia. If it irritates the skin, few directions to "Ruby." It must be continued for a considerable time.

A Reader.—You say your hands are always red. Are your clothes tight anywhere—at armhole, wrist, elbow, neck, waist, or feet, or do you wear round garters instead of the side garters? If the latter, change your garters at once, and if the former, loosen up your clothing. In a recent number I gave a very good whitening lotion for the hands—use that and you will find your hands improved.

Disappointed.—Your letter was received June 13th, yet you wanted an answer in July COMFORT! Why, my dear, the July COMFORT was being mailed at that time, the August COMFORT was being printed, the September COMFORT was in the typesetting rooms, the October COMFORT was being prepared for the printer! My girls keep forgetting how long a big magazine must work ahead. Vigorous massage will reduce your fleshy face somewhat, but I imagine you do not exercise enough and that your circulation is not sufficiently active. Get plenty of exercise daily, both boudoir exercises and outdoor exercise. Be careful not to overeat or to eat too sweet or heavy foods. Massage is your only local remedy; you must depend upon the general measures outlined for other help.

Pansy.—After you have washed your face in hot water at night, you should immediately rinse it in warm water several times, then in tepid water, then in cool water, and finally in cold water. After this, you may apply any face cream you are going to use, but it is wise to close the pores in this way before putting it on. In the morning, wash in tepid water, rinse in tepid, and finally in cold.

Edna.—You and "Dollie" have much the same trouble, have you not? Read what I said to her—also what I said to "Alley." Your bowels are one important way of getting rid of impurities in the blood. When they do not move freely and naturally at least once a



DON'T FORGET TO USE YOUR EYEBROW BRUSH AFTER POWDERING.

day, then the impurities try to get out some other way, and pimples result. Be careful to eat easily digestible food, lots of fruit (surely you get oranges where you live, and there is nothing better) and vegetables. Don't eat fried foods. You are at an age when pimples are usual, and you will probably get rid of them before long.

P. S. M.—No, don't use cocoa-butter on the face; it will grow hair. If you want to make the cheeks full, you will have to begin at the stomach, for it is only by nourishing the body and adding flesh that you can bring about this result. Why don't you try the milk diet? Don't press on the end of the nose to keep it from turning up, or you will get an ugly shape. Turned up noses are considered quite attractive and I should think yours might be. I would let it alone. As to shoulder braces, they might help you temporarily, and it would do no harm to try them. But you should exercise daily ten or fifteen minutes, night and morning, trying to overcome the round shoulders. I gave the exercise last month for this—the one for developing the lungs. Make a practice of throwing the chest up and out and letting the shoulders hang. Don't throw them back squarely, and don't be disappointed if your shoulder blades still stick out after quite a little exercise. It will take time to overcome this, but I believe you will succeed if you keep at it. Do everything possible to build up your strength and health, for as you do this you will have more energy and your muscles will do their work better and better. A good exercise for you would be to place hands on hips, thumbs back and fingers forward, heels together, and throw the body back from the waist as far as possible without bending the knees. Of course you must do this in loose clothing and without a corset. Practice ten or fifteen times at one time, and do this daily.

Mrs. B. L. H.—No, I would not use the Portugal Root Food on the neck as well as the bust. Exercise will do more for your neck. Strange as it may seem, any exercise that will reduce a fat neck will also increase the size of a thin neck, so practice the exercise given "D. D." Another good exercise is to stand

with arms pressed closely against sides, then, keeping chin lifted, turn the head so that the eyes look back over the left shoulder, then over the right, and repeat rapidly for ten or fifteen times, keeping the neck muscles stiff while doing it. Gentle massage will also help the neck. Remember that vigorous massage reduces and gentle massage develops.

B. D.—I am sorry I cannot write to you personally, but it is the rule of this department that all letters be answered in our columns. You say your men friends do not seem to care much about you, and you wonder why. Perhaps you do not make yourself enter-taining enough. What do you talk about? Remember a man likes to talk about the things which interest him. You say you weigh too much, but you are really only about four or five pounds heavier than you should be. If you think you would look better with a little less flesh, why not try to reduce? Cut out potatoes and rice and sweet things for a while, and make your meals of green vegetables, and meat and fruits and eggs. Exercise a little every day. As to the oily hair, we must overcome that. Are you sure you get the soap out thoroughly when you wash it? It needs eight or nine rinsings, for if the soap stays on the scalp or hair, it clogs up the little oil cells, irritates them, and they pour out more and more oil all the time. Dry your hair in the sun when you wash it, tossing it about in the air. Don't rub soap on the hair, but use it in the form of jelly, as I have urged so many times. Keep the bowels open, and take a good body bath daily—all this will stimulate your circulation and help your scalp and hair as well as the rest of the body. Each night, put the flat of your fingers against the scalp, after taking down the hair, and without lifting the fingers move the scalp back and forth on the skull. Do not rub the fingers back and forth, but press them firmly and move just the skin. Go all over your head in this way. If the skin is tight, your hair cannot be healthy until it is loosened and kept loose. If you will give this treatment to your scalp nightly, conditions will improve, I know.

Dollie.—Stop "mashing" the blackheads and festering pimples on your face. Let them alone, no matter how they look. Wash the face very gently at night with warm soapy water (of course do not use a complexion brush when you have pimples in your face), and rinse well. Then coat them with the following lotion:

For Your Pimples

Rose water, four ounces; glycerine, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; precipitate of sulphur, one dram.

Your druggist can put this up for you. You may apply this to your pimples several times a day. Do not rub soap on the face, and, except at night, do not even use soapy water. In the morning, use warm water, followed by cold, and do the same during the day. Be very careful to take a good body bath daily and rub the skin well, and you must be especially careful about your bowels, and about drinking eight to ten glasses of water a day—a glass on getting up, before dressing, another after dressing, two or three during the morning; two or three during afternoon; and one an hour before retiring. Cut out sweets for the time being, fat meats and gravies. Do not try to "whiten" your face or do anything with it until you get rid of your pimples. You will probably find, by that time, that it has whitened out. Leave the moles alone. If they are not large fleshy ones, they are not disfiguring. If the latter, you can get rid of them, but you should not touch anything on your face till you get rid of your pimples, for your blood is not in good enough condition. One can cause a cancer by tampering with a mole, sometimes.

Ruby.—If your pores are large from using hot water, stop using hot water, except at night, when it is needed to thoroughly cleanse all soil from the face. Even then, follow by rinsing in warm water, several times, tepid water, and then cold water. The cold water will close the pores. In the daytime, never use hot water. Cold water will, of course, contract the pores. Be careful to keep them thoroughly clean, however, or you will have blackheads. Attention at night will take care of this. As to the fuzz growing on your face, dampen one day with ammonia and the next with peroxide. This is a harmless treatment, but slow. Don't worry about the fuzz. If your skin is irritated with the peroxide after using for a time, stop for a couple of days and rub in a little pure cold cream. Your hair splits because it is not healthy. It needs more nourishment, and it must get this from a healthy body. Build up your general health, eating sensibly and enough, drinking water, exercising, sleeping with your windows open, and keeping your bowels in good condition. At night massage your scalp with the flat of your fingers, going over entire scalp and moving the skin on the skull.

Miss Blanche M.—If you cannot get the two articles you mention from your druggist, ask him to order them for you, as he can when he puts in his next order for drugs.

Blue Eyes.—See answer to "Ruby" and "Dollie." If your blackheads are not sore, scrub the face with a complexion brush and hot soapy water. You will notice if told "Dollie" not to do this with her festering pimples. A good thing, probably, for you to do, after the face is thoroughly cleansed at night, as above directed, is to massage in a little boric powder and finally rub a little cold cream over this. In the morning wash with tepid water. After doing this for six days, steam the face the seventh night over a basin of boiling water. To do this use a Turkish towel thrown over the head to keep the steam in and bend over the bowl of hot water. After the steaming, rinse in hot water and coat face with a blackhead paste, letting it remain on for ten minutes. Do not use boric powder this night.

Blackhead Paste

Into three cups of water shave a cake of Castile soap and add a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until it is somewhat reduced in amount, then set it off to cool, when it should jelly. It is this jelly which is rubbed on the face.

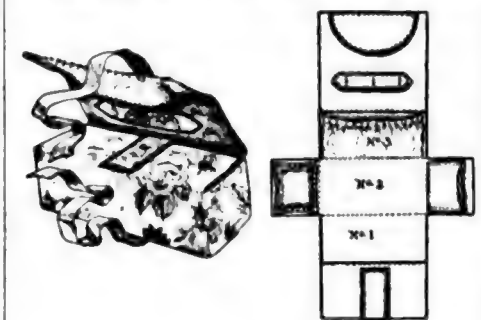
Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

In and Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

bers squarely. Cut four pieces of cardboard two and one half by six inches, slip one into the bottom of bag and run a row of machine stitching just beyond it. Follow this with the other three cardboards, each shoved up closely to the stitching and followed by a row of stitching.

Next make two bands, one by four inches,



A SEWING BOX WITH DIAGRAM FOR MAKING.

place one of these crosswise in the center of the side, this will reach from the first line of stitching on the inside to the same point on the outside. Simply catch the ends of this band securely as it is designed to slip over small scissors, stiletto, paper of needles, etc. On the second band work three buttonholed bars, under which slip bodkins and large needles. This band and semi-circular leaves of hannel are attached to the end as shown.

To side corresponding with one numbered 3, add a full pocket, drawn in with an elastic. At the end of bottom No. 2 add cardboard

What YOU can do with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid.

There are any number of beautiful articles, for your own use or for Christmas giving, you can easily make with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid. Centerpieces, bibs, table covers, doilies, pincushions, lunch sets, guest towels, aprons, insertions, edgings, etc., are easily made by following the clear and concise instructions given in the Nufashond Rick Rack Book. A handy manual sold at the nominal price of 10 cents to make you familiar with the merits of Nufashond Rick Rack Braid.

Your department store or needlework shop has the Nufashond Rick Rack Book. If not, send us 30 cents and we will furnish the book with one full piece of Nufashond Mercerized Rick Rack and one ball of Nufashond Mercerized Crochet Cotton.

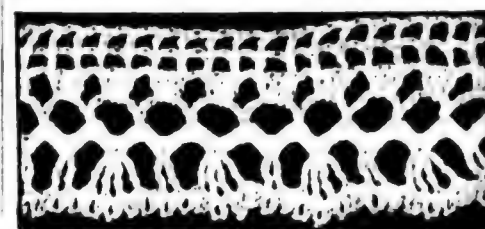
NUFASHOND, Dept. E, Reading, Pa.

covered squares fitting one with a pocket for holding thimble and the other with a tiny cushion. Form into a box by sewing sides No. 1 and No. 3 to the ends, attach a ribbon to the outside, fold up and tie together.

Rickrack Braid Edging

A few yards of such an edging as is here shown will be a gift which will be appreciated by any woman who loves dainty things and especially by one who cannot do such work or lacks time for it. By using the braid in working out a pattern considerable time is saved and this is a consideration at this particular season. This edging will fit a circular edge as well as a straight one.

Insert hook in first point and ch. 10 for the first treble and picot, 1 tr. c., picot, 3 times in same place, * 1 tr. c., picot, 1 tr. c., picot in next



EDGING IN RICKRACK BRAID AND CROCHET.

point, 4 tr. c. and picot after each treble in next point, repeat from * to length desired.

Upper Edge

Catch in point, * ch. 8, s. c. 1 in next point; repeat from * to length of lace.

2nd row.—4 d. c. over each ch. 8 with ch. 2 between.

3rd and 4th rows.—Spaces to end of row. This will make effective edging for the popular Teddy bear suits, for all undergarments or children's clothing.

Made in a Jiffy Boudoir Cap

This jaunty little affair can be very quickly fashioned by the girl who loves dainty things but lacks either the time or ability to undertake a piece of work which requires both. This creation can be developed of one half yard of Persian lawn or flowered muslin. Take a straight piece about fifteen inches wide, fit it plain across the front of the head, round off the corners just below the ears and gather across the back. Cut the front edge in large scallops and bind with a narrow satin ribbon, make three rosettes by gathering up some two-inch lace, catch these to the front of the cap and under them run a two-inch satin ribbon which crosses the back and is tied in a full bow on the side.

A scarf of dotted net with a design woven around the dot (for center of flower) with colored silks is very effective. White dotted net with blue or pink daisies woven through the mesh for the young lady and black net with gilt interwoven for the elderly one is satisfactory. The edges may be bound with ribbon.

A tag holder has foundation about six inches high by three wide, with a pocket on the bottom front, three inches high by three wide, into which tags are slipped. This may be of heavy, white board, stencilled, or covered with embroidered slip, or one of silk or burlap decorated with gilt paint.

WATCH, RING GIVEN AND CHAIN

Write for great offer to get your HAIR BOWS FREE. Enclosing 10c will bring most Wonderful, Fascinating assortment. American Narrow Fabric Co., Dept. C, Paterson, N. J.

UNITED STATES FELLOW TOPS Size 24 x 24. Highest grade wool felt. Color Red, White & Blue. Silk U.S. Flag in center. Fringe edge. Price prepaid \$1.25. JOHN NELSON, STANFORD, KEB.

THREE Crochet and Embroidery BOOKS FOR 15 CENTS. Address, J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass. Box 12.

CLEAR CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES, DANDRUFF, THE HAIR

Ruptured?— Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Soundly Cured At the Age of 81



Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—
Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10 months. It has cured my rupture.

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inf. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend
Holly Hill, Fla. E. A. Richards

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

Cured In Three Months

Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Ave.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:

I am sending you a small picture of my son, who is now five years old. We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.

I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Yours very truly,
T. A. McLAIN.



Doctor Pronounces Him Cured.

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness. I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.



Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.



Veteran Cured

Mr. Wm. McAdams,
of Kansas, Ill. is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory as the following brief letter tells

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr.,
Kansas, Ill.



Free Information Coupon

Mr. C. E. BROOKS,
157 A State St., Marshall, Michigan

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

Address

R. F. D. City State

Christmas Tree Decorations



By Ella Gordon

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THERE is no more enjoyable arrangement for Christmas giving or one that all may share so equally in, as the gathering of family and friends before a Christmas tree laden with mysterious packages and home-made decorations. The reason for chiefly using the fir tree on this occasion is probably due to the fact that the fir is classed among the world's sacred trees. Let us not forget to teach the lesson that thirty-three years after the blessed Christ child's birth came the tree on the hill of Golgotha, where he poured out His life blood, a free gift to all. So from the tree at Calvary we learn what we all experience at this season, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Center on making your decorations practically without expense, thus saving the money for a few more gifts. Strings of bright red cranberries are exceedingly decorative, and by using white thread for the strings, and a fine needle, the cranberries will not be injured, but can be rinsed and used for cooking purposes, after doing duty on the tree. Make cranberry strings into yard lengths and use as garlands from limb to limb. Dot the tree here and there with snowballs made from cotton. Usually there is a little spare cotton in the house, and it should be picked and made very light, then formed into balls. Run a white thread through each, tie the two ends into a loop and hang to tree. Cotton can be taken from a pillow and returned after use on the tree. Popcorn strings are always gala in appearance, and furnish the small hands with happy employment. With soft cloths, polish bright red apples, tie strong thread to the stems and hang onto the tree. Distribute the apples at a time so as to make them a part of the refreshments.

Pine tree cones and nuts may be colored and furnish a pleasing decoration. Into an old dish or can, put a couple pinches of glue and add a cup and a half of water. Set this into a dish of boiling water and let stand until glue is dissolved. From a house painter get a little gold or silver coloring in powder form, and after dipping each cone or nut into the glue mixture, roll in the powder. Hang to dry. These are easily handled by driving a tack into the end of cones and nuts.

Associating Santa Claus with Christmas as is our custom, it always adds merriment to have a Santa Claus distribute the gifts from a Christmas tree, and this is easily managed. Of course a tall man makes the best Santa Claus. Use red in the suit as much as possible, and white cotton batten sewed onto sleeve-ends, bottom of trousers, down the front and around bottom of coat; also surround the face with cotton, and if a flowing white beard cannot be obtained, a very good substitute is made by sewing cotton batten or long wool to a strip of cloth and fastening it to the sides of hat. The bag is supposed to be filled with gifts.

There is a pretty story regarding Santa Claus' pedigree that old and young alike enjoy hearing, for Santa Claus is one of the mysteries we all delight in. The original name of our good friend was Nicholas, and when a very young man was bishop of Myra. So beautiful and exemplary was his character, that after his death the church made him the children's saint, and the festival held in his honor was begun on the sixth day of December.

In ancient days the English churches selected a choir-boy to represent the saint, and in a costume befitting the occasion, he freely went from home to home in the parish and received gifts of money and sweetmeats, which he in turn distributed among the needy.

In the changes that time brings to all things, this custom was transferred to our Christmas Day.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

before all the world, in words that stopped the very blood in her: "I, Adrian, take thee, Ravenel."

The bride heard no other word of the service. She clutched Levallois' hand like a vice that she might not fall; a gray mist swam before her eyes. She muttered after the bishop something that meant nothing, but was all of a piece with this awful travesty of marriage that was binding her to an Adrian Gordon she had never loved.

Saddening, the crash of the wedding-march came on her dazed ears; the gray mist lifted, cleared. She was walking by Levallois' side to the vestry, to sign, for the last time, the name she had grown to hate.

Ravenel Annesley was dead now, and decently buried under a pile of wedding presents and a bridal wreath. It was the Countess of Levallois who lifted her veil with a hand that was perfectly steady, despite the burden of its new ring; the Countess of Levallois who bent forward that the duchess might kiss her on both cheeks.

If she was a little drawn about the mouth, no one saw it but the bridegroom; and he in a curious, cynical way, was sorry for her.

Curiously, too, he had meant every word he had said at the altar. To his life's end, Adrian Gordon, Lord Levallois, meant to love and cherish his wife.

He was proud of her very listlessness as he led her down the aisle; prouder still of her absolute immobility when something happened that tried even his nerve.

In the porch, blocking the very way of the bridal procession—and to this day Lady Levallois could not tell you the names of her six bridesmaids!—was a woman.

Exquisitely slim and small, she stood waiting, a little boy clinging to her hand. Her dress was black, a lace veil, with a heavy border, hid her mouth, but not her eyes. As she moved, silently, gracefully, to give room to the happy couple, Lord Levallois met those eyes full on his.

"Hester!" almost he said it aloud. "And in black. Can the little fool be going to make a scene?" And for an infinitesimal moment he held his breath. Ravenel, as she passed Mrs. Murray, drew away her skirts. She had obstinately refused to let her be asked to the wedding, and wondered that she should care to stand on the church steps with the curious crowd. But that was all. She never noticed the look the duchess' friend gave the bridegroom. For just one instant her eyes had held his; the next she and her boy

What to Send Our Soldiers

By Frances L. Garside

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THE recent official announcement that the first contingent of American troops has begun active service in the front line trenches with the general knowledge that we have many more regiments in training in France and England and their numbers are continually increasing as fast as the transports can carry them over, makes the question of what can be done for the health and comfort of the soldier boy at the front a matter of anxious solicitude in hundreds of thousands of homes.

The chief interest in every heart, every home, and all over the nation concerns the happiness and welfare of the boy at the front. In this sentiment, every sister shares, and this year many a sighed-for pink silk kimono or beruffled party gown will be forgotten in the greater joy of sending something nice to "our boy in France."

That "something nice" will not be a flimsy, pretty gewgaw, if the woman who sends it is thinking of the needs of the boy in khaki. It will be something useful, and all the shops are showing gifts suitable for American soldiers on duty that give counters and show cases a grimmer, more practical, look than that which characterized them only a short year ago.

Articles bought at the shops are wrapped and mailed as easily as any other parcel post package. A package from home will be equally welcome at any time to the soldier boy on foreign service, and the following suggestions are applicable as well to one time as to another.

If you are sending your soldier books, recall what his taste has always been. The unfortunate changes in the past year have not revolutionized his taste in reading. War books, though he may like them, are not as popular with the soldiers as other literature, according to the booksellers. Those returning say that poetry is best liked by the soldiers, and a book of poems is passed from one group to another.

A harmonica is welcomed, and many have written for them. Dreary camps are made merry with a mouth organ. And there is always need of emergency cases tiny enough to tuck in the corner of a knapsack and containing sufficient lint, gauze, tape and other material to dress minor wounds. Writing material is another suggestion. He needs toilet articles—tooth-brush, comb, razor, foot powder, soap, talcum powder, towels and wash-cloths. And don't embroider the towel, put the cost of the silk thread for embroidering into a second towel.

A pocket knife, a tobacco pouch, a purse, a package of needles and strong black and white cotton thread, a pair of small scissors and buttons are odds and ends that are necessary to the comfort of the soldier, and they take little room.

He likes sweets, and smokes are in demand. Enterprising confectioners have prepared boxes of candies especially to be mailed abroad, containing such candies as are not too soft and perishable, and sometimes a package of nuts, raisins and almonds. The candies are in glass jars or in oiled paper wrappers or tin boxes. Pipes, tobacco and cigarette papers are put up together in army packages. Chocolate, which is very nourishing and palatable, put up in cakes of many sizes may be bought in any of the shops. The Government supplies the men with uniforms, but various articles of wear they need must be bought by them, or given to them. Many of these are already scarce in Europe. Sweaters, mufflers, socks, helmets and wristlets are all badly needed, and those who are not able to make them may purchase them at a very small cost above the price of the material.

Underwear, heavy strong strings for the boots (not less than three yards long), woolen outing shirts, flannel undershirts, suspenders, belts, handkerchiefs and gloves, all these articles are needed, and the stronger the material, and the heavier, the better.

This is what is needed for a comfort packet: A pair of new flannel drawers, warm socks, a flannel under or outing shirt, a large size sweater, a muffler, a crocheted knitted worsted cap, three yards of strong twine for the boots, three yards of black and white strong cotton thread strung on two strong needles, five pantalon buttons strung on a No. 3 safety pin, four sheets of writing paper, four envelopes, one addressed to the donor of the packet, one pencil and a cake of chocolate or other sweet. Wrap the whole in a bandana handkerchief or towel and then wrap securely in paper. The package should also contain

had disappeared in the crowd. Lord Levallois was absolutely sick with relief, as he followed his wife into the carriage; and yet he was not sure that it was relief, for it felt uncommonly like apprehension.

"Hester," he thought, "to dare to come here with the boy! It's enough to make all sorts of scandal." (That only a secrecy like the grave had been able to keep down!) "What can she mean?" He wondered, sharply, if Ravenel had noticed.

"I'm afraid you're tired. The crowd at the door was so thick," he said, stupidly for Lord Levallois. "I did not notice," and, to his huge relief, the words rang true. She had not taken in what to other women would have been plain as print. With a curious respect, Levallois kissed his wife's hand.

"It has been a tiring day," he said, almost absently, and put Hester Murray's melodramatic appearance and her angry eyes determinedly out of his mind. Before he brought his wife home to Levallois Castle, three months later, he had absolutely forgotten both.

CHAPTER XI.

NEWS OF ADRIAN.

"Talk of monkeys," Levallois said to himself on the morning after their return, "they're not a quarter as imitative as women!" and he looked at his wife across the table with a tenderness no other woman could have got from him. Who would think it had been a raw schoolgirl he had married three months ago when they saw his wife.

For, if she looked very little happier than when he had carried her off from Sylvia, she had gained a manner, an assured self-possession that

tain candles made of rolled paper soaked in hot paraffin. These have been made by American women and children by the thousands, and will burn long enough for the soldier to cook a small meal.

Do not send pink silk pajamas. Do not waste time on embroidery, when knitting counts for greater service.

The parcel post rate is twelve cents a pound, and the regular parcel post rules remain in force. Since November 1, when the new War Tax affecting postage went into effect, letters now call for three-cent stamps and post-cards for two-cent postage, except that soldiers' mail from the other side is hereafter received free. Soldiers, sending letters home are expected to put in the upper right-hand corner their own names, branch of service, outfit, etc.

Tobacco should be sent separate from other articles, according to officials, since it is not properly admitted to France free of duty, but may be sent to American Expeditionary soldiers by special courtesy of the Minister of War. Such packages should be marked as "tobacco intended for an American soldier," with his address plainly written, also that of the sender.

Present regulations require that every package destined for a U. S. soldier in over-seas service shall be so packed and wrapped as to admit of easy inspection, and no parcel will be sent abroad that does not have the postmaster's certificate that it contains no prohibited articles.

Each package should be plainly addressed, giving the full name of the person for whom it is intended and designate the branch of the service (as Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry or Engineers, etc.) and the number of the regiment and letter of the company to which he belongs, stating also whether private or officer, and in the latter case giving his rank, and should conclude with the words "American Expeditionary Forces."

The name and full address of the sender must be written in the upper left-hand corner. For instance, a package from Mrs. Frank Jones, R. R. 2, Box 8, Augusta, Maine, to her son James M., a private in Company F, 103rd Regiment Infantry, should be addressed thus:

From Mrs. Frank Jones,
R. R. 2, Box 8, Augusta, Maine.

James M. Jones, Private,
Co. F, 103rd Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces.

Be careful about the address, for already thousands of pieces of mail matter for soldiers have piled up in Washington because improperly or insufficiently addressed; and probably these will never reach their destination.

Do not send perishable articles as they will be weeks on the way.

There will always be a demand for reading. Any periodicals which would otherwise go to waste should be mailed to the soldiers at the front. The Government requests this and the Post-office Department has arranged to provide an easy and inexpensive means of getting the magazines to the soldiers. Postmaster General Burleson has ordered that a one-cent postage stamp shall carry to the soldiers any magazine, regardless of size and weight, which prints on its front cover the following:

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this copy of (name of the magazine) place a U. S. one-cent postage stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper, no address.

J. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

NOTE.—Beginning with the present issue this notice will appear on the front cover of COMFORT in order that any COMFORT subscriber, if so inclined, may contribute his or her copy, after reading it, for the benefit of the boys at the front.

The Government will see to the distribution, and as neither address nor wrapper is permitted, apparently this special, low postage rate does not apply to magazines addressed to any individual soldier. However, it is suggested that it would be well to tie up the magazine with a string to prevent injury in transit, taking care to fold it so that the notice and stamp will be outside.—EDITOR.

made him proud of her. And by this time Lord Levallois was used to that curious, pathetic look she had about the eyes.

"You are a lazy wretch!" she said, looking up. "You've not opened one letter or one paper out of all that heap."

"You're very truthful," he said lazily. "How many women do you suppose would call me an old wretch to my face?"

The greatest charm he had found in her was that, let him be as cynically outspoken as he liked, she never cared; so that her answer surprised him.

"I wasn't truthful; it was a silly joke. I think, if you want to know, that you're a thousand times too good for me." Lord Levallois walked around the table, his handsome, worn face curiously soft.

"To tell a man he is too good for you is a fatal mistake," he remarked gravely. "It makes him presume on you—like this!" kissing her slim hand. "I shall make a note that, to keep you contented and superior, I must beat you once a week. By the way, Ravenel, why do you never wear any of your rings? If you're going about without your wedding-ring, you really ought to paste your marriage lines on your back."

"I haven't found a certificate of respectability necessary in your society!" hastily. "And—I hate all rings!" with a vicious glance at her slim, bare hands. "You're changing the subject, Levallois. I was saying I was an odious wretch to marry you. I had no right to do it, just to get away from Sylvia!" It was the first time she had ever uttered the self-reproach that grew on her each day, with each fresh proof that Levallois' love was real. That other thought of revenge on Adrian Gordon that had been so quick in her once, was dead enough now, if repentance could kill it. Not for Adrian's sake, but for the petty meanness of it. She hated herself for having made Levallois a tool for her own ends, a convenient escape from Sylvia and a support for Tommy.

"You might engage a father confessor, if it would ease your mind." His lordship returned to his place and lowered his eyes to his plate. For it seemed to him that his indifferent wife was beginning to care, which meant heaven opening before his incredulous middle-aged eyes. "I assure you, I'm quite satisfied with the result of your motives, however low they were, my dear child. You don't propose I should read all these, do you?" with a nod at his pile of letters.

"Every one. It's your own fault there are so many. You should have let your letters be forwarded while you were away. Now you must turn them over, and begin at the oldest."

For, kind as he was, his very goodness fretted her, just as Levallois Castle, that she had stolen from Adrian Gordon, felt like a prison. She could never bear the long days here unless Levallois interested himself in something that was not dependent on her. She pushed away her plate, and was strolling to the open window, as if she longed for air, when something in his attitude caught her attention—with an utterly senseless dread.

He had opened the first letter on the pile, and was staring at it, his face quite vacant.

"You haven't had news!" she cried involuntarily. She who never had been known to ask him anything of his private affairs. She glanced at the blue paper that cracked in his hand.

"Yes—poor devil!" he spoke just half his thoughts; the other half was that, after all, it had done no one any wrong for him to marry, and might be the saving of the name. "This is from the War Office—my cousin, Adrian Gordon—I think you knew him?—is—"

Lady Levallois stretched out her hand and deliberately picked a late rose that hung in the window. It pricked her finger, but not sharply enough to steady her as a hatpin once had done. Her voice shook as she answered:

"Is he dead?" She knew she was muttering, but, for once, Levallois scarcely heard her.

That Adrian had been in all the fighting on the northwest frontier in India idle talk had long ago told her; and she had said to herself that she did not care; had never read a newspaper, lest she might find herself hunting for his name in dispatches.

"Dead? Yes, poor soul, by this time!" said Levallois absently. "This says he is missing. He went out of the fort with a small party that was surprised by the Afrides and nearly destroyed. He carried one man in and went back for another, and that's the last they ever saw of either. It's the best men who go like that," grimly. "They would have given him the Victoria Cross, they say, but for that trifle of his never coming back."

"It—would she never find her voice? To her horror, the next instant she knew she was turning on Levallois furiously, insistently.

"Why do you say he's dead?" she cried. "That letter doesn't say so."

"Because it means it," gently; "far more! The women in the hill tribes come out and butcher wounded or strayed men. Usually there's not enough left of them even to prove who they were."

"Oh!" said Ravenel; she covered her eyes. "Don't tell me," wildly. "I hate blood. I—"

In sheer panic terror of what mad thing she might cry out, she ran straight to Levallois.

"Never tell me awful things," she panted. "I wake up in the night and think about them. And he—oh, Levallois, he was young! It's wicked, wicked, that people should die young!"

"I forgot you had known him!" said Levallois, reproaching himself for a fool that must needs draw out raw head and bloody bones before her.

"This letter's three months old," he said. "I will wire to see if they know nothing more. Or—if you wouldn't mind, I would go to town myself this morning and find out about this at the War Office."

She nodded silently, and, to Levallois' surprise, all the shocked, strained look was gone from her face.

"He was your heir," she said slowly. "Of course, you had better go and inquire about him."

"Yes. Will you come, or stay here?"

"Oh, stay here!" said Lady Levallois, with a shudder breaking through that queer calmness born of conviction that Adrian Gordon was dead. When Levallois was gone, she noted dully that he had only read that one letter of all that waited for him, and wondered if he would be so concerned about Adrian if he knew all about him. And then, with a curious feeling of returning to consciousness, she realized with a rush that she was glad—glad!—that Adrian was dead. She need no longer reproach herself that she had stolen his inheritance, and never shrink with shame at the remembrance of how she had sold herself, body and soul, to be even with him.

"He's dead!" she said to herself, with an indescribable peace. "Dead and happy, and some day I shall be like him. Not for a long time, for I'm young and tough, but every day will bring it a little closer. But if only he and I were lying in the same grave now, I would not care how long God put off the Judgment Day." And there was no grief in her face as she thought it; only the deadly longing that saps a woman's soul more than tears.

The strange, uneasy peace was still on her as she sat that afternoon on the lawn under the yellowing trees. She had forgiven Adrian everything she had against him, as she had no fear that he would not forgive her sin when she should stand beside him in her very flesh on the day of doom; for there would be no space wide enough to keep her from him when the earth gave up its motley crowd of men and women, of whom none would creep more gladly to the side of the love they had forgiven than she.

She looked up, clear-eyed, from the book she was not reading—and saw Adrian Gordon standing in front of her. Adrian, whose bones were whitening in the Afghan hills!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Get Subs for Premiums Before the Subscription Rate Goes Up

Our subscription price is to be raised to 35 cents per year. Increased expense renders this step necessary at an early date. The time when the new yearly rate goes into effect will soon be announced.

This advance warning provides an exceptional opportunity to earn valuable, useful, beautiful premiums with less effort than ever before.

Tell your friends and neighbors that the yearly subscription price of COMFORT is soon to be advanced nearly one half and they will be glad to give you their subscriptions at the present low rate of 25 cents.

Start at once and make the most of this chance to profit yourself while doing them a good turn.

Every one you get to subscribe now, before the rate goes up, will save 10 cents and you will receive the club premium you select as your reward.

Nearly all the magazines have raised or announced a rise in their subscription rates. 25 cents a year is scarcely more than 2 cents each for the 12 monthly copies of COMFORT.

With its numerous departments, instructive special articles and good stories COMFORT gives the most, the best and the greatest variety for the money.

A second rise in subscription rates will have to come a little later to meet the higher postage rates which go in effect next July.

This is a further incentive to get subscription clubs at the present low rate.

Read the premium offers in this issue of COMFORT, write for our large, new premium catalogue, sent you free on application, and

Begin Getting Subscriptions Today

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

mind of her noble husband's indulgence and confidence.

She went directly and sought Mistress Sloan and found her to be a rough-looking woman, with coarse, dark hair and features, and a disagreeably independent air.

"Who is this child whom you have with you?" she asked.

"Her name is Sibyl, mum, as I thought ye knew before," was the laconic reply, accompanied by a suspicious glance.

"I know; but who is she? She does not belong to you, does she?"

"She don't belong to no else that I know on, mum," she said, with a sullen leer; and, folding her arms akimbo, she faced her ladyship, and assumed an attitude of defiance.

"What I meant," Lady Prescott returned, gently, "was that she is not your own, or in any way connected with you by birth?"

"Ye don't think she looks like me, then?" and the woman, grinning from ear to ear, exposed to view a mouthful of repulsive teeth.

"Not at all," responded Lady Prescott, truthfully, and trying to conceal her disgust.

"No, ye be right there; she is nothing to me, and right glad Nell Sloan is, too, that she is not mother to such a lazy lout as she be."

"Lazy!" said Lady Prescott, in surprise.

"Yes, mum; poring over senseless trash half the day, and dreamin' away t'other."

"She does not assist you much, then?" her ladyship asked, beginning to feel somewhat encouraged as to her project.

"Don't earn her salt, mum; nor hasn't since that gal took crazy and ran away, leavin' her on my hands."

"What girl?"

"Eh—oh! I didn't mind what I was a-tellin' ye. But Sibyl is a lazy thing, as I told ye before," said the woman, somewhat confused.

Apparently, she had carelessly disclosed something which she had not intended to reveal.

Lady Prescott tried to draw her out further on the subject of the "crazy girl," but could gain no information.

The woman appeared startled and angry at having said so much, and gave short and sullen replies to all her questions; and, finally dropping that matter, Lady Prescott came to the point at once.

"Would you be willing to part with Sibyl?" she asked.

"Part with Sibyl!" repeated the woman, looking blank and perplexed.

"Yes, I am interested in the child, because she seems so eager to gain an education, and I would like to give her an opportunity to study. You say she does not earn her salt, therefore you would, doubtless, be glad to be relieved of the burden of her support."

"Praps! What game be ye up to, anyhow?" demanded the virago, suspiciously.

"I am 'up to' no 'game,' as you term it," Lady Prescott, replied with dignity. "I simply would like to see the child in a way to get the education which she so earnestly desires, and, if you will give her to me, I promise to do well by her, and that she shall always be kindly dealt with."

The woman searched her companion's face, keenly.

"What's possessed ye to take such a sudden interest in the gal, I wonder—any idea who she belongs to?" she asked, curiously.

"Oh, no; I have not the slightest suspicion as to her parentage; but I like the child's appearance, and want to do her good. Now, I am willing to make you a handsome present if you will accede to my wishes," the lady said, as a last resort, suggesting a bribe.

"Oho! And how much will ye give for the jade?" demanded the woman, greedily.

"I do not wish you to understand for a moment that I propose to buy the child of you," Lady Prescott returned, haughtily, and heartily disgusted with the heartless creature; "but I will give you twenty pounds if you will allow me to take her home with me."

"Whereabouts may yer home be, if her own folks should ever be making inquiries for her, I might want to tell them where she'd gone," the woman said, cunningly.

Lady Prescott saw the force of this, and gave her name and address.

"Twenty pounds, twenty pounds," muttered the creature, reflectively.

Then, with a cunning leer, she continued:

"Ye may think that ought to sound pretty big to the likes of me, but ye look as if ye were able to make it twenty more, if ye had a mind to."

Her ladyship's patience was nearly exhausted, but, for Sibyl's sake, she controlled herself, and said:

"Well, if you will let her go with me, and tell me all that you know about her, I will increase the sum to thirty pounds. More than that I will not do," said Lady Prescott, decidedly.

"I guess you can have her," was the prompt reply, while a greedy light made her eyes glare most repulsively.

Then she added, speaking with some reserve:

"An', as for what I know about her, it ain't much. A gal came here one dark night ten years ago, with a little black, homely thing in her arms. She had a bad bruise and cut on her head over the right ear, and seemed to be out of her head. Jen, that's my husband, mum—had heard that there had been a railroad smash-up the day before, somewhere near Newborough, and we supposed she had got hurt there, and wandered away to this place."

"She couldn't, or wouldn't tell her name, but the child called her 'Nannie' part of the time, and sometimes 'Nannie.' For many a week after she had gone, the child would cry, and say: 'Sibyl want Nannie.'"

"But she the gal—grew sick and weak, and finally took to her bed, where she lay for a fortnight. But one mornin' I went into her room and found her gone, leavin' her puny brat on my hands to be taken care on. I have never seen her since, and that's all there is about it."

Lady Prescott was afraid that it was not "all there was about it." She mistrusted that something, and perhaps of importance, had been withheld, for the woman's manner was restless, and there was an anxious look upon her coarse face.

"Is this everything that you know concerning Sibyl?" she asked, with a searching look.

"That's all, mum," was the glum reply; but the dogged expression upon her face led her companion to doubt the truthfulness more and more.

"Were there no names or initials marked upon her clothing, or no little trinkets by which she could have been recognized by her parents?"

"No, mum."

"How was she dressed when the girl brought her here?"

"She was dressed fine enough, and the woman too, for that matter, in laces and 'broderies, and such like."

"Did you save any of her clothing?"

"Not I," the woman replied, with a short, hoarse laugh. "She wore them till they hung in rags before I could afford the time to make her any more, and then—I burnt them up."

Lady Prescott sighed, from disappointment.

She was almost sure that the heartless being before her knew much more than she had revealed, but was keeping it to herself for some purpose of her own, although she was evidently glad to be rid of the child.

Yet she was thankful to have gained even

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Around the World With Santa



By Jeanette Rogers

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SANTA IN NORWAY.

SANTA CLAUS had promised to take me with him on his trip around the world. I could scarcely wait for the night to come. At last it was Christmas Eve, so I hurried to Santa.

"Oh, Santa, dear, don't forget you promised to take me sleigh-riding around the world with you," I exclaimed, as I saw him giving a final inspection to his big pack.

"Why, bless my soul, I did promise to take you, now didn't I?" he answered, "but you are just a little mistaken about the sleigh-ride part. You see there are reasons why I cannot use a sleigh all the way."

"Only just take me along and I don't care what I go in. I'll walk or go in an airship or—anything," I implored.

"H'm," remarked Santa, thoughtfully, stroking his long white beard and pulling his red coat down smooth under his belt. "H'm, I see. Well, you had an idea you were to sit in my nice sleigh with the high back and red cushions and watch me as I snapped my whip about the antlers of my reindeer leaders, 'Donner' and 'Blitzen'—"

"Why, I thought your leaders were 'Vixen' and—"

"Now, now! You must not interrupt," laughed Santa, and he shook like a jelly pudding as he laughed. "What I was about to say was that I can take you along with me, but I will have to disguise you as various sorts of people to do it."

"Oh, I don't mind that, only take me," I urged.

"You see," continued Santa, "I am not always a white-bearded, warmly clad round dumpling of a man, sometimes I am a slant-eyed sailor and again I am a camel driver and again even an old woman."

"Oh, please! Don't tell me now, let me go with you and be surprised. I just love surprises," I pleaded.

Santa's eyes twinkled. "All right, I will let you be surprised," he said. "Hop in," he added. "Hop into what?" I asked in amazement.

"Why this, child," laughed Santa. I rubbed my eyes in amazement, for right in front of me stood Santa's great high-backed, red-cushioned sleigh with the eight reindeer prancing about, pawing the ground and shaking their beautiful antlers. In the back of the sleigh was an enormous pack, but even then I knew it couldn't possibly hold enough toys to go around to all the children in my own country, to say nothing of all about all the children in the other countries.

But as I thought about this I did not stand still. I "hopped in," as Santa called it, and with a snap of his long whip which, by the way, he never allowed to actually touch any of his reindeer, we were off.

As we sped across the country, over the great plains and above the Rocky Mountains I soon saw that we kept right on the coast of the Pacific, over California and to the West.

"Why have we left our country?" I gasped. "Aren't we to have any Christmas this year?"

"Ho, ho!" this time Santa laughed uproariously. "My dear," he said, "we are going into the West to Japan. Never fear, we will make the rounds in time."

"What is that?" I asked, pointing downward to some large islands.

"Sandwich Islands. Giddap Vixen!" and Santa shook a rein.

"Why, they are real land, I—I thought they were sandwiches," I gasped in surprise. By that time we were nearing Japan.

"Look out for yourself!" shouted Santa. I looked about to see what it was and the reindeer were gone. I turned to Santa, but he had gone too, and a strange man was in his place, a little fat, dark man with a long goatee and a tiny mustache that hung away down. He had slant eyes and was dressed in a something that looked like my mamma's kimono. He had a hat that looked like a wooden chopping bowl and his shoes were made of bits of wood.

Then I saw that we were not in a sleigh at all, but in a wonderful little ship, with great bamboo

masts and silk sails and the ship was carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Who are you and where is Santa?" I gasped. Then the man laughed, and before he spoke I knew it was Santa.

"I am Sun Toy, captain of the Japanese treasure ship. Every year this ship sails over Japan and leaves presents for the children at the missions."

"Then—then you are the Japanese Santa Claus?" I asked.

"Yes. Look at yourself." I looked at myself and was astounded to see that I was a little Japanese sailor aboard the Treasure Ship.

We sailed along over the beautiful hills and valleys and the funny arched gates and hump-backed bridges of Japan while all the little Japanese children were sleeping on mats with blocks of wood for pillows, and Santa—for I couldn't call him anything else, even if he did look like a Japanese admiral—left little packages of presents. There were glass bracelets and fans and sashes for the girls and tiny toy cannon and ships and books for the boys, and many other queer little things. I didn't dare ask what they were because Santa was so busy darting here and there in the Treasure Ship, distributing them that I didn't want to bother him for fear he might forget someone. The Treasure Ship sailed about just as though it was in the water instead of in the air.

"There," said Santa, and our Treasure Ship sailed out over the ocean and soon it became very warm and I looked down and saw nothing but sand. Our ship sailed down to the sand.

In nearly every land Santa Claus has a different name and assumes a form peculiar to local traditions that have been handed down from a prehistoric past. They are correctly described in this story. These beautiful legends of Santa Claus are among the dearest and most inspiring of childhood's fancies. Those fanatics who would disillusion the little ones by killing their beloved Santa should first present some better way of impressing on them the Christmas spirit, else let the innocent Santa Claus romances continue their beneficent service around the world.—EDITOR.

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"There," said Santa, and our Treasure Ship sailed out over the ocean and soon it became very warm and I looked down and saw nothing but sand. Our ship sailed down to the sand.

"This is a queer place to sail a ship," I remarked.

"Not a ship of the desert," said Santa. I looked at him. He wasn't a Japanese admiral any more, he wore flowing garments and a great white turban on his head and his beard was long and black. I looked at the ship and it had four legs!

Then I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The ship had become a camel. Of course that was what Santa meant by a "ship of the desert." This time I remembered and looked at myself. I was a camel driver, with a red turban and a flowing yellow robe and sandals laced up to my knees very snug to keep the sand out and I had a stick in my hand.

There were great packs on the camel's back full of the queerest sort of things.

"This," said Santa, "is Dehna Desert in Arabia. Here every year the Christmas Camel comes with his pack. All the children at the great missions here could never understand about a Santa Claus living in the snow country, or about sleighs or reindeer, but they know all about camels, so I always come with a camel and leave presents at their tents."

There were toy camels and toy tents and little musical instruments and fruits dried in sugar and small rugs for the girls to play on. There were also queer-shaped dishes, for the little Arab children make sand cakes, much as little American girls make mud pies.

Silently and swiftly the Christmas camel loomed over the desert from camp to camp among the resting caravans and from village to village and I went along with him without the least effort while Santa's robes waved and fluttered.

As we entered Turkey the camel changed to a beautiful horse. Santa was astride with a red fez on his head and I sat behind holding the pack while the horse galloped through the air. At all the missions we hurried through the Ottoman empire, leaving boxes of sweet, sticky candies for the little Turkish and Armenian children love so dearly. There were dolls for the girls and little toy coffee pots in which they could make the thick coffee just as their mothers make it, while the boys were given books and decorated belts and toy soldiers.

From there we went into Russia. All of a sudden Santa had gone. But an old woman stood beside me. She was bent with the burden of a great basket on her shoulders, but her smile was cheerful.

"What—?" I started to ask. Then came that same jolly laugh and I knew it was Santa. "I am Baboushka," he said, "and every Christmas, according to the customs of the Greek church, I go about among the Russian children with a great basket on my back and leave pres-

ents for them. These are placed beside the great round air-tight stoves or the fireplaces while they sleep. There were little red boots and socks for the boys, beads and spangled head-dresses and dolls for the girls, and all sorts of sweet things, and little cakes of tea leaves with which the children brew tea for their parties, for the little Russian children drink tea much as their elders do although it is not such strong tea and there is no vodka in it. We passed over great plains of snow and out over a cold sea and all of a sudden I heard a familiar sound—the jingle of sleigh bells.

Baboushka, who had me by the hand as we flew, was back again as Santa Claus, the real Santa Claus and we were sitting in the sleigh and the reindeer were prancing through the air. I looked about and saw the cottages and thatched roofs and great hedges and then at the toys in the sack.

"We are in England!" I exclaimed joyously. "For once you are right," laughed Santa, and in a dash he was all over the island, dashing down chimneys with his presents and out again. Across the English channel we went. Still we kept the sleigh and reindeer but Santa had a peculiar expression.

"This is France, isn't it?" I asked. "Oul, oul, ma chere!" he said.

"And you are Santa Claus just the same?" I insisted, for I knew just about enough French to know he had said, "Yes, my dear," to my first question.

"Non, non! Bonhomme Noel!" exclaimed Santa. "Bon—?" I paused, bewildered.

"In France," said Santa, suddenly speaking English, but with an accent, "there is no Santa Claus, but 'Good Man Christmas.' Good Man Christmas is the same as Santa and he goes about in a sleigh and leaves just about the same sort of presents that he leaves in America and England and Germany."

After France came Germany. Here Santa was stouter than ever and kept saying "Ja!" and he told me he was "Saint Nicholas" in Germany and that all the little German children knew him and knew it was the Christ Child who sent him.

"Donnerwetter! These storks' nests," complained Santa, as he had to lift up the storks' nests on many chimneys to get down.

In Norway Santa became tall, with flowing mustache and long yellow hair. He wore a steel hat with wings on it and told me he was "Jul." "We do not pronounce the 'J,'" he explained, "and so it is spoken as 'Yul' and from that the English get the name of Yule." After Christianity came the simple people still clung to the old myths about the god Yul, built fires in his honor, and the little children high in the mountains and deep in the forests knew that on each Christmas the brave old god Yul is sent as a messenger of joy with presents for them. Skis, snow-shoes, sleds, dolls, knives for the boys and many other presents he left. Sheaves of wheat were fastened to the ridgepoles of the houses for Christmas feasts for the birds.

Then through Iceland and Lapland and among the Indians and Eskimos, around and above the Hudson Bay region Santa traveled with his reindeer, but a boat made of skin was used instead of a sleigh and knives and spears, dolls made from bits of colored wood, strips of fat meat, beads and needles and real thread were among some of the toys and useful things Santa left at the mission settlements.

Around and around we were whirled. In Holland Santa was "Kris Kringle." In Switzerland he was "Samiklaus," which sounds a lot like "Santa Claus," and he traveled about in a great high sleigh covered with goat skins. In Heligoland he traveled in the same sort of a sleigh and was "Sonner Klax," which is another name almost like "Santa Claus," and I think we get the name "Santa Claus" from "Sonner Klax." I asked Santa but just then we were far over the sea and all of a sudden Santa swooped down on board a number of ships. This time he had a fish tail and a crown and green sea weeds about him and he poured gifts from a shell. He told me that many sailors at sea declare that, being so far from land, Neptune takes pity on them and plays Santa, "but," added Santa, "they are mistaken. No one takes my place, I am many things but always the same, I am the Spirit of Christmas."

We passed hurriedly through Italy. The church bells were ringing for early mass but we did not pause.

"Do you slight the Italian children?" I asked. "Oh, no, they have no use for me, my dear, they go out and exchange gifts with each other and are quite as happy," he replied, but he sighed, and I knew he felt bad that any children anywhere should miss the thrills and joy of anticipating a visit from Santa.

In Mexico we left "Pinta" at the homes of the children. These are earthen jugs, dressed up as dolls or birds or animals, with tissue paper and tinsel and silks, completely hiding the jugs or large-mouthed jars.

On Christmas Day, so Santa told me, these pintas are suspended by a cord, the children are blindfolded and then they strike at the pinta with sticks until it is broken when a great heap of candles fall and every one makes a happy rush and scrambles for the sweets. The jugs always contain Christmas candles.

In Spain, as we left presents, we observed the "Nacimiento," which is a little scene made of twigs and clay, representing the ruined stable and the Holy Mother inside with the Christ Child in the manger.

Back again to China we hurried and suddenly a great duck with a sack in his bill flew over the land. It was Santa and at the missions the little children insist that it is a duck that brings them presents because the duck means "Plenty" and "Comfort" to the Chinese. Of course only those at the mission or who had been to the missions, knew anything at all about Christmas.

As we crossed Roumania I was amazed to see at midnight a great many groups of people all along at different points on the banks of the great river Danube. They broke a hole in the ice and tossed a wooden cross into the black waters. This was the Christmas ceremony of blessing the Danube.

And after we had gone through India where the little native children called Santa "Sahib Christmas" and where Santa left many nice little gifts in earthen pots at the doors of the huts, we crossed through many smaller countries and in a whirl of speed finished up everything and came back to our own home.

But there is no need telling you what Santa did here. Everyone knows how he rides through the night in his sleigh behind his eight reindeer and sneaks down the chimneys and fills little stockings with toys and candy, sometimes putting lumps of coal in the very toes for a joke. And everyone knows how he hangs things on the trees. After this was done Santa set me down to my door.

I tried to thank him for the wonderful trip, but I couldn't think of anything nice to say.

"I think all the customs are wonderful and pretty, and queer, but of course our own custom of Santa Claus in his reindeer sleigh dashing about through the starry skies and going down chimneys is the very best custom of all," I told him.

"Well," said Santa, patting my cheek, "to each child whether he is in China or Arabia or Norway or wherever he is, his own Christmas custom seems best."

"Good by dear, dear old Santa!" I said. "Jingle, jingle, jingle," came the answer. I looked and Santa was already a tiny speck in the sky, driving his reindeer hurriedly to his home in the frozen North. I shouted, "Good by, Santa dear," over and over, as loudly as I could until someone shook me and I saw my mamma right beside my bed.

"Come, come dear," she said, "wake up and go to sleep again. You are having a nightmare."

I tried to tell her it wasn't a nightmare, but a perfectly lovely trip, but she only laughed and made me lie down again and go back to sleep.

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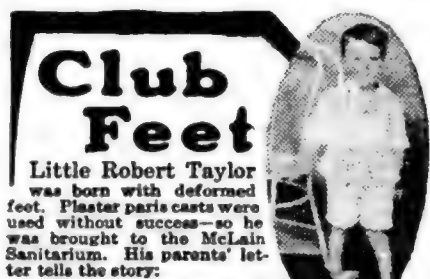
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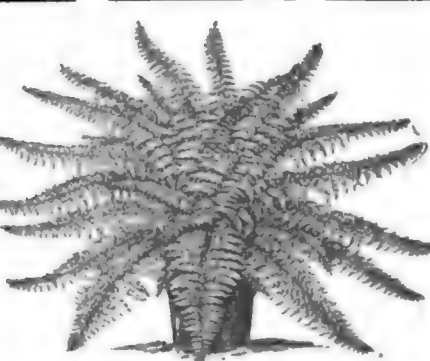
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Talks with Girls
Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

ANOTHER Christmas is with us and while we are reaching out the glad hand of welcome to 1918, for the peace we hope it will bring, let's not forget poor, old 1917, even though "its mark is on each brow, its shadow in each heart," for it wasn't such a bad little old year after all and it did the best it could. If we've made good use of our time through the summer and fall months and done our bit in the way of knitting and caring for the comfort of our soldier and sailor boys, our own Christmas needn't be so sad for we can rest secure in the knowledge that we've done our best to make their Christmas as happy as circumstances permit and, better than that, we are going to keep right on making all the other days as happy as we can, aren't we? And now for the letters and I'll do the best I can for I want everyone to have just what I'm wishing—Merry Christmas to all.

The first letter this month is from High School Girl, W. Va., who wants very much to be attractive but who is very irritable and impatient with her parents and thinks her ill nature is beginning to show itself in her face. I never could agree with the person who said, "Beauty is only skin deep," for real beauty must shine from within, and every unkind and mean thought shows in our faces. Your father and mother are the last people in the world you should be impatient with and the next time you feel that way just get right out of the house and walk and walk, until you feel that two smiling eyes and a turned-up-at-the- corners mouth will greet you when you look in your mirror and then keep them that way. Imagine yourself the sort of person you wish to be and live up to that ideal. Take plenty of exercise, think of cheerful, happy things and there are a lot—and never let a day pass without doing a kindness for some one. Think of others first and what you can give them, not of yourself and what they can give you. Better consult an oculist for eye-strain might have something to do with those objectionable wrinkles and impatience. Anyway, you've got the right idea so there's hope for you. So many people know they are disagreeable and don't care. (2) Can't you knit something nice and warm and wooly for your sailor friend? That would please him in the right way.

Worried, Colbran, Ala.—If he is the right sort of young man and loves you it is only natural that he should want to marry you but if you don't want to get married because you "don't see marrying as you ought to," and think it is "jumping into the dark," why are you asking me about it? You seem to have made up your mind. Perhaps he would be willing to wait a little longer for you if you explained how you felt about it. You might try and see. Never mind what those married lady friends of yours say. These dog-in-the-manger sort of people make me tired. Just because they've made a miserable failure of their own married life doesn't mean that everyone else must. Remember that marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition and you mustn't expect happiness to be handed to you on a silver platter. No indeed, dearie, you've got to do your share toward earning it.

Oregonian Rose, Silverton, Oregon.—I'm glad you have some good, sound common sense. If you're eighteen-year-old hasn't. Of course he is too young to think of marrying and if he were old enough would you want such a jealous husband? Tell him in a good, kind way that you care for him only as a friend and just as you care for your other boy friends. He will get over—eighteen always does.

Black Eyes, Havana, Ark.—Didn't you ever hear the old adage, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"? If your fiance keeps on paying attention to the fair co-ed he mustn't object if you get some other nice young man console you. As to which one I think you'd better take, if you mean "for keeps," I say, "Neither." Wait a little longer.

Heartbroken Girl, Celest, Texas.—Sorry dear, but since your parents object I don't advise you to go to San Antonio to bid your lover good by and even if they were willing I wouldn't advise you to go alone. Can't you induce your mother to go with you, and then it would be all right. Explain just how much you love him and if you can't get your mother to write a brave little letter and listen to him, when you mean "know" don't write it "no."

Ruby and Diamond, Leonard, Texas.—Two jewels who "want to no if it will be proper to accept a pair of silk hosiery from a young gentleman friend." That's just the way it was written. I suppose your young gentleman friend is conserving the supply of silk hosiery by giving only one pair to both of you but whatever in the world are you going to do if you both want to wear them at the same time? If I were gloves you could manage very nicely by putting the ungloved hands in your respective pockets but you can't very well do that with your lower extremities unless you are professional acrobats. Are you? Didn't you know that gentlemen never gave our ladies never accepted wearing apparel of any kind? Is there any difference between silk hosiery and ordinary silk hose? Candy, flowers and books are appropriate presents and he might give you a book—a spelling book.

Missy, Carthage, N. Y.—Of course it is all right for you to correspond with two soldier friends—and as many more as you wish—since your mother knows about it and you read their letters to her. Haven't I said that our boys need all the encouragement the home folks can give them. Don't write silly letters though. (2) I see no harm in letting the young man you mention take you to places of amusement, if he is all you say he is and your mother doesn't object. Always stick to your rule of permitting no familiarities and then you'll be safe enough with almost any man.

Dimples, Patterson, N. J.—My, what a serious child it is for sixteen! Engaged to a sixteen-year-old boy but with the understanding that it isn't binding if either has a change of mind. That shows good judgment only it would be better judgment not to be engaged at all—not for four or five years at least. Cultivate the acquaintance of other young people so you'll be able to draw comparisons and then if you still love each other, you have my blessing.

Babe, Smithland, Iowa.—If the young man is convinced that his past life was not what it should have been and is honestly trying to do better and make himself worthy of you and your love, it seems that you might be generous and forgive and forget his wrong doings, provided they were not such that your health or the health of future generations would be affected. Eighteen is rather young to get married unless you are of an especially mature type.

P. S. E., Hays, Kans.—Discipline must be extremely lax in your office if your manager will permit men to annoy you with their attentions and waste your time. Why not give this card a prominent place on your desk? "What, you here again! Another half hour gone to thunder." Then if they don't take the hint, tell them pleasantly and politely that as much as you enjoy their conversation you cannot spare time from your work to talk to them—or listen to them.

Worried Cousin, Johnstown, Pa.—If the young man wants to hear from you he will write first. Don't chase after him. It might be permissible to send him a dainty little Christmas card, but don't for a minute think of sending your photograph.

Brown Eyes, Rocky Point, N. C.—Of course the sixteen-year-old boy who alternately loves and neglects you is the only boy on earth you love—that's a silly habit fifteen has, but you will get over it. Brace up and show a little spirit and when he tries to tell you that you "are the only girl in the world," snub him good and hard and then forget about boys and love affairs till you are older.

N. Antioch, Tenn.—If your sweetheart can be won from you so easily, my advice is to let the other girl have him and laugh up your sleeve when some other girl wins him from her. (2) Goodness me, child, how do you suppose I know when you are going to

get married, or whether you ever will. I'm not a fortune teller. Never, I should say, unless you show more sense.

L. B., Obion, Tenn.—Never mind if you are twenty and the boys don't pay much attention to you. Just be your own sweet, modest self and by and by some real man will awake to the fact that you are worth a dozen girls who try to attract men by loud manners and dress.

Mary and Carrie, Washington.—What silly twins! A bold, bad city man proposed to Carrie and just as soon as she went home the mean thing proposed to Mary and they both love him and ask me what to do. Why, forget him, of course, or you could draw lots for him and take a chance, a very slim chance, on living happily ever after.

There, your questions are answered but because I was, and am, so imbued with that good-will-to-men feeling I just couldn't seem to scold as much as some of you deserved to be scolded; but you are all such dears, though somewhat silly dears, that I want you to be happy—and make others happy.

By, by, till next year, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

one dozen small safety pins and one small bottle of olive oil. My baby slept in a big rocking chair, but I think a bed is much nicer.

I will describe myself and go. I am twenty-two years old, five feet, two inches tall, brown hair and eyes, dark complexion and weigh one hundred and eight pounds.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M.
GAGE, OKLA.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON: I want to thank the sisters for the toys and other things that they sent to my little blind girl. There were so many letters I was unable to answer them but I think all who remembered her. She enjoyed everything so much. So many wanted to know her birthday. It was the 27th of last August and she was four years old. She is to be operated on soon and I hope her sight will be restored. If any of the sisters care to send her cards she would appreciate it very much, but I feel you have already done a lot for her and I again thank you. Her name is Katie Jennings and her address is Gage, Okla.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. L. P. JENNINGS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Mrs. Edwards, your little Camille is surely nervous and you should not correct her for crying. Do not force her into company any more than is necessary. My little girl was the same way and when I had company I used to give her some new toy and let her stay by herself in another room. Let her have the new toy only when company comes and it will stay new for quite a while. As to Dorothy, I would correct her, whenever they tease each other or quarrel I say: "Come here and sit down. You must be very tired or you would not do that way. I am not a bit happy when you are not good," and then I see that they sit there and then it isn't long before I hear, "Mother, please may I get down." I'll be good," and a pair of little arms creep around my neck and a baby voice whispers, "Mother, are you happy now?" My son is eight years old and you cannot scold, coax or whip him to make him mind, but to talk to him of how sad it makes mother feel, or the "Come and rest," brings him into order quickly. Make your Dorothy sit still without anything to play with, until she leaves Charles alone. Do this every time she teases him and she won't keep it up very long.

Lonely One, how can you dread motherhood? I was bedfast four months before my first baby was born and lay in convulsions for days afterwards but when I heard, "This is your baby boy," and a tiny bundle was laid in my arms, my heart rejoiced and all the weary months were forgotten with my first look into my baby's face.

As to city girls, I always lived in the city and think a girl can be just as pure in the city as she can in the country. As to country boys being the only decent ones, I married one and found him to be a drunkard, pool player and gambler. I loved him so was blind to all his faults. I am still his wife and our home is very happy. When I found out all about him I just stopped and thought things over carefully. Father said, "Leave him," but I said, "No, I took him for better or worse and I mean to stick to it." Instead of upbraiding him, I said, "John, won't you please bring your whiskey and beer home. I don't care, dear, if you will only drink it at home." So beer was put in by the case and whiskey on my shelf by the quart. When he came home from work, instead of drinking his beer at the saloon he drank it at home. I got him to go to places with me and drink it after we got home and finally whiskey forgot to come and pretty soon there wasn't so much beer. When this began to stop I praised him and let him know I loved him and was so proud of him. One evening I went to him and said, "Dear, this is your last bottle of beer. Shall I order a case for you tomorrow?" How it shamed him. He took me in his arms and told me if a woman could love such a dog as he was, her love was worth more than anything else and instead of the case of beer he told me to get a new dress, saying he had quit it for me. I had lived with him two years then. How proud and happy I was when I told my boarders and roomers they would have to go for I was going to live on my husband's love and wages for up to that time I had never seen much of his money. That was ten years ago and he has never taken a drink since, or touched a card.

We live on a farm and I find a city girl can do housework as well as the country girl.

Brown Eyes.



\$360 FORD AUTO
FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a \$360.00, 1917 Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash, Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each works gets Prize. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$360.00 Ford Automobile and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several 1918 Model Coaster Brake \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Ford Auto. Someone will get automobile. WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Dept. 152, SPENCER, IND.



Box Of Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Complete Writing Outfit

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PORTLAND, 366 San Rafael St., OREGON.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Some of the sisters will remember me as I wrote to this corner about four years ago. I was then in Wichita, Kans., but am in Oregon now and think the climate is wonderful.

In regard to the letter from the sister who is afraid to become a mother, I can't understand anyone feeling that way. The thrills one feels while preparing for the little stranger. It makes me feel that I am worth while, now that I have brought my two "men" into this world. They are five and two years old and both very mischievous and do such funny little things. I am a widow and work hard to support them and get along very well, considering. I would like to have a position in the country where I could take my boys, but no opportunity has presented itself yet. I hope some of my old chums may see this and write to me for I get blue and discouraged sometimes, but thoughts of my boys always help me.

Portland always responds to calls for help. We got more than twice what was asked of Portland for the Red Cross. The 4th of July was devoted to the 3rd Oregon Infantry, to the boys comfort and enjoyment. We will lose them soon as they expect to go to France but we can look forward to their return with honors. Oregon is proud of her soldiers and sailors. The Oregon National Guard is one of the best in the United States.
A COMFORT lover and friend, Mrs. ESTHER WALDORF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am a young mother, twenty-two years old, and I hope some of the dear sisters will give me advice.

I have a dear little boy one and a half years old and I cannot let him sleep by himself because he walks in his sleep two or three times during the night. I can put him back to bed without waking him. I hope someone will tell me how I can cure him.
Sincerely yours,
Mrs. ORPHEA STELLING.

MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Mrs. G. W. B. E., it is true that you lost all when you lost love.

I married when not quite twenty, a poor boy. We raised our babies and how happy we were. May be we didn't seem very loving but we loved them. He loved me, but his "Poor little mother, are you tired?" after a most tedious day with the housework and babies, was to me as words of gold. We were jolly good chums and, Mrs. Pete, my husband was like yours, a regular stay-at-home. I seldom went anywhere in the twelve years we lived together, then the White Plague came and he went away and I was left, free to go where I pleased. I never let people know how I miss him. I go out and make my children as happy as I can, but life is empty and something, my best self, is gone. Now I have time to study my neighbors' husbands. Mr. "Jones" takes his wife every place, they live in fine style, and he lavishes attention on others when his wife is not present. Just look around you, wives, and you will decide that your husband is as good as most. Remember that perfect marriages are mostly at the end of the rainbow. Life is what we make it.
NAN.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

the little knowledge she had, and to have secured her permission to take Sibyl away with her when she should go.

As she turned to go back to Raymond to report her success to him, the woman leered at her, in a manner frightful to behold, and muttered, under her breath:

"I'll take the thirty pounds, my lady, and you may take the brat, and welcome; but I'll keep my own secrets, and I think ye'll be hearin' from me again one of these fine days."

And, shaking with inward laughter, she went back to her work.

TO BE CONTINUED.



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Grinding Roughage

THE owner of a large dairy herd told the writer the other day that this winter he was trying a new plan of cow feeding as the feeds he ordinarily used had become too dear to be profitably fed. "I have put in an alfalfa hay grinder," he said, "and am grinding both alfalfa and clover and am using this ground stuff, well wetted with New Orleans molasses and water, along with green corn silage and oilmeal as the sole feed for my cows."

He was greatly surprised and interested when we remarked: "Why not utilize your bright straw in the same way? Mix one third of it with the clover or alfalfa. In Great Britain out straw and Swede turnips (purple top) are the chief winter feed of young, growing cattle, and are used largely for dairy cows. And by the way, I should as soon feed the hay and straw cut in half inch lengths, or even a bit longer, as have it ground fine."

Then our friend told us that the "grinder" does not really powder the hay, but cuts it up fine and the cut stuff passes into great revolving perforated drums which sift out the "fine cut" roughage and pass back that which is too coarse to be cut finer. Not every farmer can afford to own and operate such a machine, but all who can readily employ such an outfit, can to advantage cut up roughage and feed it at a greater profit than would come from the long hay or straw.

Second growth or threshed clover hay very often is wasted, as it is not found so palatable as first crop hay for stock feeding, but it may be cut fine, mixed with other hay and straw, wetted with molasses and water and so fed at a profit besides being well relished by cattle.

Where such feed is used and silage not available the meal feed as part ration to dairy cows may be sprinkled on top of the cut roughage and so help to induce cleaner eating of the entire combination. We also believe in feeding some uncut roughage to give the necessary bulk for distension of the paunch. Very fine feed may go largely to the third and fourth (true digestive) stomach lessening the necessity of cud chewing which should proceed normally, if the cow is to thrive. An all-concentrated ration is unnatural and certain in time to derange the digestive organs. Less of the expensive meals are necessary, however, where finely cut or ground alfalfa and clover are fed in addition to long hay and fodder.

What About Horses?

Almost daily the editor of this department of COMFORT is asked for advice about horse breeding and this is not to be wondered at considering the depressed state of the horse market.

"Do you think it will pay to breed our mares next spring? Should we go on feeding our draft colts or let them go for what we can get? Should we sell horses and buy a tractor? What sort of horse will it pay best to breed?" These are some of the questions and here are a few of the things we say in reply:

We conscientiously believe that big, sound, well-grained, individually excellent and efficient draft mares should be bred in spring to pure bred sires that are equally excellent in every respect. There is now a profitable demand in the great cities for heavy draft horses for short haul work, and it will pay to raise such horses, if the farmer has plenty of first-class pasture in addition to other feed. We are as positive that not a single scrub, nondescript, little, insignificant, unsound, or inefficient mare should be bred, and it is as certain that every scrub and lightweight grade scrub stallion should be permanently retired from service.

We believe that army demands will quickly exhaust existing supplies of horses adapted for all branches of the service, and if the war is to continue for several years—and God grant that it may not!—some men in favorable locations may find it profitable to breed horses with the specific purpose of selling them for army use. We scarcely think, however, that the wholesale production of the lighter classes of horses for such service will prove profitable in the long run, whereas there is little likelihood of a loss of money from the production of draft horses serviceable alike for army and "civilian" purposes. The breeding of big, sound mares should continue to prove profitable and we have not heard general complaints of a depressed market for such animals.

On no account should draft colts be sold now at a sacrifice. Develop them as economically as possible, but do not stunt them by inadequate feeding. There seems good prospects of a profitable market next spring.

As to the buying of a tractor, that may be done by the "well fixed" farmer who has level land in large areas, and who does not have to go in debt for the purchase price, but he will need horses, too, and so all of the teams should not be sold. The tractor will do profitable work where the turns are not many and short, and the land not rough, but they cannot work in all kinds of weather and on all sorts of fields and farms, and some horses always will be used in addition to tractors.

In saying this we have in mind the moderate priced tractor that can also be used for silo filling, grain grinding, wood sawing, and other useful work. As to the huge, tremendously expensive tractor that burns great quantities of expensive fuel, needs an expert to run it, is difficult and expensive to keep in working order, and all too soon sent to the junk pile, report has it that heavy draft horses are taking its place again and that many a man has ruined himself by experimenting with such expensive and short-lived machinery.

The sound, efficient draft horse is not yet "a thing of the past" and the fact that work mares live long and produce offspring to take their place will always make them doubly popular to the average farmer.

Horns as an Indication of Age

Answering a question on this subject it may be stated that a consideration of the development of the horns is a useful aid in determining the age of an animal, but should not wholly be de-

pendent upon. The teeth also should be considered before arriving at a definite conclusion.

During the first week of life horn buttons may be felt under the skin on a calf's head and at eight to ten days the horn points pierce the skin and at five to six months the horns begin to curve.

During the first year the horns are covered with a prolongation or continuation of the outer layer of skin (epidermis) of the head. This covering scales off at from twelve to fifteen months of age.

During the second year of life the horns start a fresh growth and a small groove forms between the new and the old horn. Another small groove forms during the third year and these two grooves gradually disappear with age.

A much deeper groove or "ring" forms after the third year and a similar groove forms each successive year. In old cattle it will be seen that the base of the horn has wasted noticeably so that it appears smaller in circumference than the horn immediately beyond.

In computing age that portion of the horn at the tip which is without rings may be taken as representing three years, then add a year for each ring toward the head.

Undersized Seeds

This year more than ever before it is important that every seed put into the ground develop a strong healthy plant. With the war taking a million men from the farms we certainly cannot cultivate more acres. Every acre that is planted must do its best. This it can't do unless it is planted with practically perfect seeds. Small, shrunken, undeveloped or undersized seeds will not do. Such seeds must not be planted.

WHY UNDERSIZED SEEDS ARE POOR SEEDS.—There are three reasons why undersized seeds will not do. In the first place, such seeds are not fully developed and hence will probably be low in vitality for this reason. They will sprout slowly and send up weak, sickly plants easily injured by bad weather or other unfavorable conditions. In the second place, "like produces like," and small seeds will have a tendency to produce other small seeds. In the third place, small and large seeds sown will produce uneven seedling—some will be too crowded, others too far apart. An uneven stand cannot produce a maximum crop.

GRADING SEEDS.—Before next spring's planting begins all seeds should be carefully graded by running through a fanning mill or seed grader. The small and weak seeds will be thus sorted out and can be used for feed. The plump, heavy ones will be carefully saved for seed. Don't put off grading your seed until it is time to sow in the spring and then find that you are so busy that you haven't time. Seed grading should be done during the winter when work is not so plentiful.

How to Treat Seeds to Prevent Disease

Another large source of loss which prevents each acre from doing its best are plant diseases. Many of these can be controlled if taken in time. If proper precautions are taken to stir and thoroughly dry the seed after treatment and thus prevent sprouting and molding all this seed treatment can be done in the winter.

Treatment for Ergot in Rye

Rye is afflicted with a kind of smut known as ergot which is very poisonous when fed to stock. This disease affects the seeds and is carried over from year to year in this way. Smutted rye kernels become very light, much lighter than the rest, so that it is very easy to float them if the right liquid is found. This is accomplished by using a brine solution made of 25 pounds of coarse salt and 12 gallons of water. As soon as all the salt is dissolved the seed is dropped in to the brine. The smutty kernels float and are skimmed off. The heavy kernels sink and are skinned off. The salt water is poured off into another vessel and the seed rinsed to remove the salt and dried before seeding. Care must be taken to get the solution the right strength. If good kernels float, the solution is too strong—add more water a little at a time. If smutty kernels sink, add more salt to make the brine heavier.

Treating Oats for Smut

There are three principal ways of treating oats for smut, but all these use "formaldehyde" and all are called the "formaldehyde treatment."

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The immersion process consists in completely submerging the oats in a solution made of one pint of formaldehyde and forty gallons of water. The oats are placed in a loose sack (gunny sack) and dipped into the solution and left there for 10 minutes to allow time for all to become thoroughly soaked. The sack is drained and the oats are then spread out on a floor to dry. If they are not to be sown immediately they should be shoveled over daily until thoroughly dry.

The sprinkling process uses the same solution as that given above but instead the oats are piled up in a pile on the barn floor and the solution is sprinkled over them with a sprinkling can, while the oats are shoveled over very much the same as concrete is mixed. The pile is then covered with blankets and left for a few hours, when the blankets are removed and the oats sown or shoveled over until dry.

The spray method. For this purpose a hand spray such as is used for spraying plants is used. A small one holding a pint of liquid is large enough. The formaldehyde is placed without dilution directly into the chamber of the sprayer. This is sprayed onto the grain while it is being shoveled over. This soon evaporates so the pile is covered with blankets as soon as the solution is sprayed on, and left for five or ten minutes. While this is not advised for oats it has the advantage of needing little drying because so little liquid is used.

Of the three methods mentioned, the first is the best to use for oats.

Curing Barley Stripes

Barley stripes is a disease that attacks the leaves of barley about the time it is heading out and causes the leaves to turn a striped yellow, then dry up and die. This disease has done much injury to barley in all barley regions during the past season. The remedy is simple. Use the same treatment as for smut in oats, only keep the barley in the solution for two hours instead of ten minutes as for oats. If either sprinkling method or spray method is used keep pile covered for twenty-four hours. For the treatment of stripes in barley the spray method is preferred.

Barley Smut

Like oats, barley is badly damaged by smut. Fortunately barley smut is killed by exactly the same method as used for barley stripes so the one treatment is sufficient for both diseases. It should be remembered that barley needs soaking for two hours or covering for twenty-four while oats soak only five or ten minutes or are covered only two hours. In all other particulars the treatment is identical.

Onion Smut

This disease does immense damage wherever onions are grown for some time. However, it is not carried over on the seed but in the soil; hence seed treatment is of no avail.

This disease is now controlled by attaching a device to the onion seed drill which drops a drop of formaldehyde with every seed and on it. This sterilizes the ground and kills the smut germs in the soil that live near the seed. The young plant gets a good start before it is large enough to come close to the spores in the soil and it is then able to resist their attacks.

A WORD ABOUT FORMALDEHYDE.—Formaldehyde is one of the best germ destroyers and is of as great value to the farmer in fighting plant disease as it is to the physician for fighting diseases that attack mankind.

Selecting Dairy Heifers

What is the value of marks when selecting a heifer to raise for a dairy cow? Many stockmen will tell you that marks have no value. Just because a heifer is black and white and has striking Holstein marks is no sign that she will make a good milker and that your chances are just as good to take the red heifers as the black and white ones, or those having the fawn of the Jersey or the light red of the Guernsey. In other words color only indicates breed and does not indicate dairy value.

This statement is true, but breed itself does

indicate dairy value. While one should not place too much dependence upon marks he is entirely safe in selecting from two heifers the one having the best marks.

Marks More Than Color

Color only suggests breed but there are many other marks which the good judge considers besides color.

Size. Of two animals select the one having the best size, all else being equal. Size in a dairy calf does not mean height but bigness—a big middle to hold the feed, deep sides, a strong chest and roomy body. When selecting by marks study size carefully. Does the animal look as though she would be able to eat large quantities of feed and convert it into milk?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

HOOSIER STOVES & RANGES FREE

To try in your home 30 days free no matter where you live. Show your friends, send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. Millions of families enjoying the comforts and pleasures of "Hoosier" Stoves & Ranges, perfect bakers and heaters, beautifully finished, smooth latest design, guaranteed for years.

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Only \$2 Down

One Year to Pay!

Buy the New Butter-Fly Jr. No. 2. Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable. Guaranteed a lifetime. Skims 55 quarts per hour. Made also in five larger sizes up to No. 10. Write for a free trial. Name the size you want and send us your check or money order for \$2.00. We will ship it to you at once. (Saves in cream. Tastes better. Keeps longer. Folds and "drips" from factory) after buy from the manufacturer and save money.

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GET A WITTE

I can ship at once any size or style WITTE High-Grade Engine—2 to 25 H.P.—Kerosene or Gasoline—stationary, portable or slow-speed—ready to run—Guaranteed 5 Years. A big don't miss chance to get a WITTE. You save \$25.00 to \$50.00. Cash or Easy Payments. Write for a free trial. Name the size you want and send us your check or money order for \$2.00. We will ship it to you at once. (Saves in cream. Tastes better. Keeps longer. Folds and "drips" from factory) after buy from the manufacturer and save money.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS,
3640 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
3640 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN. It's KING OF THE WOODS. Save money and backache. Send for FREE catalog No. 10. It is showing low price and latest improvements. First order gets agency.

Folding Sawing Machine Co., 161 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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The world's great farm and creamery shoe. Water-proof, rust-proof, light and durable. Warm in winter, cool in summer. Best by test, and you pay less. A postal brings free catalog.

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Premium No. 73210 Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Ten

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure a many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Prem. No. 73210.**

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Realistic! Thrilling! Inspiring!

Pictures Of The Great War And Our Country's Preparedness! More Than Two Hundred Wonderful Photographic Illustrations Of The Battle-Fields Of Europe And Views Of Our Own Army And Navy Now Taking Part In The Gigantic Struggle!

NOT pictures drawn from the imagination of some artist—but real photography finished in natural colors, showing with appalling vividness scenes of actual fighting in the trenches, the monster siege guns, giant Zeppelins, scouting biplanes, dreaded "tanks" or armored motor cars, deadly submarines and submarine chasers, the dead left on the battle-field, the wounded and captured, ruins of bombarded forts and villages—and last but not least Uncle Sam's own brave soldiers and marines who are now training to enter the great conflict in the cause of humanity, justice and freedom.

Almost as if it were happening before your very eyes, this wonderful book of over two hundred war pictures shows you British, Canadian, French, Belgian and German troops and artillery in action, the bombardment and defence of Antwerp, the battle of the Marne, Russian Cossacks on the march, flights of the great German dirigibles and French and British air scouts, anti-aircraft guns bringing down hostile aeroplanes, Red Cross nurses caring for the wounded, homeless Belgian refugees, German prisoners burying their own dead in France, execution of spies, ruins of once beautiful cathedrals, towns, forts and bridges after bombardment, and many other views equally as interesting and exciting and all taken with the camera so that they are absolutely true in every detail. And best of all are the pictures of our own brave army and navy boys training on land and aboard ship, at rifle and gun practice, bayonet charges, trench digging, field artillery and coast defense work, dirigible and biplane scouting together with views of some of Uncle Sam's newest and biggest battle-ships, submarines and submarine destroyers.

We will send you this wonderfully interesting war book of over two hundred pictures with the story of each picture told beneath it in a few well-chosen words, if you will accept the following special

Free Offer: For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this illustrated war book free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8141.**

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



WHEN all is said and done the conservative woman will agree that there is no style like the stylish simple style, such as one finds in a one-piece dress. In serge, satin, velvet, gabardine and corduroy these one-piece models are very attractive. With a smart collar of white faille or charmeuse and belt and cuff or pocket trimmings to match you have a dress for many occasions.

To be sure there are other styles equally attractive. Tunic, Russian blouses and the ever attractive surplice waist.

Separate skirts and waists still prevail, and sleeves show new and novel features in that they are shaped in fancy outline. Or may have pretty cuffs as a finish. Pockets are still in evidence; how could we ever do without them. Children's dresses show new box plaited models in one-piece styles—these styles are ever popular and practical. A one-piece dress, is held up at the shoulders,—no cumbersome weight or thickness at the waist or hips, which is a great advantage to growing girls.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

1909—A New Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women. This model is ideal for the new fall serges and gabardines and would be real smart in velvet, satin, corduroy or taffeta.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires six yards of 44-inch material.

1924—Child's Dress in Empire Style and with long or short sleeve. This model is nice for wash fabrics, and equally attractive for serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, challie and cashmere.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

2115—A Splendid "Cover All" Style. This apron may serve very well as a house dress. The pattern is nice for chambray, gingham, linen, drill, percale, alpaca, jean or sateen.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material.

2159—Dress for Misses and Small Women. Linen, gingham, silk, crepe, serge, Jersey cloth, foulard and gabardine are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

2190—Ladies' One-piece Corset Cover, in round, square or "V" neck edge. Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe or silk.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires one and three eighths yard of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2227—Ladies' Dress with Sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Serge, Jersey cloth, satin, taffeta, corduroy, plaid and checked suitings, are nice for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five and five eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2232—A Simple One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Seersucker, linen, gingham, percale, serge, corduroy, satin, messaline, rep and poplin are good for this model.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires five yards of 44-inch material.

2236—Girls' Blouse Dress, with two styles of sleeve. This will be a very attractive model for a school dress in serge, galatea, linen, rep, checked or plaid suitings.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

2237—A Popular Model. In these days of domestic science, canning and preserving, a dress of this style will be very acceptable and desirable. In blue gingham, striped seersucker, chambray or linen it makes an ideal house dress.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material.

2240—A Simple Dress for school or general wear. Plaid gingham, striped seersucker, galatea, gabardine and serge, linen, corduroy, rep or voile, are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. Size six requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2243—A New Skirt Model with or without yoke. This is a good style for sports materials, for serge, gabardine, satin, velvet and corduroy.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2244—A Smart Shirt-waist. This model is nice for flannel, crepe, linen, madras, satin or silk; also for batiste and dimity.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2245—Ladies' Slip. This style is good for cambric, lawn, batiste, washable satin, crepe and silk. The sleeve may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2247—Ladies' One-piece Dress. This is a good model for serge, cashmere, satin and broadcloth. It is also nice for plaid and checked suitings. There are two sleeves, one in wrist length and one in loose, flowing style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material.

2248—Ladies' House Gown or Lounging Robe. Crepe, percale, cashmere, abtassos, serge, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, silk and satin, are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires seven yards of 36-inch material.

2249—A Simple Coat and Cap for the little one. Serge, chevot, gabardine, velvet, plush, silk, linen, corduroy, plume and all cloakings suitable for children, are nice for this style. The cap may be of self material, or of embroidery, lawn, faille or fur. The pattern includes coat and cap.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. Size two requires two yards of 36-inch material, for the coat, and five eighths yard for the cap.

2250—Set of Underwear for Boys. This model is good for jean, drill, madras, mesh, cambric, flannel and flannelette.

Cut in five sizes; 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches breast measure. Size 32 requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

USE THE COUPON

Special Offers. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents we will mail you any one Pattern free. Or for a club of two one-year subscriptions at 55 cents each we will mail you any three patterns free. The cash price of each pattern is 12 cents (three for 35 cents) unless a different price is stated. Be sure to order by number and give size or age wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2253—One-piece Dress for Juniors. The design is good for serge, corduroy, mixed suiting, linen, galatea, percale and other seasonable fabrics. Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2254—A Simple Style for the little girl. This design is nice for all wash goods and suitable for serge, gabardine, cashmere, voile or rep. Cut in five sizes; two, three, four, five and six years. Size four requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2256—A Comfortable Stylish Dress. This design will be nice for serge, pussy willow satin, taffeta, cashmere, gabardine, poplin or crepe. Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2262—A Very Smart Style for the growing girl. Plaid suiting, checked or striped gingham, chambray, rep, galatea, seersucker, crepe, serge and gabardine, are good for this style. It is also nice for taffeta and velvet.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2264—House Coat for Men. This model has fronts and collar cut in one. It is suitable for serge, chevot, double-faced mixtures, broadcloth, drill and alpaca.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure. Size 38 requires three

and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2266—A Smart Sports Waist. This style will be nice for flannel, satin, crepe, wool mixtures, linen, lawn and batiste. Deep pockets trim the fronts.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2271—A Simple, Stylish Model. This will make a smart business suit in serge, cashmere, gabardine or mixed suiting. It is also nice for linen, gingham, khaki, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require four and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2278—A Set of Pretty Bags. These models show some useful and practical designs. No. 1 would make a smart shopping or theater bag, in velvet or silk. No. 2 and No. 3 are nice for work bags, for sewing and knitting. These may be developed in cretonne, khaki, linen, silk, velvet and plush. On No. 3 the handles are of covered embroidery rings. No. 2 is held by silk ribbon or cords. The pattern supplies each of the three styles illustrated, and is cut in one size. Each one required one yard of 27-inch material.

2281—A Neat House Dress. Linen, drill, khaki, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannelette may be employed, but the wash fabrics are most satisfactory for service and laundering.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one half yards of 44-inch material.

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Diamond Ring in Egg

The oyster, which occasionally coughs up a sure enough pearl, and the interior department of a goose, which recently delivered a lalliere, now will take a back seat for the egg which gave up a diamond ring.

The egg was one of many which Miss Hilda Levy had broken for a tanning company by which she is employed. She declared that the shell was unbroken when she first got hold of the egg.

"If it had been busted, your nose would have told you so a block away," she declared.

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Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Guaranteed sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. AGENTS WANTED.
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DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS
restores gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or dirty, and is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. Package makes one pint. It will produce the most beautiful tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 35 cents.
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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian 14c. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14c. diamond ring, set with a 1 1/2 ct. diamond. If this is satisfactory may postmaster pay to cover postage, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 1,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.
KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 24,
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7282

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

ONE of the most stylish and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford it wear both. We know that all who re- Pendant and Chain li- be greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manu- States. It has a 18-inch fine cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant under- neath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

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May The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
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August The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All questions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. The less other wise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. M. S. Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving a surviving widow and children and leaving no will, his widow would receive dower of one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, the balance going to his children in equal shares. We think that this would include any and all property he may have received from a former deceased wife and we think that the children of both marriages would share equally in the children's share of the property.

W. G., Ohio.—If the deed to the property owned by your sister and husband conveyed this property to them as tenants by the entirety, as your letter to me indicates, we think that upon the death of one, her whole property would go to the survivor. We think that in case this property stood in the name and belonged to your sister alone, it would depend upon the manner in which she acquired the property as to just what disposition would be made of it in case she died without a will.

L. J. B., Michigan.—If your lease provides that you are to have a garden space for your own use and simply give a share of the crops raised on the balance of the farm in payment of your rent, we think that you would be entitled to keep all the potatoes you raised in such garden space, but if the other hand your lease provides that you give a share of all crops raised by you in payment of your rent, we think the landlord would be entitled to his share of the potatoes raised in the same manner and to the same extent as any other crop you may have raised.

Mrs. C. E. B., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow, in addition to her homestead rights and some small allowances, would be entitled to one third of the personal property, after payment of debts, absolutely, and dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, the balance going in equal shares to the children, regardless of whether they were by a former marriage, or by the surviving widow; we think the surviving widow would be entitled to letters of administration on the estate, if she were competent and qualified to receive same.

E. W., California.—We think that, if the separation agreement between the husband and wife you mention ever became effective, it should, upon their reconciliation, be cancelled and annulled in case they now desire to reinstate their property rights as they were before their separation.

Mrs. O. T. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that one half of the property acquired during marriage, except by gift, devise or descent is the property of the wife, and neither the husband nor wife can dispose of more than a one half interest in such property by will; except that the husband can give all his property to his wife by will, and can disinherit children if he so elects; that, in the absence of a will a surviving widow is entitled to receive, one third of the personal property and a one third interest for life in the real estate, from the husband's separate property provided the husband leaves a surviving widow and children or descendants; that, in the absence of a will, the husband's children by two marriages would receive equal shares from his estate, but that his stepchildren would receive no portion of his estate.

C. S., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, in the absence of a will, you would be entitled to receive your aunt's estate or a portion of the same provided she has no nearer heirs at law or next of kin; we do not think her stepchildren have any intestacy rights in her estate.

Mrs. J. J. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the owner of the mortgage which was accidentally burned, should be able to establish his lien upon the property covered by the mortgage in the proper action brought to establish such destroyed instrument.

Nurse, California.—In the absence of any agreement to the contrary, we are of the opinion that a practicing physician is entitled to pay for his services. We do not think the fact that he had not always

charged his patient for services performed, would preclude him from ever making a charge.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

CHAPTER XII.
THE ICE BARRIER.

Havenel Levallois, who had once been Ravenel Annesley, got up with weak and shaky legs and stared at the brown shadow of a man who stood between her and the sun. For man it was, and no spirit. When ghosts arise from the dead they are not ushered to their dearest by an obsequious butler, while two footmen with the tea things bring up the rear. Dreadful, inappropriate laughter that meant more than any tears shook the Countess of Levallois as she stood up in her white serge and Mechlin lace.

"Captain Gordon!" the butler repeated a little reproachfully, for this was not the way to receive his lordship's cousin.

"I—I see him!" was all she could find to say; all the greeting she had for the man to whose side she had meant to creep on the resurrection day.

"Ravenel!" he whispered, and if her face were white, his was gray; all the wild, incredulous joy that had shone there at the first sight of her dead as ashes. "For God's sake, how do you come here?"

But he knew. With a swift and dreadful certainty he remembered the butler had said Lady Levallois was at home—though he had not known there was one before—heard in the pause that came as she tried to answer him the smooth voice of a his personal secretary, "Yes, my lady." Desperately the girl caught at her breath that would not come; and her first word was for the footman, and not for him.

"Yes," she said, "you can go," and then, with a coward's courage, turned to Adrian Gordon. "I live here. I'm his wife." For her life she could not look at him with the triumph a woman should have in her revenge on a man who has deceived her. "But you—you died! We heard it this morning."

We! Captain Gordon—and that man must have been a fool who first christened the Gordons "gay!"—grew as black and sour and stern as Levallois at his worst.

"You," he said, "cannot have read the papers of late, since you only knew this morning that I was missing. I never—except to you—was in the very least dead, though, God knows, I wish I had been!"

"How did you get here?" She was still standing, holding herself up with tense hands on her wicker chair.

"Sit down," said the man, because she was a woman. But she never moved.

"Tell me," she said thickly. "I can't interest you." He felt suddenly listless, utterly indifferent; looked not at her, but the grass. "I turned up one morning at the fort. They invalided me home, and I got here yesterday. This morning," and he might have been saying a lesson for all the feeling in his voice. "I reported myself at the War Office and found Levallois had been there, thinking me dead, so I came down after him. I would not have come if I had known—"

"He's not here." He did not trouble to finish. "He's not here." He must have caught up earlier train, incoherent from anger that he should own he had been afraid to meet her. "But he's coming."

"Naturally," with ugly quiet. He never looked up, and he could not feel her eyes on his face, half-wild with the joy of seeing him and the horror of knowing—face to face with him—what he was. Oh! if she could have gone back to the May that was gone forever, how she would have cried out at the dreadful change in his face. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the—

"Why is your arm in a sling?" she cried, with scorn of herself that she could not be glad of his pain.

"Shot," with an inward curse that might have made the man who did it turn in his grave, since it was that shattered arm that had brought him here.

"Sit down," said Lady Levallois, and she said it so tonelessly that in astonishment he obeyed her. "You are not fit to stand."

"Why should you care?"

"I don't," she returned calmly, and for an instant did not think it was a lie.

The callousness of his manner had hardened her heart; her forgiveness that had been so real vanished. She felt old, old and weary, where she sat in her Worth dress. If she had dared she would have cried out that to be Nell Annesley again in her Sunday frock, thinking the man she loved was true, she would give the soul out of her body. She gripped herself hard, and spoke to him as to any one of those friends of Levallois who were here today and gone tomorrow—since she could not call him "contemptible" to his face.

"May I give you some tea?" Her voice stung like a whip. Almost he had had it on his tongue to say, "Why did you do it—who taught you your woman's game?"

But as he glanced at her across Levallois's old silver and Crown Derby he had his answer. A secret marriage and a two-penny emerald ring were well changed for all this.

"I must be going," he said. But as he rose a twinge caught him, and he sat back stiffly.

"You were foolish to come," she said, with a coldness that hid a mad, shame if longing to ease his bodily pain, for any other he could not have, since he had done everything by his own free will.

"You had better have wine than tea," striking a little silver gong.

Her broad and snit were choking; but before the footman who brought the wine there was nothing to do but swallow it. Not six months ago she would have looked at him as he raised the glass to his lips, cried "My love to you," as he drank it. Today—without a glance at him—she filled her own teacup with a steady hand.

The silence when the servant was gone was like something tangible; a barrier that could be felt. Gordon had absolutely nothing to say, and she was no better. While he gulped down the unwelcome wine, without which he must have fainted, she was back again in that country lane, counting her thousand steps; back in the drawing-room of Annesley Chase, where "Levallois had been kind." Her heart was like a stone in her as she watched Gordon covertly. How drawn and hard his face was, and he was only nine and twenty. He did not look so very far from death even now, and the thought hurt her, for all her shame that she could care.

"Did you get the second man?" she blurted out in the sudden knowledge that she must say something, anything.

"No!" with a grim surprise that she should ask. "I may say that he got me. It was he who took me back to camp."

If she could have realized the pitiful return of those two scarecrow skeletons who had been prisoners with the Afghans, known how they came home in the darkness, crawling, worn out, despairing, when the blessed challenge of their own sentry came on their ears, for sheer pity she must have broken down; have asked him without shame, as one asks the dead, why he had left her to break her heart; have said things that might have been the beginning of an end bad enough, but better than the one her girl's feet must tread. But the scanty sentences drew no picture for her. Instead she saw only that there was a line of gold wire round his third finger that was half the size it had been, and wondered if it were his wife's ring.

"They will give you the V. C. for the first man," she said harshly, and wondered how many

men would get the V. C. if it were given for truth and not for valor.

"I don't know. It was nothing. Every fellow would have done it. Who told you, about the V. C.?"

"Levallois" was on her lips, when she saw the gold wire of his ring catch the sunlight. The shame of a woman who has loved a man who jilts her caught her at her heart.

"My husband," she said quietly.

And this time it was Adrian Gordon who quivered where he sat.

"I must go!" he said, cursing himself for a fool that he should be here talking to the girl who had seemed to him the very flower of the earth, and was only a woman who loved rank and money. "I must get back to town."

Back to his lonely rooms, where the tint of her cheek and the curve of her eyelash, the bow of her young mouth, would rise before him line by line and make him revile the fate that had let him find her out.

Back to loneliness, to pain that racked him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ter, Eleva, Wis. Seventy-four years of age. Very lonely. Would appreciate cheery letters. Mary L. Anderson, 108 S. 6th St., Alhambra, Cal. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces and cheery letters. Mrs. Hannah Peterson, Fulton, Minn. Invalid, eighty-one years of age. Send her some assistance.

The Christmas of these poor souls will be a ghastly and not a merry one, unless you come to their aid with something more substantial than tracts and sympathy. Their names will not be listed again for a year, so pray be generous. Once more a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and God bless you all. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admission and presently that was deemed advisable to impose no age limit, thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

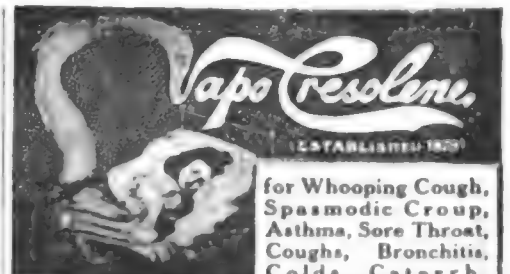
Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number, you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League is a great society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the history of the world was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Don't fail to use Cresoline for the distressing, and often fatal afflictions for which it is recommended. It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment. Vapo-Cresoline stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. In Asthma it shortens the attack and insures comfortable repose. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresoline relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever, and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. Cresoline's best recommendation is its 20 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Try Cresoline Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, common cause of sleepless nights, hoarseness, nasal and laryngeal troubles. They can't harm you. Of your Druggist or from us in the quantity.

THE VAPO-CRESOLINE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

You Can Do as Well as This Man

This is H. A. Neumann the Lange man for Dodge Co., Wis. His sales for one month were \$931.50, average per week \$192.68. He is 27 years old; started two years ago, both head and his goodstrangers in the territory, and has built up this splendid business of his own, selling Lange's Extracts, Spices, Teas, Coffees, Household Specialties and Veterinary Remedies direct from wagon to home. You can do as well. Let us give you actual figures of their sales. We will instruct you on every point, teach you how to sell and give you exclusive territory near your home. Our contract beats all others. If you're not making \$200 a month, write us at once about our plan.

The Lange Co., Dept. W., DePere, Wis.

\$1.50

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

To advertise our business, we will send the elegant R. E. style watch by mail for ONLY \$1.50. Full American value, full metal case, jeweled movement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with \$1.50 and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send \$1.50 today. Address: R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 535 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

National PATRIOTIC STATIONERY

50c per quire box

Prepaid to any address in the U. S.

NATIONAL PAPETERIE CO., Springfield, Mass.

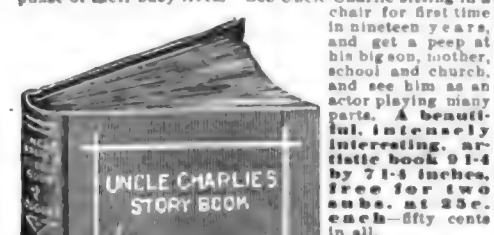
BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail for this high profession, in which there are great opportunities. Six months' term. Diploma awarded. Send for free book "How to become a Banker." THE ALLIANCE BANKING SCHOOL, 449 East State Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

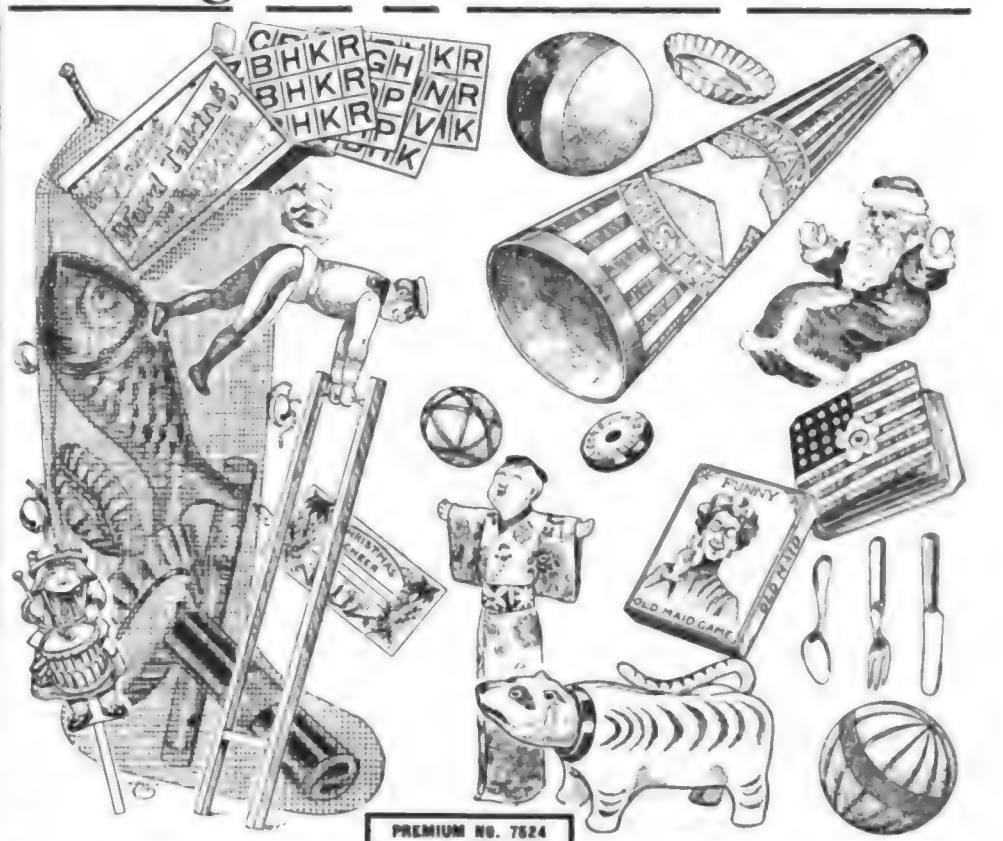
Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily

Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written, 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, with covers. Gold topped. Free for four subs. at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talent to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Stocking Full Of Christmas Presents!



PREMIUM NO. 7524

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Four!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—bells, whistles, musical files, toy dishes, jumping jacks, dolls, animals, games, and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are large size, being over a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. Attached to each stock-

ing there is also a handsome embossed Christmas Card upon which is printed "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus" or some similar inscription. If you have no children of your own to make happy this Christmas you probably know of somebody's little boy or girl who would be delighted with one or more of these Big Christmas Stockings. But you should accept this offer immediately as Christmas is almost here and besides our supply of stockings is limited and they may be all gone before your order reaches us unless you send it at once.

Our Christmas Offer: For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7524.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

These Crochet Books Given To You!

A Complete Library For Every Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting!

Seven Handsome Volumes — Nearly 200 Designs!



Send Your Order NOW — Before The Assortment is Broken!

This Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

Every Design

Illustrated By A Photograph With Full Directions For Working!

ANY ONE of these books alone is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The seven books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting and tatting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. There are edgings, beadings, insertions and laces for every conceivable use. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished

work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell **stitch by stitch** how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Following is a description of each book which is 8 by 10½ inches in size with the exception of Volume 1 which is 9¼ by 12 inches.

Volume 1 contains a beautiful assortment of crocheted yokes for combinations, envelopes, nightgowns, corset covers, etc.—fifteen all different, exquisite patterns superbly illustrated by photographs with complete directions for working including quantity and size of material required, and correct size of hooks to use.

Volume 2 is a real treasure book of handsome crocheted edgings and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—thirty-three different designs, all illustrated by photographs with full directions including a complete table of all the principal stitches used in crocheting and how to make them.

Volume 3 tells how to crochet Cluny laces. It contains eighteen lovely patterns in Cluny insertions and laces for centerpieces, library scarfs, boudoir caps, corset cover yokes, piano scarfs, curtains, chemises, envelopes or combination suits. Each pattern is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for making are full and explicit, including quantity and size of material, and size of hooks required. This book also shows all the principal crochet stitches and tells how to make them.

Volume 4 contains twenty-five handsome patterns in artistic crochet for yokes, boudoir caps, candle shades, baby bonnets, bedspreads, doilies, library scarfs, pillows, centerpieces, portiere medallions, curtains, etc., etc. Complete directions are given for working each and every design, including quantity and size of material and size of hook required. The illustrations are actual photographs, all the principal crochet stitches are also named and full instructions given for making them.

Volume 5 consists of twenty-five patterns in novelty crochet, including mile-a-minute and clover leaf crocheted yokes, primrose and sunflower yokes, doilies, centerpieces, boudoir caps, unique edgings and insertions for serving trays, novelty aprons and collars. Each design is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for working include a complete list of all the different crochet stitches, and how to make them.

Volume 6 is devoted entirely to tatting. Maltese and Irish crochet, containing a varied and beautiful assortment of tatted handkerchief edges, edgings and insertions, tatted yokes, boudoir caps, towel edges, medallions,

yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet. The twenty-nine different patterns are illustrated by actual photographs and the directions for making include the different stitches in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet and how to make them, as well as quantity and size of material and size of hooks required.

Volume 7 shows a variety of thirty handsome crocheted designs each one illustrated by a photograph of the real work showing just how the finished pieces look. There are rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hatpin holder, jewel box, vanity tray, coin purse, utility bag, starfish dolly, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces. Full directions accompany each design including quantity and size of material and size of hooks to be used, also all the principal stitches used in crochet and how to make them.

We advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken, but if you do not care for the whole library at this time we

have arranged the following special offers which give you the privilege of selecting any two or any four of the books as well as all seven of them. When ordering however, be very careful to state the number and title of each book desired.

Offer 8011 For one 1-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers and titles of books wanted.

Offer 8552 For two 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you any four books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers and titles of books wanted.

Offer 8013 For three 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you the complete library just as described above—seven different volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing nearly 200 beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet and tatting designs with complete directions for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number and title of each book wanted.

Address All Orders And Letters, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

10 Nights FREE TRIAL OF LAMP

Agents Cash in on This

U. S. Government reports show mantle oil light 4 times more efficient than ordinary lamps. The Daylite makes light white and brighter than gas or electricity from kerosene (coal oil) at one fourth the cost. User wick-lighted same as ordinary lamp. No smoke, dirt or odor. Cannot explode. Pays for itself in few months on oil saving.

No salesman necessary—simply place lamp in neighbors' homes a few nights—no talking required; they sell themselves. Free out of the Daylite the minute they see it. Free Catalog, giving full particulars.

WRITE NOW FOR LAMP—FREE for ten nights' trial. Men with rigs and autos making \$4 to \$15 a day. Tell us if you can put in all or part of your time, your age, occupation, territory you want and when you can start.

DAYLITE COMPANY, 348 North Halsted, Chicago, Illinois

Last Chance at the Old Price

A big advance in the price of the New Edition is to take place on Jan. 1. But to all who write now we will still allow present price and low terms only.

\$1.00 After Free Trial

You may keep this new edition of the "Illustrated Companion" for only \$1.00 after a free trial of 10 days. Try the new edition in your own home before you decide to buy. It is the most complete and up-to-date book of its kind. It contains the latest information on all the subjects of interest to the general public. It is a book that you will want to keep on your shelf.

Write Today For Our New Edition Book. Send your name and address for our new book and we will send you a free trial of 10 days. If you like it, you may keep it for only \$1.00 after the trial. If you do not like it, you may return it for a full refund.

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Rider Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate our new "GET THIS CAR FREE" car. For more information, write to us today. We will send you a free trial of 10 days. If you like it, you may keep it for only \$1.00 after the trial. If you do not like it, you may return it for a full refund.

DAYLITE COMPANY, 348 North Halsted, Chicago, Illinois

FREE A BEAUTIFUL SET OF DISHES

42 PIECES WORTH \$10

TO EACH READER OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Every one to whom we have given these dishes is delighted. There are forty-two beautiful pieces with delicate pink and green coloring true to nature. Beautifully hand-painted and as choice as an heirloom. Every piece edged in gold. Each piece will be decorated with your initials in gold or the emblem of any fraternal organization, Knights of Pythias, Woodmen, Odd Fellows, etc. or plain.

DAYLITE COMPANY, 348 North Halsted, Chicago, Illinois

All Kibler's Round Oil

It is TRUE! The perfect Furniture Polish, Lubricant, Cleaner and Brightener. Rust Preventive and Leather Preserver. This Round Oil cleans, polishes, and shines. It is so well known that it sells on sight. To get this lovely forty-two piece dinner set or cash equivalent simply order and send twenty-eight bottles of this wonderful oil at 25 cents each, return the \$7.00 collected within 30 days and the set is yours. Send no money. We trust you, and take back if you can't tell it. Order today! Please give your address to Kibler's Round Oil when ordering and be the first to own these beautiful dishes.

The Kibler Co., Dept. A3, Indianapolis, Ind.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOLLEY COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look At Me! I Go to Sleep Like a Real Baby

ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can FREE! Have Me

YES! This beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she looks to be in the picture for she stands over a foot tall. She has a real kid body and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of bismuth. You can make her stand up or sit down in a chair, or bend over or assume all sorts of natural positions. When you lay her down she closes her eyes and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is wide awake again. Her beautiful hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, and taken together she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork lace stockings and cunning little slippers with bows and buckles she comes to you undressed so that you can make your own dresses for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your own little girl would love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4666 Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mattie P. Zebulon, N. C.—We are sorry, but as COMFORT is hard pressed each month to find space for its regular features, we would not find it impossible to put in a "Department of Psychology," as you suggest. (2) Metaphysics is a term used to embrace certain studies which are beyond and outside of the physical world. Different forms of occultism, and the various idealistic philosophies could come within the term, as would the basic ideas of certain religious cults. Psychology, as generally understood, is considered to mean the science of the mind including the functions of the brain as being the organ through which the mind operates, and a psychologist is one who professes to specialize on the study of mental phenomena.

Mrs. W. A. H., New Plymouth, Ind.—As we have stated many times in this column, there is a well-developed business in the selling of fraudulent "old violins." Here is another COMFORT reader who has not straddled this time, but is a stainer. It would have been impossible for the old makers, with their slow hand processes, to turn out all the instruments that are cheerfully attributed to them by dealers who have something to sell, and use a faked inscription to sell it.

Polly, Twyman's Mill, Va.—A good high school education would be necessary before taking an examination for railway mail clerk. Correspondence schools do fine work, and you would undoubtedly benefit by enrolling for a course with a reputable institution of that sort. We notice some defects in your spelling—which should only encourage you to study the more.

C. S. D., Groton, Va.—We are sorry, but we cannot aid you in securing a rod that will locate gold and silver and hidden treasure. There is no such rod for sale except from those who find their gold by selling a worthless fraud to credulous buyers.

Mahon, Mengelwood, Tenn.—Read the above answer to C. S. D.

Mrs. R. P. R., Gattman, Miss.—We think your physician was playing a pleasant joke on you when he said what he did. And we are sure that a Mississippi baby born on the Fourth of July needs no diamond ring to add to its happiness or good fortune.

G. W. C., Wheeling, W. Va.—You say that you are making your inquiry to us instead of in your own home town because we explain so thoroughly. That is just what we cannot do in many cases when we would like to, because of the demands upon the space of this department by COMFORT's many subscribers. Therefore we are going to suggest that you apply to your county clerk for the answers to your several questions about the census which is to be taken in 1920 by the Federal Government. He will tell you how enumerators are to be selected and the requirements for such appointment.

Mrs. P. McL., Sweetwater, Ind.—Herbs like catnip and mullein need no other special preparation than careful drying, and having them free from stems, stones, and other foreign matter. Write to L. G. Grund, Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa., who advertises to buy such drugs, and also to Jerry Wheeler, druggist like McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton St., New York City and Parke Davis & Co. at 184 Hudson St. in the same big town.

Mrs. L. D., Caddo Gap, Ark.—Readers of COMFORT who have articles of their own handwriting that they wish to sell, can often do best by placing a small advertisement in the paper of their own town or of some nearby town or city. We suggest that you try this in the case of the lace you wish to sell. The power of printers' ink and publicity is all that is often needed in many cases where people have something to sell and do not know how to do it.

Mrs. J. McC., Fraser, N. Y.—A post-office clerk should not read post-cards any further than is necessary to properly understand the addresses that they bear. But it is an old story that in small offices, where time is plenty, the reading of post-cards furnishes interest and amusement not only to a clerk, but to the postmaster—and it has been whispered to the postmistress, too. The only remedy is to use an envelope, and by the extra cent insure the privacy of any communication which you care about particularly.

M. M. F., Haywood, Okla.—You should be able to purchase a reading glass at any jewelry store, or at an optician's. We knew of a very good one, about three inches in diameter, that was purchased for three dollars. Larger or smaller ones would be priced in proportion to size.

Subscriber, Memphis, Tenn.—There is no premium on buffalo nickels of the coinage of 1913. Twenty of them make exactly one dollar.

A. B. C., Clarkston, Wash.—One's earning capacity as well as one's pleasure in life is always increased by the knowledge of another tongue. The Spanish language, about which you ask, would be profitable for you to acquire, if you acquire it well. There are always open well-paid positions for foreign correspondents in houses doing business with our colonial possessions. It would be best for you to learn shorthand and typewriting also, although this is absolutely necessary. In any large city you will find a good teaching foreign languages where you could take up the study, and very good and cheap courses are often given at the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. buildings in the big towns.

W. H. B., Tenn.—There are always stories going the rounds of the press regarding plans of the Ford Motor Co., or of Mr. Henry Ford. Most of these tales are pure invention, based upon the huge earnings of the company and the ways the surplus is being spent. We have heard nothing of the hospital fund you inquire about, but a letter to the Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., might at least bring you a definite denial. They are the people to ask.

E. P. W., Hawkins, Wis.—A story is told by submitting the manuscript, typewritten if possible, to editors, enclosing in every instance sufficient stamps for return postage. You do not need a copyright unless you publish your own work, unless for some reason you wish to retain the publishing right. If you have not written before begin by trying to get your first stories printed in some local paper.

W. M. W., Apex, N. C.—Shares of stock in an Arizona corporation would not be classed as shares in "a foreign corporation." We cannot answer your question regarding taxation, as that is a matter of the tax laws of your state. Ask your county clerk or county judge. Undoubtedly this stock would be considered personal property, and under the laws of most states would be subject to tax.

Brownie, Hottinger, N. Dak.—A Red Cross nurse would be required to have gone through a course of training that would make her proficient in at least first aid work. Courses of this sort are being given in all the large cities. It is no light task to learn to become a capable nurse under the conditions that must be met in this present war.

S. M. M., Dodson, Mont.—If you live in a small town where there is no market for your handwork, we would suggest that you place a small advertisement in one of the newspapers of some nearby large town. Should there be any sale for your tatting there, printers' ink will find it.

Three Months FREE

Just to Get Acquainted

Read Farm and Home three months of our magazine—then if you don't want your subscription continued, we will stop it promptly. No bother, no obligation on your part, but we want you to know what a splendid Magazine of Rural Life Farm and Home is. You can be the judge.

Don't Send Money—Just sign your name and address below, NOW. Don't miss the next issue.

Just Mail This Coupon—To Day

Or write on a postcard, "Send me Farm and Home three months FREE"

Name..... R. F. D.....
P. O..... State.....

Address Farm and Home (Dept. 41) Springfield, Mass.

H. M. R., Canabell, Fla.—Write to the publishers of "The Billboard," 422 St. and Seventh Ave., New York City. We think this is the publication you wish. Ask for a sample copy.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Requests

Miss Carrie Hoffman, Keystone, Neb., would like June 1916 and 1917 numbers of the "Illustrated Companion." Will return favor.

Will someone send me a few old COMFORTS, of the days of Aunt Minerva. Will return favor any way I can.

Miss BEATRICE SMITH, Cleveland, Va.

Will someone please tell me what "California Beer Seeds" are, where they may be obtained and how they are used.

A. B., New York, N. Y.

Would like to have the sisters send me velvet pieces, or quilt blocks of any goods. Will return favor with toy animal patterns. A. L. REYNOLDS, Thrasher, Miss.

Recipes for using pumpkin and squash seeds. In Colonial times they were used extensively, such as pumpkin Johnny cake, pumpkin pudding and pumpkin fritters.

Has any reader the numbers of "The People's Popular Monthly" containing story "Alice Joyce," which they would lend me? Will return favor.

EMMA SIMER, Brook Park, R. R. 4, Minn.

Will someone loan me the March, April, May and June numbers of Illustrated Companion for year 1917. Will return same, paying postage both ways.

Mrs. A. C. KOOKEN, Van Hook, N. Dak.

I would be very glad if the readers of COMFORT would send me magazine pages containing crochet patterns and fancy work of any kind. Also used picture postcards of any kind.

Mrs. C. F. RITCHIE, Center Point, Ark.

Remedies

WHOOPIING COUGH.—Give chestnut oil, one drop for every year the child is old; that is, two drops, on sugar, four times a day, for a two-year-old child.

MEASLES.—Steep a cup of oats in one pint of water and boil down to about half a pint. Sweeten and give a tablespoonful every fifteen minutes. This makes the measles break out.

Mrs. W. H. CLARK, Quincy, Mich.

BLOOD PURIFIER.—There is nothing better for a spring and fall medicine than sassafras tea. Make a tea of the sassafras bark and drink from one half to one cupful three times a day. Do this for a week or ten days.

TAPWORMS.—Grind or mash pumpkin seeds, hull and all, and take a tablespoonful every day for three days then omit taking it three days then take it three days more. They take a dose of oil and a few drops of turpentine. Better results from a light diet.

Mrs. J. H. FOSTER, Sentinel, Okla.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Turpentine and soap will take ink stains out of linen.

Mrs. MATTIE PENNINGTON, Celina, Tenn.

When rendering fat throw a handful of salt in it and the grease will come twice as quick.

Mrs. VIRGIE HOLLES, Trevett, Texas.

When frying eggs always sprinkle a little flour in the grease before breaking the eggs and they will not pop at all.

To remove apple and peach stains, soak the cloth in cold water two days and hang in the sun. Do this before it is laundered.

Put all milk and cream pails in the sun for several hours a day. The sun kills many germs. Also dry all milk pails, etc., as germs do not multiply so fast when dry.

A Reader, Mich.

To DESTROY ANT BEDS.—Pour carbon bisulphide in to the ant town early in the morning before the ants go to work. Keep this away from the fire as it is highly inflammable.

Mrs. J. H. FOSTER, Sentinel, Okla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. 67, Chicago, for free book and positive proof.

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Get the BEST and SAVE 10c per pound. WE PAY POST, EXPRESS or FREIGHT IF YOU LOVE GOOD COFFEE SEND FOR PRICE LIST

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Boys and Girls—Can You Imagine it? A Complete Village Of Houses, Stores, Shops And All! You Can Build And Re-build It As Often As You Like!

FUN, fun, fun—that's what you'll have when you get this wonderful new toy town, with its streets, yards, houses, stores, shops and men, women and children, just like any real town. Only think! Twenty-five different buildings—and you can build them, take them down and build them again as often as you please. You can call it "your own town" and talk to the people living in the houses, walking and driving in the streets and working in the shops—the blacksmith at his forge in the blacksmith shop, the children going to school, the customers in the stores and hotel and even the little boys and girls playing "Indian" and "soldier" in the dandy big tent on the bank of the beautiful river that flows under the bridge. Remember—twenty-five buildings make quite a big town—bigger than some real towns we know of.

In this wonderful toy town village there are thirteen handsome up-to-date houses, a tent, church, high school savings bank, hotel, clubhouse, barber shop, bakery, blacksmith shop, express office, garage and public station, besides all the streets, yards and flowers, river and bridge. They are made of thick heavy cardboard printed in natural colors so that they look like real houses while the streets, yards and flowers are colored true to life. Full directions tell you how to put all the different buildings together, how to lay out your town and place

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It makes a clear mark that will not spread or wash out and will protect cotton, linens and heavier fabrics from confusion or loss. A household necessity for eighty-two years. Ready for use with a common pen. Stationers and Druggists sell it in the old-fashioned red and yellow wrappers, or it will be sent prepaid for 25 cents by Payson's Indelible Ink Co., 28 Banker Ave., Northampton, Mass.

SUGAR 4c a Lb

Save from 30¢ to 50¢ on your grocery bill by buying direct from us at wholesale prices. Cut out middlemen's profits. We guarantee quality absolutely. Send for our Grocery Price-Wrecking List today. CONSUMERS WHOLESALE GROCERY CO., 1633 to 1640-N. Congress St., Dept. 150—Chicago, Ill.

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Cameos are art in fine gold. Pink Ring. Give us your name for three years. To introduce new King Burgames, will send post paid your one. upon receipt of the ad. advertisement.

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WOMEN! DRESS WITHOUT COST

and earn a little spare money as well simply by showing your friends and acquaintances a beautiful, illustrated portfolio of 100 charming New York styles in women's outer apparel. No investment required. For complete information address: Bazaar Sales Company, 141 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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For 12c, both for the War. Engraving on Gold or Silver. Order your choice. DATES 1916. CHICAGO

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New Feather Beds Only \$6.50

New Feather Pillows \$1.25 per pair. All new, clean, sanitary feathers. Best filling. Write for illustrated catalog. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 381 Greenwood, E. C.

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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POWERFUL AIR GUN

For 12c, both for the War. Engraving on Gold or Silver. Order your choice. DATES 1916. CHICAGO

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, CHICAGO, ILL.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free.

D. M. HYNNE Co., Newark, N. J.

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By LINDIE STRAUSS PHILLIPS

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This book contains one of the most noted author's best novels.

The picture of this story depicts the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the old, with a heart of stone learn from this story that deep down under the cold, hard exterior of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy. For the evening comes that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Louisa, the refugee, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Eighteen a lady in a tale is around toward Helen Lockwood, her rebellious and unsocial father.

The heart's emotion is a great secret often, hidden from the beginning to end of the book. When you lay it down and say blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. This story will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Little Suzanne Phillips writes

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How to Trap the Mink, Weasel and Muskrat

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

THE mink is one of the hardest of all small fur-bearing animals to take in steel traps. It has a keen sense of smell and is very suspicious, so I advise the beginner to confine his efforts to traps placed in water.

The weasel (ermine) has not as keen animal instinct. It may be trapped by the beginner, provided he uses an attractive lure and knows how to conceal his sets fairly well.

Under old bridges—especially if the sides are made of rock—are good places to make sets for mink. If there are "slides" leading into the water, all one needs to do is to place his traps at the bottom, in two or three inches of water. Whenever possible, I should advise the fastening to be made where it is deep, for in this case the animal will dive when caught, tangle the chain, and drown.

If two streams come together at a sharp angle, tunnel from one to the other so that the water will flow through the excavation. Place a trap at each entrance. This tunnel will furnish an ideal place for trapping the mink as long as the water does not freeze, for every fur bearer passing will attempt to enter in search of food. I should advise that all mud, etc., from the excavation be disposed of and that each entrance be concealed, or partly concealed, with weeds or grass, giving the place a natural appearance. Dash water over the sets after completed.

Flowing tiles are good places to take the mink. If there are no tracks about, place the trap with the spring near the drain. If there are signs, reverse the trap. Should the tile be stopped up, dig it out.

Along the edges of the water, dig shallow pockets. In the back part, place a small piece of muskrat flesh. Guard this with one or more traps. Remember, if water is dashed over places where sets are made, all human odor will be destroyed.

Fish and small frogs are good bait. A reliable lure will invariably prove a wise investment when trapping the mink.

Build small V-shaped pens in shallow water where there are signs of the mink. In the back part place a meat bait. Guard with one or more traps. If one can arrange this set and drape it with leaves or grass to give it a natural appearance, it will prove more effective.

In very small, shallow creeks make a dam with small stakes a few inches apart, leaving one or two openings a few inches wide. When the current is swift, brush, etc., will probably collect. This must be taken away. In the openings are good places for traps. Further, when the ice freezes and the animals travel beneath it, these sets will often produce wonderful results.

In springs or flowing tides which do not freeze, good sets may often be arranged for the mink.

When streams are frozen and the weather is not too cold, chop a hole in the ice where the water is not deep and the current not too swift. Lower into the hole a bag of coarse salt, placing the trap on top of it. The salt will have a tendency to prevent freezing and the first mink passing will attempt to enter the water. If the set has been made properly, the animal will be caught. The best time to make a set of this kind is late in the evening so there will be less chance of the trap being covered with ice.

Land sets may also be employed. Success with these depends largely upon one's ability to conceal his traps. Be very sure your traps are perfectly clean and have no odor. Wear gloves, the palms of which have been thickly coated with beeswax, in making the sets. Have the place look as natural after as before the trap was placed. Rubbing the gloves with fresh earth or dipping them in blood before handling the traps often will help also.

Warm, rainy nights are best for trapping the mink. It is more active at this time than when extremely cold.

The first thing one should do in trapping the weasel, is to find its hunting grounds. Almost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

UDDER AND MILK VEINS.—These marks indicate a good dairy cow. The heifer should be wide between the thighs, giving room for a big udder, which even in a calf should show good size with even well placed teats. Milk veins should be easily traced and end in large wells.

CONSTITUTION.—The animal should show marks that indicate a strong constitution. A broad nose, a full bright eye, a strong jaw, a smooth coat of soft, pliable hair and skin are the marks that indicate health and vigor, or a strong constitution.

To sum up: In selecting by marks:

1. Get a color that shows one of the good dairy breeds.
2. Select a good-sized animal.
3. Be sure that the heifer has milk producing capacity.
4. Do not neglect marks that indicate a strong constitution.

SELECT HEIFERS WITH A GOOD HISTORY.—The other class of dairymen who pay little attention to marks are the ones who pay much attention to dairy history. However, these are the higher class dairymen who already have well marked animals that they are improving by breeding. These men want to know about the milk records of the sire and dams of the heifers they raise; hence they test their cows and keep records of their performances. Then they raise only the heifers of the best cows.

WHAT IS THE ADVANCED REGISTER?—Only this: Cows that make high butter and milk records are entitled to registration in a book called the *Advanced Register*. Those that cannot meet the advanced register standards of course are not entitled to be recorded therein. Good breeders always study these records very carefully when buying breeding stock. When buying either a bull or heifer they always try to get one who has a large number of near relatives in the advanced register.

TWO GOOD RULES.—There are then two good rules to follow in selecting heifers for a dairy herd:

1. Always select well marked heifers.
2. If their history is known select those from heavy producing families.

The first rule can always be used by all dairymen, the second can only be used by the best dairymen and by those who are slowly building up a herd by use of pure bred bulls or by buying a few choice heifers, or both combined.

Economical Manuring of Land

There is an erroneous idea prevalent among tillers of the land that farmyard manure to give the best results should be "piled on thick." In tobacco raising districts the one tobacco field gets all of the manure each year and the rest of the farm starves for lack of fertility. This is true also of the cabbage growing districts, in a measure, and to a like extent in all districts where any one crop is made a specialty.

The time has come to give every acre of the farm its due share of manure and so it is advised

that a manure spreader be used and all of the manure thereby thinly applied each year to as large an area as possible. It is impossible to get a thin, even distribution of manure when spread by fork out of the wagon, or from heaps dumped at regular spaces over the field surface. Much manure is wasted by too thick application and the loss from allowing manure to (leach) and waste in heaps on the land is a most serious matter in the aggregate.

At the Pennsylvania Experiment Station the application of manure in different amounts has shown clearly that there is economy in light applications when used for general farm crops. The money return per ton of manure, when applied at the rate of six tons per acre, twice in a rotation, was \$3.29, as compared with \$2.29 per ton, when applied at the rate of 10 tons per acre. On this basis 60 tons of manure applied at the rate of six tons per acre on each 10 acres would give a return of \$60.00 more than the same amount of manure applied at the rate of 10 tons per acre on each six acres. Few farmers have sufficient manure to cover their farms as abundantly and frequently as they desire. The results quoted emphasize the importance of using a spreader and applying the manure thinly.

Every farmer should maintain live stock to consume feed for handy and profitable marketing and to furnish manure to conserve and increase fertility and as sufficient manure cannot be made on the average farm clover or other legumes should be grown as widely and as often as possible.

Any plan of farming that omits these fundamental principles of practice must prove disastrous. Sow clover with every grain, hay and pasture crop in every district where it will grow, and elsewhere grow other legumes abundantly.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you, as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

BULLETINS ON KEEPING SEEDS.—Will you kindly send me one of your books on how to keep seeds? The bugs get into my seeds and make trouble.

Mrs. J. F. G., Vicksburg, Miss.
A.—We do not supply bulletins but you can obtain them on this subject by writing to the Agricultural Experiment Station of your state and to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. They will be sent free. We shall be glad to answer any farm questions you care to ask. In August (Continued on page 23.)

FROSTED CANE FODDER.—Is frost-bitten sorghum cane dangerous or injurious to feed to brood mares? Is cane which does not mature good feed? Will it cause mares to lose their colts? J. S. C., St. Paul, Kansas.
A.—Frosted and withered or second growth cane is dangerous feed as it sometimes contains prussic acid. It might cause abortion. We should advise you not to feed such cane to pregnant mares. Ask the veterinarians of the agricultural experiment station of your state at Manhattan to send you free literature upon the subject.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

ing a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poems in the Christmas Stocking and Make Every-one Happy!

If you want a real, old-fashioned Christmas, get a copy of that wonderful volume Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in the world. To deprive the children of the book is a crime. Read "How Father Carved The Turkey," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," and "Just Behind The Battle Mother," and you will have the whole family yelling with delight. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 100-page, gorgeous volume, beautifully bound in lilac ribbed silk cloth, a scream from cover to cover. Autographed by Uncle Charlie's own hands, and with a heart touching sketch of his life, and half tone pictures showing Uncle Charlie dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. These clubs

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

INDIGESTION.—My horse, fourteen years old, had been pastured on alfalfa. As I was going to work him, I gave him a feed of barley and he wouldn't eat it. I turned him out again and he wouldn't eat, but would follow the other horses and stand as though asleep. I gave him a quart of oil; his bowels were loose for four or five days, then I gave him a dose of Castor oil. In the meantime I gave two doses of niter. He eats now, but does not seem to be doing as well as he should. What was the cause of the trouble? E. M. A.

A.—Have a veterinarian put the old horse's teeth in order and then do not feed alfalfa hay. Prefer timothy or clover hay, along with oats and bran. Barley should be rolled before feeding and made but a small part of the ration, unless a horse has been accustomed to this feed from weaning time. It was a mistake to give the Castor oil as the linseed oil already had acted.

EYE TROUBLE.—I have a heifer two years old. She gives milk and appears healthy. One of her eyes runs water and she can't hold it open. She runs out and I feed her bran shorts and peanut hay.

A.—"Pink eye" (contagious ophthalmia) spreads from cow to cow until all are affected. If but one heifer is affected the trouble no doubt is caused by a foreign body lodged under the eyelid or to an injury. Have the eye examined and any foreign body removed. If none is found cover the eye with a soft cloth to be kept wet with a solution of half a dram each of sulphate of zinc and fluid extract of belladonna and ten drops of carbolic acid in a quart of cold soft water.

WEAK RABBITS.—My rabbits vary in age from three to five weeks old. They seem to be paralyzed in their front feet and die within two or three hours after they are paralyzed. I give them plenty of water and dry alfalfa hay. Some of the rabbits are weaned and some are not. The pen are dry and clean.

A.—Dry alfalfa is unsuitable feed. Give green stuff, roots, oats and wet tea leaves. Allow the rabbits a big yard for exercise. Keep the back out of the pen.

SPRAIN.—I have a mare, fourteen years old that has a sprain on her left hind leg. Some say it is blood spavin and that there is no cure for it. If true I do not wish to keep her, but will have her killed as I do not want to see her suffer. Will you advise me through COMFORT.

A.—There is no such condition as "blood spavin." That term sometimes erroneously is applied to "hog" spavin, a distention of the capsular ligament of the hock joint with synovia. Do not have the mare destroyed. Better take her to the hospital of a graduate veterinarian and arrange to have the spavin operated upon and the mare boarded until lameness subsides. We suspect that a bone spavin is causing the lameness.

CORON.—My Jersey cow, six years old, is in fine condition, eats well, but has a cough, and no discharge from the nose. I feed cornmeal, bran, oil cake meal and alfalfa hay. I had one of the best veterinarians in Los Angeles test her and she stood the test. She gives about five quarts a day of very rich milk. My little son lives on the milk.

A.—The tubercula test is reliable. A cow only fails to react to the test when free from the disease

How to Trap the Mink, Weasel and Muskrat

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

any kind of a meat bait will prove effective. A concealed trap, with the head of a rabbit for lure, placed under an upturned sod should be effective.

The muskrat is able to adapt itself to "encroaching civilization" and does not seem to mind whether human habitation is near or not, so long as food can be obtained. Generally speaking, the muskrat is found all over America.

The muskrat is the only one of the smaller animals that eats vegetables exclusively. The best baits—of the natural kind—are apples, corn, parsnips, potatoes, carrots or in fact almost any vegetable that the muskrats could not get easily for themselves. If the animals have an abundance of corn near them use apples. The idea is to offer them something that they cannot easily get in nearby fields.

Most muskrats are taken early in the season, notwithstanding the fact that they get their best pelts late in winter and spring. The reason for this is obvious when one considers that during the cold weather the muskrat is not very active.

Most pelt hunters prefer the Number One trap for taking this fur bearer. This will be found very effective, especially if the fastening may be made in deep water so the animals will drown when caught.

The easiest way to catch the muskrat is to arrange traps at the foot of slides—usually not too close together—in about three inches of water. I mention this depth for the reason that traps placed in shallower water invariably catch the fur bearers by the short and weak front legs, rather than by the longer and stronger hind ones. Employ no bait of any kind. If the water is too deep, build a foundation of mud, stones or other material; if too shallow, scoop out an excavation.

In shallow water, build small mounds, the tops of which are just above the surface. Scoop out excavations and conceal with water soaked leaves or grass, traps. The excavations ought to be deep enough so that when the traps are in position they will be covered with water. It is not necessary to employ a lure. Muskrats traveling up or down the stream will climb the mounds and may get caught.

Often runways may be found leading from one shallow pond to another. These are water trails, probably a foot or so wide and a few inches deep.

Traps set at the entrances almost invariably are successful.

Another good plan is to place small pieces of bait on a small, inclined stick. The parsnip is very good because of its pungent odor. Under the decoys set one or more traps.

I have taken the skins in the following manner: First, I arrange a pumpkin in shallow water, build a sort of a fence around the pumpkin with sticks, leaving three or four openings guarded with traps.

In shallow water, incline a board at a sharp angle, one end firmly wedged in the mud and the other a few inches above the surface of the water. This board ought to be about six inches wide, supported at one end with two stakes holding it firmly. Arrange two nails at a suitable depth below the water to catch and hold the trap securely. On the board, above the water, place the bait. A muskrat in climbing the board will get caught.

or so thoroughly saturated with the germs of the disease and their poisons that tuberculin can have no effect. As your cow is in good condition and has not reacted to the test we should consider her free from tuberculosis. It would be well, however, to have her tested at intervals of six months for fear the disease was not sufficiently advanced to cause a reaction at the first test. Cough may be due to any one of a large number of causes. Possibly the veterinarian who makes the examination can determine the exact cause in this case, but we cannot do so without seeing the cow. Wet all dusty feed and keep the stable clean and perfectly ventilated.

WEAK STIFLES.—My pony, four years old, had the distemper last March and during the time almost lost the use of his hind legs, just dragged his feet. Now, after being still a few moments he will drag his feet a few steps and jerk them up as though he had strung halt; they pop when he raises them. After a little time he travels as well as ever.

A.—The muscles and ligaments of the stifles joints, at the flanks, are weak and allow the patella (kneecap) to slip out of place and back again with a snapping sound. This may subside, if you feed generously and once or twice daily rub the joints and around them with a liniment composed of half an ounce each of aqua ammonia and turpentine and four ounces of druggists' soap liniment shaken up with eleven ounces of water.

WORMS.—Will you tell me what to do for worms in horses, also how to know if they are present without seeing them?

Mrs. M. R. L.
A.—If worms are present a fur of sooty substance usually may be found about the anus and the infected horse commonly is thin, listless and has a strong coat of hair and a ravenous appetite. Mix together equal quantities of powdered copperas, salt and sulphur by weight, and of this mix one tablespoonful in the feed night and morning for a week, then stop for ten days and then give the powder for another week. Omit copperas for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur.

RED WATER.—My cow came fresh last spring with her third calf; shortly after blood passed with the urine, becoming worse through the summer and fall. Now her urine is nearly all blood and she is poor and weak. What is the trouble and is there a cure?

H. E. J.
A.—This disease known technically as hematuria, and commonly as "red water" usually is caused by acid plants in wild pasture or some micro-organism derived from wild grasses or surface water and when confirmed may prove incurable. Keep the cow off pasture and provide her with well water and perfectly sound feed. Do not feed small hay. Mix flaxseed meal with

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the feed and add one teaspoonful each of powdered copperas and alum. If she is pregnant omit copperas and increase the alum.

WORMS.—Will you tell me if dried sulphate of iron, sulphur and salt would be good to give a horse for worms and in what proportion?

G. T. H.
A.—As prescribed here over and over again give for the destruction of worms in horses a mixture of equal quantities by weight of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron (copperas). Dose for an adult horse one tablespoonful night and morning in the feed for one week, then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur.

DEBILITATED APPETITE.—My horse eats dirt. I give her hay, oats, corn and sometimes fodder. For the last month or two she has been running on green grass an hour or two each day.

Mrs. A. H.
A.—If possible allow the mare free access to poplar "popple" boughs and trunks as the bark is a good corrective in such cases as you describe. If you cannot do this mix in each feed a tablespoonful of a mixture of three parts of powdered wood charcoal and part of bicarbonate of soda. Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian and if worms are seen in the droppings give worm medicine, often prescribed here, instead of charcoal and soda.

SWELLING.—I have a few Belgian hares and two of the does have a soft and stuffy swelling under the throat. Can you tell me what the cause of the swelling is? I feed the rabbits mostly clover, grass and carrots. The rabbits seem to be in good health otherwise.

Mrs. H. K.
A.—Enlargement of the thyroid gland may be present, or a dropical swelling due to a debilitating disease such as tuberculosis, or there may be a sac containing a grub. An examination would be necessary to determine the exact nature of the condition present. If you think it worth while have a veterinarian make the examination.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a young mare with her first colt. At times she can hardly walk. The trouble is in her hind legs.

T. G. G.
A.—Weakness of the muscles and ligaments of the stifles joints at the flanks allows the patella (kneecap) of each joint to slip out of place now and then. The cap may, in many cases, be heard to snap back into place. Once daily rub a stimulating liniment upon the joints and around them. If this does not suffice you should have a trained veterinarian blister the joints, one at a time at intervals of two or three weeks. The mare may outgrow the weakness.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a three-year-old colt that is stiffed. When he gallops he is a little awkward with his hind legs. When he steps there is a snap in the stifles joint. It is swollen below the stifles joint.

L. D. D.
A.—When a horse is "stiffed" the patella (kneecap) of the joint is out of place (dislocated) and the leg thrusts stiffly backward. In the case in question there is weakness of the stifles and infection of the navel at birth would be a possible cause. Rub in ten per cent iodine tincture or vasogen daily or use a proprietary absorbent which you can buy at a drug-store.

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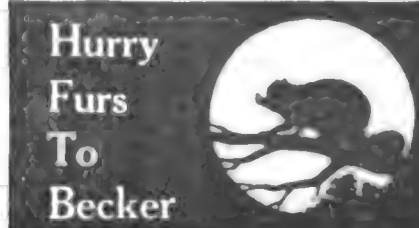
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In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Cousins, Montana.—A lady, if she wishes to, takes a gentleman's arm when it is offered. (2) We would not consider either you or your cousin too large. (3) Do not expect too much money on your wardrobe, even if you are going to a city high school this winter. Two school frocks, several extra waists—perhaps some plain flannel ones; one simple evening gown, and a street and traveling costume should be all that you need.

A Lady, Eaton, Ind.—If you wish to offer refreshments to the gentleman who calls to see you Sunday evenings, a good time to do so would be about a half hour before he generally leaves—or the time you wish him to leave. (2) It is neither necessary nor proper to offer any lunch to a young man who sees you home from an affair on Sunday night, or any other night of the week.

Bothered, Oneonta, Ala.—Just go your own way and do not worry seriously about a young man that you have known for seven years, and whom you did not hear from until two years after you stopped correspondence with him. You might not hear from him for four years the next time. Give him a chance to prove the earnestness of these second attentions of his by paying little heed to him and treating him with indifference. This may be hard, if you really care for him, but try it and see what happens.

Worried, Watauga Falls, N. C.—How do you know the young man you love has ceased to care for you because he has enlisted in the navy and will be leaving town in a few days? Would you want him not to go? And how do you think Uncle Sam would get on if every young man that loved a girl stayed behind to tell her so? He will have time to think of you when he gets away, and will probably come home all the happier to meet you—even if you did once "quit talking."

Belle, Plummer, Minn.—If it were not a serious thing when a girl falls in love with a young man the first time she meets him, and feels that she "can never love anybody else," we would say that you had written a six-page letter without much reason. Certainly this young man does not seem to show any signs of having fallen in love with you. You say one "has to go half ways anyway," but it is a difficult job if there is three quarters or seven eighths of the distance to travel. If the young man lives within five miles of your home and you expect to meet him at this dance—be with another girl, perhaps—we think that you and your sister might manage to suggest to him that you would be glad to see something of him at your home occasionally. But be careful; the average young man is a wary and shy creature, and does not like to be stalked in public. Why not give a dance at your own house and see that he is there.

Your Friend, Onemee, N. Dak.—In the case of introductions you do not mention first the person you are with, as you suggest, but you always introduce a gentleman to a lady—mentioning the lady's name first; and it is considered best to introduce a younger person to an older, in which case the latter is addressed first. In the case of a person of superior rank or distinction, the same rule holds. It is not necessary to shake hands when introduced, but it is kind and courteous to do so. It is optional with the lady if she chooses to offer her hand. (2) You do not write badly, and what is more important, your spelling is correct.

Anxious, Maneva, Ill.—As it is a Cartersville custom for young ladies to wear on their "ring fingers" gold band rings that have been given them by young men, we are very sure that no one will call you improper if you wear one too. (2) It is not at all bad form for two sisters to go buggy riding with a young man on Sunday afternoons; on the contrary, it is a pleasant and proper thing to do—but the buggy ought to have a wide seat, and the Cartersville roads be good ones.

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Soldier's Sweetheart, Greenmount, Tenn.—We think you had best wait until the war ends before marrying your soldier lover—particularly as you are but seventeen. Most assuredly it was right for you to kiss him good-bye before he left you, and he should have been court-martialed if he had taken his departure without having you do it—and more than once, too. (2) We would not consider you too large for your age, although most girls of seventeen are not so well developed.

Bright Eyes, Spring Hope, N. C.—You write that you are nineteen and have been "going together" for two years with the boy of twenty that you are engaged to. Our advice is that you wait two more years before you marry. You will be sure of yourselves and each other, and more ready to meet the difficult situations that sometimes arise in married life. (2) Yes, engaged couples may sit together on a porch—with a light in the parlor, as you specify—and they may kiss, too, but not too much.

Blue Eyes, Merrill, Iowa.—We do not think you are too young at eighteen to be receiving attention from a young man who lives neighbor to your home. You state your parents and his, also, have no objections. But we would not think of marriage, unless for some special reason, for a couple of years yet. (2) It is best not to give gifts to a young man to whom you are not engaged, but if you wish you might present him on his birthday with something simple and inexpensive that you had made with your own hands, such as a cravat, or an initialed handkerchief, perhaps.

June Girl, Holden, Mo.—The phrase "How are you," is a conventional one and does not always need to be answered as a question. If the inquiry was made to someone who had been ill it would be a different matter, and also in the case of friends meeting after a prolonged interval.

Irish Rose, Griggs, Okla.—If you are writing a story you should most certainly use ink, or better yet have it typewritten as is done with practically all literary work nowadays. Those who pass judgment in editorial offices have neither the time nor the inclination to decipher strange handwriting. The usual size paper used is eight and one half by eleven inches, and a good quality can be purchased for about a dollar a ream. Write only on one side of the sheet.

Lonely One, Mayberry, Va.—If a young man asks permission to call on you at your home, and you wish him to do so, you can tell him that you will be very glad to see him when he comes. If you wish to refuse you can make some simple excuse, or else let him see in some manner that his attentions are unwelcome.

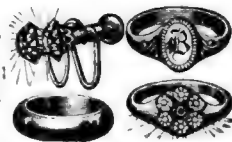
R. C. A. J., Roanoke, Va.—You may, if you wish, call up on the phone and say good-bye to a young man who is leaving your vicinity and cannot get to your home to see you before he leaves. But it would be better that he called you up. (2) You may be



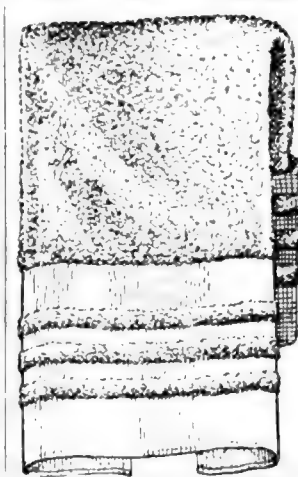
ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere and Watchchain, pair of Pierced Ear Bobs, Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with 1m. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. DEPT. 73 EAST BOSTON, MASS.



Pair Of Turkish Towels



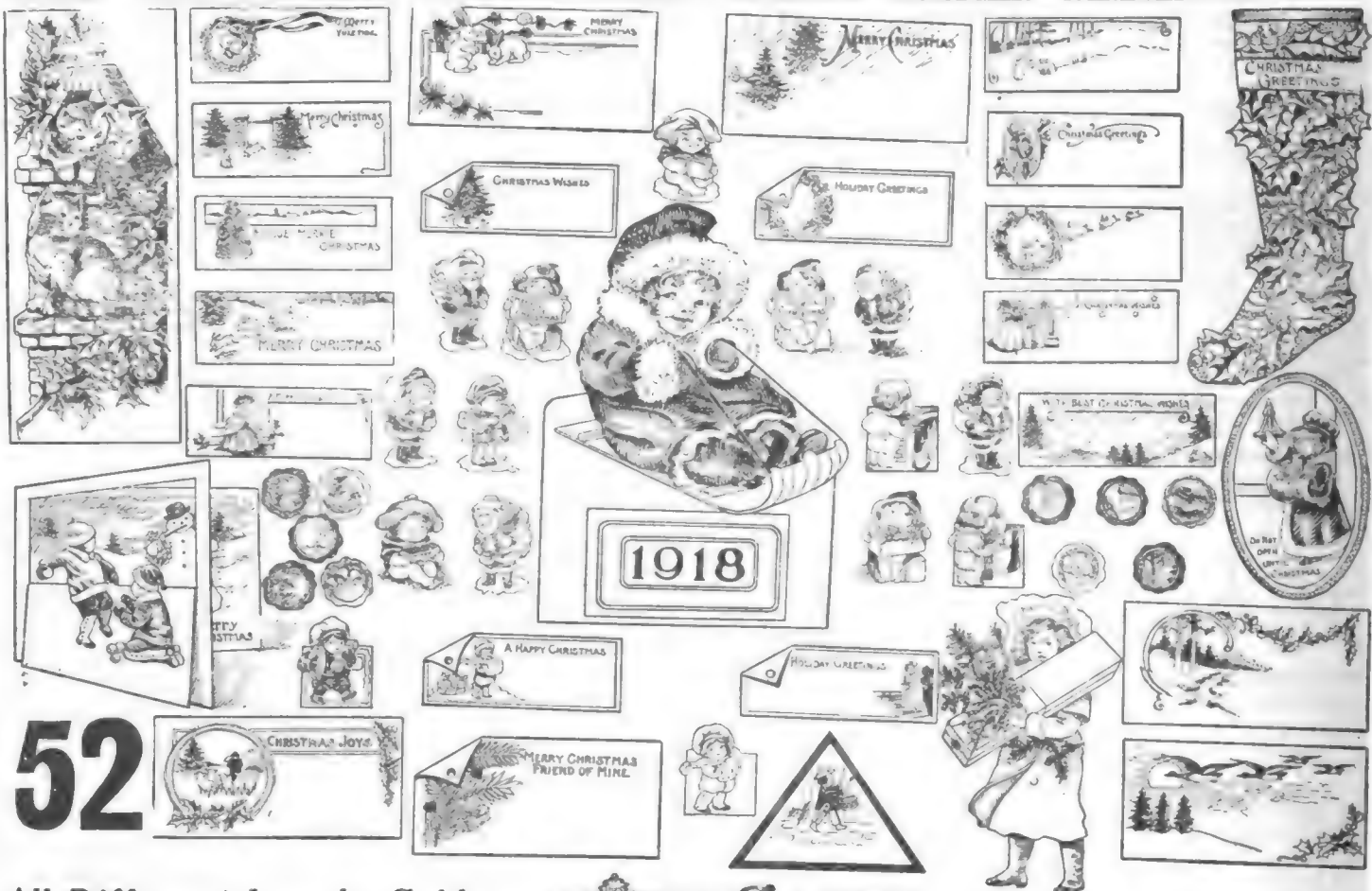
Premium No. 7323

For Three Subscriptions

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, in kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 37 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7323. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Beautiful Christmas Novelties!



52

All Different Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut-Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags Etc.,

Premium No. 7931

All Sent Postpaid To You For Only One Subscription

Also An Exquisite Christmas Calendar For 1918!

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc. add to the value of the Christmas gift. Even though it may be only a little remembrance these bright colored tokens of joy and happiness show that loving thought has gone into it and care and pains have been taken with it and this knowledge changes the plainest, most inexpensive present into a gift well-nigh priceless.

The ordinary small town stores do not carry these strictly high-grade Christmas novelties packages—they are to be secured only in the large cities and at a high price. So for the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1918 Christmas Calendar 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 1/2 inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:
One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.
Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.
Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.
Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.
Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Polarisette, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Christmas."
Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.
One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1918.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags, and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joy," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts to say nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

And don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1918, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

This splendid collection will furnish your whole family with all the Holiday Gift Decorations needed for this Christmas and they will surely add to the pleasure of your giving and the gifts themselves will be all the more appreciated by the recipients. We purchased a large quantity of these Novelty Packages but even at that we fear we have not enough to go around so take no chances of being disappointed but send in your order at once. Also Christmas will be here almost before you are aware of it, and you want to make sure of receiving your package in time so that you can get your Christmas packages already before Christmas Day.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar for 1918 upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7931. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Us Only 3 Cents

For These Three Beautiful Dressing Dolls With Nine Dresses And Nine Hats

CHILDREN are delighted with these beautiful new dressing dolls with their bright, happy faces and so many different changes of dresses and hats. For only three cents in money or stamps to pay for postage and labor, we will send you prepaid all three dolls with nine dresses or suits and nine hats, and also tell you how you can get absolutely free a whole set of doll furniture and a large beautiful doll house complete with yard, flowers, chimney and windows and doors that actually open and shut. Each of these dolls is over six inches tall, printed on thick heavy cardboard in many handsome lifelike colors and has three different dresses or suits and three different hats, so that you can dress and undress them as often as you please and get them ready for any and all occasions such as receptions, at homes, teas, evening parties, calling, shopping, outings, etc. Remember, three cents pay for all—and we will at the same time write and tell you how you can also get a splendid doll house and a complete housekeeping set of furniture for your three dollies absolutely free. This offer good in United States only.

Address COMFORT, Dept. D, Augusta, Maine.

Barking DOG



For A Club Of Two!

YOU simply press down on top of "doggy's" head and he opens his mouth and barks right out loud. And not only does he bark like a real dog but he looks like one. With his alert sparkling eyes, long drooping ears, and upturned inquisitive nose he is a perfect likeness of a cute little pup. In color he is pure white with brown spots. His body, head and legs are made of practically indestructible material covered with soft thick felt; the marvelous mechanism in the throat that produces the bark is so constructed that it will not easily get out of order.

These wonderful barking dogs come from Japan where they make some of the finest mechanical toys in the world. In spite of the war we managed to import a limited quantity of them and while they last we are going to send them free to COMFORT homes where there are little boys and girls. Doggy looks so lifelike and his sharp yelping bark sounds so natural we know he will surely delight the children more than anything else you could possibly get for them. We will send you this fine barking dog exactly as illustrated and described free upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer: For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this cute novelty, Barking Dog free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7892.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish Will Fit Any Wrist



For A Club Of Three

HERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim "My, what a beautiful bracelet!" the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wear qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is self-adjusting. It will fit any size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each:

No. 7413, January, Garnet; No. 7423, February, Amethyst; No. 7433, March, Bloodstone; No. 7443, April, Diamond; No. 7453, May, Emerald; No. 7463, June, Agate; No. 7473, July, Ruby; No. 7483, August, Sardonyx; No. 7493, September, Sapphire; No. 7503, October, Opal; No. 7513, November, Topaz; No. 7523, December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing as a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

Letty's Vacation Adventure

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

THIS is to be a very busy month for Letty for, you know, school opens in a few days and she is going to start. Her mamma has been teaching her the "a, b, c's" and Letty knows them pretty well, but my goodness, there are heaps of other things in books that she must learn also. Every pupil has to study hard or else be known as a "dunce." Our little friend has longed to go to school ever since she was a wee baby, but now that the first day is near, she is getting frightened and just wishes it was over. You can't blame her either for even grown folks hate to do new things, but all will be well if she minds the teacher's rule.

Did I tell you of the splendid time she had visiting at her Aunt Beck's? No? That's strange. You see, her aunt lives in a big city, where street cars run right by the door, and Letty visited there all summer. The first night everything was so noisy and the bed felt so funny that she couldn't sleep a wink. It seemed as though morning would never come but at last daylight did appear and she quietly arose and dressed herself. Not another soul was stirring in the house so she just sat down and looked out the window. One glance nearly caused her to fall over in a faint, for right there in her aunt's front yard, was a great big elephant. Letty wanted to scream but she couldn't. Her lips moved but no voice would come. The window was up a little bit and, when she hastily reached over to close it, her hand struck a vase of flowers and it fell clattering to the ground, right near the awful beast's head. Hor-

ror of horrors! It looked up and saw her. For the very life of her she could not budge. Fright had made her as rigid as a stone image. But oh, how she did pray. The elephant picked up the bouquet of fresh flowers neatly with his trunk and dropped it into his yawning mouth. A few crunches of his huge jaws and it had disappeared, and then he looked at Letty again and stuck his horrid trunk right in the window as much as to say, "Have you anything more to eat?" By this time the child had somewhat recovered from the shock she had suffered and strange to say did not feel so terribly frightened after all. Her small traveling bag was still unpacked and she remembered that there was lunch in it. After what seemed an age, she got it open and tossed a bun to the huge beggar. Greedily he devoured it and looked for more. When there was no more he trumpeted loudly. This brought searchers with ropes and sharp pointed sticks. They were circus men and the elephant had sneaked away on them. He was stubborn and now refused to move. As if by magic a big crowd gathered to see the fun. Aunt Beck's flower beds were all trampled. Not one inch would the elephant move even though they poked him till he bled. For an hour they coaxed and beat him in vain. Wherever Letty went the beast's pathetic gaze followed her. This gave the head man an idea and he said: "Little girl I believe he'd follow you, will you try to lead him back?" Letty was not afraid to try now so she took hold of the chain and walked toward the circus ground, the men pointing the way to her. It was a queer procession. Newspaper men called and asked her many questions and that night her picture was in every paper. They called her "The girl who conquered an elephant," but Letty just smiles and says, "I didn't conquer him, I was kind to him, that's all."



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the whole picture on smooth cardboard and rub with hands from the center towards the edges to press out all wrinkles. Use boiled flour paste. When neatly pasted put it in a big book for at least one day or night to dry. Next cut out each figure, hat and suit with scissors

and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. To put the hats on, cut a slot where the dotted lines are and push them down on the head. The extending flaps are bent back to hold the costumes on. The doll will stand alone if the ends of the strip under it are bent back at right angles.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

to the fever that would make him drain his water-jug before the morning, but each and all of them better than seeing, as he did now, how she would not meet his eyes. But the last person who should know he cared was Levallion's wife.

"You will tell Levallion"—after all, he was not as callous, or, perhaps, as brave, as she; he could not say "your husband"—"that I had no idea I should not find him here. Perhaps he will look me up in town."

"Is that all?" she said stupidly, seeing only how very ill he looked as he stood before her.

"All?" surprised. "Yes, I wanted to thank him; it was through him I got to the front."

"I thought," she was faltering, and she hated herself.

"Do you know," she said with sudden, vicious cruelty, "that you have never congratulated me on my marriage?" and then could have died of shame, for he was answering her as a man does who is born, not made, a gentleman.

"Levallion is one of the best," quietly. "Certainly I congratulate you."

Yet the words were hardly out of his mouth before she was angry again that he, who had deceived her, should say them.

"Here is Levallion," she cried. "You had better congratulate him!"

He bit his lips that he had not gone before; turned sharply, and struck his shattered arm against her chair. The grinding torture turned the daylight black—he was going—going—

With a quick cry Lady Levallion leaped forward and caught him as he fell in a dead faint.

Long afterward the scene came up before her husband's eyes, just as those two had looked against the sunset. And at the memory of her quick, inarticulate cry he buried his worn, handsome face in his hands. But now Lord Levallion only lifted the weight that was too heavy for his wife's strong young arms and laid his cousin on the grass.

"The returned hero is not out of the graveyard yet!" he remarked. "Let him lie, Ravenel, and ring for the servants."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Boys! Girls! Look—See Who Is Here!

The "Comfort Twins"

American Made Unbreakable Dolls With Life-like Indestructible Composition Heads!



This Is "Josie" Premium No. 7345

This Is "Johnnie" Premium No. 7355

We Will Give You Both Dolls!

FOR eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you both dolls—Josie and Johnnie—free by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 7366). Or for five one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you one doll—your choice of Josie (Premium No. 7345), or Johnnie (Premium No. 7355), free by parcel post prepaid. When ordering be sure to give the premium number of doll or dolls wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DON'T they look as if they were out for a good time? And wouldn't you like to have them to play with? The little boy's name is Johnnie, his sister's name is Josie and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll having a life-like head made of an indestructible composition, a new style cloth body and the latest improved jointed arms and legs which never get out of order. Neither doll can be broken because both head and body are indestructible. They are over a foot tall with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and dressed just as you see them in the picture. Josie has on a cute red-and-white checked dress with a handsome blue sash and trimmed with lace around the neck. Johnnie is dressed in pretty blue-and-white checked rompers with lace trimming and blue belt. You can dress and undress these dolls as often as you please, make them stand up or sit down or bend over and by moving their arms and legs around in different positions you can get them to look exactly as if they were walking, running, stretching out their arms, waving their hands, in fact they will cut up most any antic that might be expected of a real live healthy two-year-old baby boy or girl. They look so life-like in their baby clothes with their happy smiling faces you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. You may have either doll—your choice of either Josie or Johnnie—or both of them free as a COMFORT premium as we have bought a quantity of them to be distributed in this manner. Remember these are real American made unbreakable dolls—not paper "cut-outs" or "rag" dolls—with a strong durable stuffed cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an indestructible composition head that will not break. They will last a long time.



Xmas Tree Outfit—\$3

Complete—Postpaid

Play Safe—Light Your Tree Electrically

Candles are dangerous. Don't turn your Christmas tree into a tragedy. Xmas tree electric lights keep your tree lighted with perfect safety and less expense than candles—Send \$3.00 and we will mail postpaid a complete Xmas tree outfit consisting of 8 variously colored tungsten lamps with 16 ft. silk-line wire attachment plug that will fit any socket in your home.

If house is not wired, we can furnish a similar outfit to be used with batteries, same price. Battery box including 3 long-lasting batteries and connectors \$1.00 extra.

Outfit will last a lifetime—approved by insurance companies, used by churches, schools and institutions.

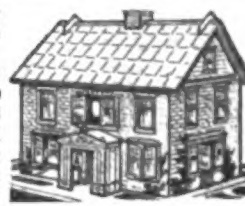
Order as many as you want. Specify whether for use on electric circuit or batteries. Send check, post office or express money order.

LUMINO ELECTRIC COMPANY
239-M Oliver Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send for catalogue of other Lumino Products.

DOLL HOUSE

And 2 Dolls FREE

with 10 complete suits and hats. Beautiful bright colors. Given for selling only 12 sets of Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10 cts. a set. BLUMINE MFG. CO., 303 Mill St., Concord, Mass.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at drugists.



FREE. Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years. For selling 10 sets and religious pictures up to 100 sets each at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 428 Chicago



BIRTHSTONE RINGS FREE. 14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send also Engle's Jewelry Co., Dept. 60, East Boston, Mass.

Read The Whole Story Now!



"THE Girl He Loved" will hold you entranced to the very end. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book free by mail postpaid. Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by accepting this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



Premium No. 7514

FOR A CLUB OF FOUR!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7514.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answers, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

A. B., Falmouth, Ky.—You are suffering from some form of indigestion with the formation of gas. The gas reacts on the heart by pressure and you have the shortness of breath complained of. You must go back to first principles and eat sparingly and often. Strained oat-meal, which has been cooked for hours, whole wheat biscuit thinned with skimmed milk, green vegetables, fruits of the orange type, and most of the cereals in which has been mixed ordinary bran, about a tablespoonful to the helping, should help your stomach to digest and also limit the formation of gas. If possible you should eat sparingly five or six times a day instead of three times a day. Of course pastry of any kind, candies and all sweets should be avoided. Drink plenty of good spring water and in this way flush the kidneys. You are apparently exercising sufficiently, but the out-of-door life is indicated in your case as you are gaining in flesh, but evidently not in muscle. A cold douche to the spine, just before you retire, followed by a brisk general massage, would stimulate the peripheral circulation and probably limit your sleeplessness.

Miss I. W., Paris, Ill.—Eczema of any form—and there are many—is one of the worst forms of skin disease to conquer or even help. The doctor's advice to keep the hands out of dish-water was good advice. No form of treatment will help you if you do not follow this advice. Eczema in general is of rheumatic origin and requires about the same treatment as to diet, hygiene and medication. If not too debilitated a diet of milk—skimmed milk—with boiled rice only, is indicated in the average case. This diet should be adhered to for two or three weeks at a time. After a course of diet along these lines there may be added green vegetables, coarse cereals combined with some form of bran and fruits. Frequent bathing is indicated, using in the bath some simple alkali, as bicarbonate of soda. Exercise in the open is always beneficial, as well as the drinking of at least two quarts of water daily. Lassar's paste in a strength adapted to the given case is very beneficial as a local remedy. This remedy, however, must be prescribed by a physician.

M. M. M. G., North Branch, Minn.—You may have injured or fractured the tip of the coccyx, when you fell on the cement floor. This is probable and of course will require surgical treatment. You may also have a uterine displacement, which also requires medical aid. You should consult a good physician and ascertain the exact condition and act on his advice.

Miss L. P. A., Beaver, Mo.—You undoubtedly refer to arthritis deformans, so-called. This condition is almost incurable, certainly the hope of complete recovery is not to be thought of or encouraged in any case. The latest and possibly the best treatment is the introduction of radium intra-venously. Radium water must also be drunk at the same time. Diet of course is essential as well as the drinking of large quantities of water. The diet indicated has many times been repeated in COMFORT and may be referred to under the general heading of an anti-rheumatic diet. The local application of oil of wintergreen is also useful.

M. S., Arcadi, S. Dak.—There are many remedies for the weakness referred to. One of the best is some form of strychnia. Would advise you also to consult some surgeon and have the condition of the prostate gland looked into. The introduction of cold sound would also help you. Consult some local surgeon and he, no doubt will help, if not absolutely cure you.

F. J. M., Mattheson, Colo.—If you cannot consult a good ear specialist, use some warm liquidaseline in the deaf ear—never use olive oil, or any oil that becomes rancid, for this purpose. After you have used the vaseline for a few days, get an ear syringe and syringe out the ear with hot water. In this way you will dislodge any hardened wax that may possibly be causing your trouble.

Mrs. R. C., Batavia, New York.—Bleeding piles are best cured by the use of the clamp and cautery. This of course means a slight operation, but it will relieve your condition permanently.

S. S., St. Vincent, Cal.—May be you have a slight stricture of the urethra, or may be your urine is too acid and this causes your frequent urination. Also you may have an enlarged gland near the neck of the bladder—known as the prostate gland. In any case you should consult a doctor and get at the true condition. Always drink plenty of water, in any case.

D. R., Palo Pinto, Texas.—There is no cure for hay fever. Many cases are relieved by local treatment, and if there is any nasal obstruction due to enlarged turbinates or deviation of the septum an

operation is indicated. In selected cases operation has been curative. One of the best means of getting rid of hay-fever is, at the onset, removal to the seashore or mountains. The best location can only be determined by actual trial.

Mrs. C. E. C., Hopkinton, N. H.—The noise in your ear is no doubt due to some catarrhal condition of the middle ear. You should have an ear specialist examine your nose and throat, and see if the tube running from the middle ear to the throat is not obstructed. In many cases one or two treatments will suffice and relieve not only the noise in the ear, but the dizziness as well.

S. M. S., Crystal Springs, Florida.—Prickly heat is a disease of the sweat glands. Nervous prostration, severe dyspepsia and general debility, seem to predispose to this condition. It follows, of course, that the patient should be kept as cool as possible, eat green vegetables—dispensing with all meats and condiments for the time being. Drink freely of water, especially of alkaline waters. Absolute rest is indicated. Locally alkaline baths are useful as well as dusting the body with boric acid powder.

Mrs. R. L. B., Buckingham, Colo.—Prolapsed rectum in the very young if properly managed, will be relieved or cured by the growth of the child. For the constipation one should use enemas, or suppositories of glycerine. Before use, of course the prolapse should be restored. If the natural growth does not cure, it may be necessary to operate.

L. M. S., Big Falls, Minn.—Nervous dyspepsia is hardly ever cured by the use of medicine. Your hot water in the morning is all right, but good exercise in the open, with suitable food of the simplest kind—butter-milk, various cereals, raw eggs, etc., are indicated. If possible change your mental attitude by getting interested in some useful occupation, which will keep your mind employed and, in the end, bodily tired, so you will have refreshing sleep.

Mrs. H. M., Ford City, Pa.—You have no doubt a serious condition of the cornea and, may be iris, of your eye. You should consult an eye specialist at once, and not experiment in the way you have been doing. Conditions, such as you describe, are always serious and must not be neglected.

M. B. B., Jacksonville, Ark.—Your trouble is undoubtedly pigmentation of the skin, caused in most cases by nervousness or worry. Cold douches to the spine with open air exercises will probably cure you.

Mrs. C. L. S., Burlington, Wash.—The general swelling that you describe must be due to some lesion of your kidneys or heart. You should consult a good general practitioner and have him if possible, locate your trouble. You should have your blood pressure taken also, to determine the condition of your arterial and vascular system. Your age and weight, would indicate that you may have hardening of the arteries as well as consequent kidney disease.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

What 15c Will You Bring from the Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 25th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what's going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper which pays your home of time or money, this is your means. If you would appreciate a paper which pays everything yours, this is your means. If you would like a paper which will send you the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. The Pathfinder, Box 79, Washington, D. C.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Mehill Snider, Cheadle, Mont. Miss Cora Macon, West Middletown, R. R. 1, Ohio. Inger Heide, Kenosha, R. R. 2, Box 119, Wis. Miss Tessie Spitzer, Goshen, R. R. 1, N. Y. P. N. Marengo, L. Box, 213, Ind. Miss Hazel Fox, Orrin, R. R. 1, N. Dak. Lester Davidson, Fossiland, R. R. 39, Ill., is unable to answer letters and return cards received every day, as he is in the Canadian army.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Large List, Dialogues, Entertainments, Recitations, Drills. **PLAYS** Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 6 Chicago, Ill.

FREE!—GENUINE EASTMAN PREMO FILM PACK CAMERA, Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/4, for selling 25 Art and Religious pictures, or 25 plays, post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. Send prepaid. GEO. GATES CO., Dept. 1828 - CHICAGO

FREE! Steam wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 25 Art and Religious pictures, or 25 plays, post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GEO. GATES CO., Dept. 225 Chicago

THIS AIR RIFLE IS FREE! for selling 15 sets of Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10c a set. Rifles first class in every way. When sold return our \$1.50 and we send rifle. Blaine Mfg. Co. 301 Mill St., CONCORD N. H.

What Shall I Give Them For Christmas?

HOW MANY TIMES do you ask yourself that question as the holidays draw near and you are making up your list of those whom you wish to remember with some appropriate yet inexpensive Xmas gift?

Oftentimes you find it almost impossible to decide—it even becomes a source of downright worry—because all of us like to feel that the presents we give are something that will be actually needed and appreciated by the recipients.

Why not let us help you solve at least one of your Christmas problems this year? We believe we know of one present that will bring more pleasant and more frequent reminders to your friends than almost anything else you could buy—and that is

A One-Year's Subscription To Comfort

Here is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 25 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail

A Beautiful Christmas Presentation Card

so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Date _____ 1917.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 25 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name _____

Street & No. _____ R. F. D. No. _____ Box No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name is _____

Street & No. _____ R. F. D. No. _____ Box No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 25 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

Self-Pronouncing Bible

Illustrated with Colored Maps

Premium No. 7444

Given For A Club Of Four



SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or pocket or hand bag, yet complete and unabridged containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments, is self-pronouncing and handsomely illustrated with colored maps showing different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 5 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a thousand pages finished with gold round corners and red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all Bible students at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7444. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Five Wheel Chairs in November

441 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The five November wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Elvis Willfert Williams, Camas, Washington, 200; Mrs. Laura Carroll, Fruitland, Tenn., 170; Callie Williams, Gainesville, Ark., 125; Annie Jack, Englewood, Tenn., 119; Mrs. Donie McCutchen, R. R. 1, Paden, Miss., 117.

Elvis Williams, age seven years, is a helpless cripple. His condition is caused by spinal trouble from which he has been a patient sufferer since infancy. Although he can not use his hands to roll his chair it will be a great comfort to him and a help to his mother in caring for him.

Mrs. Laura Carroll, age 56, has been helplessly crippled in her lower limbs the past five years from rheumatism of long standing. She is a widow dependent on her two young daughters for support. Mrs. Brannum, who with the help of other neighbors has got most of the subscriptions for Mrs. Carroll, writes that they are very anxious to obtain the chair for her this month.

Callie Williams, age eight years, was stricken with infantile paralysis at the age of 13 months. She has no use of either foot, so the only way she can get about is by crawling on hands and knees.

Annie Jack, age 10 years, is another victim of infantile paralysis and has never been able to walk.

Mrs. Donie McCutchen, age 38, has no use of her lower limbs, caused by disease of the nerves, and has not been able to walk the last three years. She has a husband and one child.

While this country is being canvassed daily to raise funds in aid of the war sufferers in Europe remember that we have among us thousands of poor cripples who are suffering from much needed wheel chairs, and don't neglect the call of charity at home. It costs you nothing but a little of your spare time to help these unfortunate by getting COMFORT subscriptions in aid of our Wheel-Chair Club. Make a practical application of the Christmas spirit in this way, and may you be abundantly blessed for doing so.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Gives Her Lots of Pleasure
SARDIS, OHIO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received my wheel chair in good condition last Saturday and am certainly pleased with it. I can go all over the house now in my wheel chair. I used to have to sit in a common chair and be pushed. Now I can move about myself. I shall have my picture taken and will send you one. I want to send one to each of my friends who helped get the subscriptions for my chair. I am very thankful to you and to you, as the chair will give me lots of pleasure. Yours respectfully, BERTHA LUCILLA STEWART.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help to Mother in Caring for Crippled Boy
ANNA, OHIO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: We want to thank you and our friends for the wheel chair for our little boy, Walter. It is a great help to me in taking care of him, as he is so large to carry about. It certainly is fine for a cripple. Will close with many thanks. MR. and MRS. C. E. SLATBAUGH.

Wheel Chair a Lot of Comfort to Little Girl Cripple
FITZPATRICK, GA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: We received Dottie's wheel chair today in fine shape and we are well pleased with it. I wish to thank you and all who helped me get it. It will be a lot of comfort to her. Your friend, MARY E. LANIER.

Says Wheel Chair is Pretty Fine
DANIELSVILLE, R. R. 2, GA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received the wheel chair for my little girl and it is pretty nice. I am well pleased with it. I thank you and all my friends who helped me to get it. The chair is a great help to me and a pleasure to her. From Fannie May Hix's mamma, SARAH HIX.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Ed. Williams, Wash., for Elvis Willfert Williams, 200; Etta Clark, Ala., for Susie Harbin, 100; Jim S. Gardner, Texas, for own wheel chair, 76; Mrs. L. Brannum, Tenn., for Mrs. Laura Carroll, 60; Mrs. Pollie Spinks, La., for Gertrude Robinson, 51; Mrs. Roy L. Conat, Minn., for Mrs. Lawrence Olson, 47; Mrs. P. M. Adams, Ga., for Alma Adams, 32; Mrs. J. M. Baker, Ga., for Florine Weidman, 30; Mrs. R. W. Phillips, New Mexico, for Bernie Phillips, 27; Roy Smith, Okla., for O. L. Smith, 26; Mrs. Jannie Scott, Mich., for Lyle B. Gibson, 24; Mrs. Allie Walker, Ky., for Marie Wallace, 23; Lilla Lane, Texas, for Harlan Lane, 21; Kate Timmons, Ky., for Dixie Marie Wallace, 20; Mrs. Mary Cline, Texas, for Harlan Lane, 20; Mrs. Ora Smith, La., for May Belle McGraw, 20; Mrs. John Kravik, Wash., for Alvin Corbit, 15; Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, La., for Clifford Kennedy, 13; W. F. Wilson, Ala., for Loyie Belle Taylor, 12; Mrs. Ed. Stillwell, Texas, for Howard E. Stillwell, 12; Mrs. Jerry Jansen, Ill., for Carl G. Jansen, 10; Mrs. Mattie Wall, Tenn., for Mrs. Laura Carroll, 10; Mrs. Ollie Nisk, Texas, for Izola Nisk, 10; M. L. Burkett, Ill., for Willie Price, 9; Mrs. A. B. Gardner, Pa., for General S. Willie Price, N. C. for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. Mary Karnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 8; Mrs. S. M. Hunnicutt, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 7; C. R. Pace, Okla., for Garnett Pace, 6; Mrs. Geo. J. Betty, Nevada, for Callie Williams, 6; Mrs. Chas. H. Prest, Miss., for General S. Willie Price, 5; Mrs. Fanny Land, Neb., for Alvin Corbit, 5; Mrs. Arthur L. Boice, Ohio, for Willie Price, 5; Mabel Foster, Miss., for General S.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendels, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 42-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Do You Want To Travel At Our Expense? We want good men and women for traveling general agents. Must have fair education and good references. Will make contract for three months, six months or year at salary \$2.50 per week and necessary expenses. Can assign most any territory desired. For full particulars address George G. Clows Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-F.

Remnant Store, 1816 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargain Business. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents \$60 a week to travel by Automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal-oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free offer. Thomas Co., 819 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything, men and women \$30 to \$500 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for samples. Madison Mills, 603 Broadway, New York City.

1917's Greatest Sensation! 11-piece toilet goods combination selling like blazes at \$1.00 with \$1.00 Carving Set Free. Everybody buys. Write quick for details. Free. Pierce Bros. & Co., 505 Pierce Bldg., Chicago.

Agents \$40 a week, New, Patented, automatic wardrobe. No nails, no screws. No competition. Demonstrate and sale is made. Dusen can be carried. Write quick for sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2519 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents. Sell rich looking 3x6 1/2 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 112 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer; selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 96c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Gas Fire In Coal Stoves from coal-oil; cheaper than coal; agents bonanza. Wonder Burner Co., Dept. C, Columbus, Ohio.

33% Profit selling Jubilee Spark Intensity to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. K-1, Omaha, Neb.

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over \$500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No Capital Required. We furnish Goods On Time. Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 508 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—200% Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Feltman, Mgr., 3213 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—Butter 4c a pound. Produced by the Pilot Butter Maker. Enormous money saving investment. Housewives delighted. Eager buyers. Wild excitement wherever demonstrated. Demand enormous. Outfit free to workers. Act quick. Pilot Butter Maker Company, Desk 72, Marshall, Mich.

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. \$50.00 to \$100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$100,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, Sanitary Products interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-Operative Mfg. Co., Dept. 28, Monticello, Ind.

Agents \$40 a Week selling guaranteed hosiery. For men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Trigue Wear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free Samples. Nacma, 21-D, 30 W. Lake, Chicago.

We Pay \$36 A Week And Expenses to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, Parsons, Kans.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.95. You sell housewives for only \$1.95. Biggest seller of the age. 3 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others clearing \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Free Sample Case Offer. Sell money saving food, household products. Earn \$25 to \$35 weekly. Enormous profits—repeat orders—steady work. Established 1883. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-262, Chicago.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, Pennants. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk K, Chicago, Ill.

Men and Women Make \$35 or more weekly selling Sanitary Brushes for every household use. Big profits, easy work. All or part time. Furitan Co., Dept. E, 1946 W. Way, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Free—Beautiful girl, 18 colors, 12x16 with War Book, 100 photo-illustrations. Worth \$1. Special price 50c. Guarino Co., 319 E. 105 St., New York.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

We Will Accept Your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct free—and sell on Commission. Big rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31 Auburn, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Weekly, Desk 45, Wash. D. C.

FARMS FOR SALE

Do You Want A Farm where largest profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as \$15 to \$25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 19, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Eveready Daylo Electric Flashlight on ten day trial. \$1.00. Catalog. Vulcan Elec. Equip. Co., 1025 Woodward Bldg., Wash., D. C.

PIGS FOR SALE

O. I. C. Hogs. All ages. Large. Prolific. Best Breeding. Ped. furn. Pair pigs mated \$20. W. D. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Misplaced Glasses

A traveler entered an inn where a Quaker sat by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles and rubbing his eyes, which looked very inflamed, the newcomer in one breath called for some brandy and made a grievous complaint about his eyes.

"They are getting weaker and weaker," said he. "And now even the spectacles appear to do no good."

The Quaker looked first at him and then at the brandy.

"I'll tell thee, friend, what I think," said he. "If thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

Surprised Her

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Did she resent it?"

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—Kansas City Star.



Proof Positive

The teacher had been giving a reading on the anatomy of the body.

"Now, you see," she said, as she closed her book and laid it on the table, "the trunk is in the middle part of the body. You understand that, don't you?"

"All the children except one chorused, 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"You understand it, too?" asked the teacher of the little boy who had not spoken with the others.

"It's not so, ma'am," answered little Stephen.

"Why," said the teacher, in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy earnestly, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant!"

Couldn't Deny It

It was the rush hour in one of those quick lunch places where you help yourself in the city and use the arm of your chair as a table. A man called for a piece of pie and chose a chair; then, remembering that he wanted coffee, he dashed over to the service counter. When he returned with his coffee his chair was occupied by another hurry-up diner.

"Excuse me," said the first man, "But this is my chair!"

"How do you know it is your chair?" demanded the occupant, in a surly tone.

"Because I can prove it," stated the first man.

"How can you prove it?" asked the occupant.

"By your trousers," was the reply.

"You are sitting on my pie."

"I Don't Know"

Teacher—"What are the three words you use most?"

Senior—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."

Now and Then

Grouchy Stranger (to native)—"I suppose you know all the sights about here, eh?"

Native—"Oh, no. There's always new ones comin' round."

The Call of Duty

"What does my little man want to buy today? Candy?" asked the storekeeper as James entered.

"You betcher life I do," corroborated James, "but I gotter buy soap."

All He Could Stand

The doctor told the patient to drink water an hour before each meal. Two days later when he called the patient complainingly addressed him as follows:

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

\$10 Will Start The Purchase of your own farm home. Farming pays well. 10 acres in Michigan. \$250. \$5 monthly. Larger tracts. Towns, schools. Booklet free. Swigart Land Company, C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Prosper in the South—excellent little farm in Virginia, North Carolina and Maryland at \$15 an acre and up. Just right for truck and general farming, stock raising, dairying and poultry. Close to markets, fine climate, good schools and neighbors. Write for information and copy of The Southern Homeseeker—today. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

ARIZONA LAND

Get A Farm Irrigated By Uncle Sam in Salt River Valley, southern Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise alfalfa for feeding cattle and sheep. Raise vegetables and fruits for early Eastern market. Buy land now, before it costs more. Deep soil, assured water, reasonable prices, fine winter climate. Write for our Salt River Valley folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

POULTRY

Poultry Truths. Get this practical book. Tells how to make poultry pay as a business or "side line." The U. S. Govt. urges greater production of poultry and eggs. You can help! The book and one year's subscription to Everybody's Poultry Magazine, the leading poultry monthly, \$1. Magazine alone, 3 months trial sub., 10c. 3 years \$1. Sample copy for 2c stamp. Order today. Everybody's Poultry Magazine Pub. Co., Box B-4, Hanover, Pa.

"I drank for 20 minutes, doctor, but I was so full then I couldn't hold any more."

Careful Boy

Uncle (who weighs 200 pounds)—"Well, Earlie, is the ice thick enough to skate on today?"

Earlie—"I don't know. That's why we want you to go with us and find out."

They Probably Do

"Paddy," said a father to his little boy, "do you know what happens to liars when they die?"

"Well," said Paddy, after thinking a while, "I suppose they lie still."

His Suit

"I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Where are they?"

"This is it I have on."

When He Tripped

"Did you ever take a bicycle trip?"

"Once."

"Where did you go?"

"Straight over my neck."

Sent It Home

Over the garden fence the conversation had suddenly turned acrimonious.

"An' if your boy, 'Erbert, ties any more cans to our pore dog's tail," was Mrs. Moggins' stern ultimatum, "we'll tear about it, that's all. Oh, an' per'aps you've done wiv that saucypan wot you borrowed last Monday."

"Yes, ma'am."

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—Kansas City Star.

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"By your trousers," was the reply.

"You are sitting on my pie."

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"Excuse me," said the first man, "But this is my chair!"

"How do you know it is your chair?" demanded the occupant, in a surly tone.

"Because I can prove it," stated the first man.

"How can you prove it?" asked the occupant.

"By your trousers," was the reply.

"You are sitting on my pie."

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"You are sitting on my pie."

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Meeting the Conditions of the Times

IN the winter we all want eggs, when they are truly golden gifts at the present prices. Supposing that you have good birds not too old in years, it depends almost entirely upon yourself whether you get the coveted eggs or not, for feed and care are the main factors. Don't be afraid to spend a little money on your birds. They must have the right kind of food before they can give you eggs. A diet of all corn won't produce them. Whole corn is the best supper for cold winter nights. Be generous with scratching material on the floor of the poultry-house, and let in all the light and sun you can. Then remember that the nights are long at this season, and just as it is light enough to see, give the birds something to scratch for, scattering small grains, oats, etc.

Scratching amongst the material on the floor for the small grain makes the birds exercise, which promotes circulation and warms them when they most need it. Get a big pan with a close-fitting lid, for boiling food; put all the odds and ends of table scraps and vegetables into it, with sufficient water to boil into a thick soup. Then, if you have it, mix in cut clover hay and stock food late at night. Leave the covered pan near the kitchen stove, and it will get warm, or at least not get icy cold. I think the best time to feed the mash in winter is about noon. If there is much potato, fat or bread in the scraps, use more bran in the stock feed. The secret of success is in using common sense in feeding. If the scraps are largely lean meat and green vegetables, like cabbage or celery, the mash needs more stock feed than bran to make it a well-balanced ration. Fat and starchy materials furnish fat-producing elements in the rations, which are needed in a heavier percentage during the cold weather, for much of it goes to warm the birds instead of to make fat. When the weather gets warm, corn, buckwheat and sunflower seeds should drop out of the rations.

Never forget for a single day that the birds expected to lay in winter must have animal and vegetable food of some sort, for they are the materials necessary for eggs. Skim-milk is one of the best foods laying poultry can have, especially when the eggs are wanted for hatching, as skim-milk contains a heavy percentage of lime, which is needed in an egg to produce bone in the forthcoming chicks. I live in a real farming neighborhood where everybody has plenty of corn and a big flock of hens, yet nearly all of my neighbors have to buy eggs of me during the winter, when they should be making money from their own hens. Not having eggs in winter is just as silly and reprehensible as to let the cows go dry to save feeding. Poor winter feeding of any kind of stock is pennywise and pound foolish, for it reaches much further than the immediate time.

It would not hurt so much if it meant just no eggs and milk in the winter, but it is the effect it has on the spring hatching. What's the use of setting a hundred eggs, and only getting seventy-five chicks, most of them undersized and hard to rear, or scrawny calves that need all the best of your profits to get up to anything like market weight. The first lesson all stock keepers must learn before they can make animals pay, is the influence of prenatal conditions. Breeding stock of all kinds must have good food and care or the progeny cannot be profitable.

The time has come when a farmer's wife must realize that if she expects to get good prices for her eggs and chickens, they must be cultivated and culled just as carefully as fruit or vegetables. You all know it is no use expecting fine apples from a half wild scrub tree. If you are planting as young orchard or berry patch, you select the best varieties because you know they will produce the best fruit and ripen evenly. But unfortunately few general farmers or housewives think there is any advantage in keeping thoroughbred fowls, except for the showroom, and they go on year after year feeding quantities of grain to a lot of mongrels who don't half pay for it, when they could be reaping a splendid harvest if they would just realize a few facts which are becoming more evident every year to the people who are making poultry their entire business.

First, a scrub hen costs just as much to feed as a good one, and the best will only lay about seventy-five eggs a year, whereas the thoroughbred hen will lay from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Mixed eggs only bring the lowest market price, while eggs from the thoroughbred will bring the highest during the winter, and in the spring will bring at least two dollars a setting of fifteen eggs. And if your stock comes from ancestry which has taken many prizes at shows or in egg laying contests, the price of the settings will rise up to five or ten dollars each.

Let me tell you what one of our COMFORT sisters has done along these same lines.

About eleven years ago, I received a letter from one of our readers which interested me very much. The writer was a farmer's wife, and the mother of two children—one a boy of six, the other a girl of nine. Her great desire was to be able to send the boy to college and let the girl have music lessons. The farm was not very productive, and her husband was making only a bare living, so she wanted to do something to make extra money which could be saved and used for the children's future education.

Did I think she could make chickens pay? The former owner of the farm had raised lots of chickens. There was one large house divided into six compartments, with yards attached, and two small houses ten by fifteen feet, each with two yards. She loved chickens, but had only about thirty birds; twelve old hens, and the rest young stock—just a mixed flock of all kinds. Since then I have received two or three letters from her every year, and she has given me permission to tell our readers how well she succeeded, hoping that it may help other mothers and other children.

My first letter advised her to keep only the pullets that looked as if they were going to be early layers and any old hens which she knew to be good mothers, fatten all the rest and sell them to the butcher, and in the spring use whatever money she might get for them to buy one or two settings of good eggs, which she could set

under her own common hens, and so get a start with thoroughbred birds.

She followed my advice, and wrote the following October, telling me that she got eight dollars and seventy-five cents for the hens she sold. To this she added one dollar and twenty-five cents, and bought a setting of White Orpington eggs, from which she hatched ten birds, six cockerels and four pullets, all of which she raised.

The Orpington eggs had been bought from the original importer and breeder in this country, who was just at that time introducing the white variety, so they were comparatively rare and much in demand. Mrs. G. sent two best pullets and one cockerel to the county fair; won first on the trio, first in the pullet class, first for cockerels, and a special cash prize of five dollars for best birds in the show. She also took orders for three cockerels at fifteen dollars each, and booked several orders for settings of eggs to be delivered the following spring.

About seven years ago this lady was a widow, and her poultry has made it possible for her to keep her home and send her three children through high school.

People who lack capital to build good poultry-houses, such as are necessary for laying hens, could profitably undertake goose raising. Even the busy mother of a large family, with little time for outside occupation could raise geese, for they are such self-reliant, self-providing creatures, one can almost leave them to their own devices from April to October, and still reap goodly profits.

The great advantage about geese is that there are no expensive houses necessary. An open shed, or any rough shelter that will protect them from heavy snows is all that is required, and feed is not a heavy item, as they are naturally grazing animals; the bill being provided with sharp, interlocking, serrated edges, designed to easily cut and divide vegetable tissues; and the tongue at the tip is covered with hard, hair like projections, pointing toward the throat, which serve to quickly and surely convey the bits of grass and leaves into the throat. Goslings make the greater part of their growth upon grasses of fodder plants, although, of course, they do not make the rapid growth which may be secured when some grain is fed; on the other hand, however, it is not possible to raise goslings on an exclusively grain diet without a liberal supply of clover, cabbage, roots, apples, or some succulent, vegetable food. Young goslings make the most rapid growth upon short, nutritious grasses and cracked corn or wheat.

The goose has practically no crop, although an enlargement of the end of the gullet near the gizzard in some measure serves to hold food, consequently it feeds at very frequent intervals, and during warm weather often eats more at night



CHINESE GEESSE—FIRST PRIZE ILLS. STATE FAIR.

than during the daytime; a point which should be remembered in feeding and caring for them.

In cold climates shelter during severe weather should be provided to guard against frozen feet. During the breeding season the liberal feeding of a nutritious ration, not too fattening, has a beneficial effect on egg production. Green food, ground oyster shells, grit and charcoal should be provided.

Two or three litters of eggs may be secured by "breaking up" the goose by shutting her up in a pen for a few days when broody, and setting the eggs under hens. A good-sized hen will cover five eggs; a goose from nine to thirteen eggs. Twenty-eight to thirty days' incubation is required for hatching.

Each family should consist of a gander and four or five females. To insure fertile eggs, they must have abundant green food and a body of water to swim in. If a pond or river is not possible, sink a large tub in the ground until the top is even with the ground, and fill with water so they can at least do plenty of bathing.

If a quantity of geese are to be kept, flocks of four or five geese and a gander should be kept on the colonizing plan. Large cases, or some rough shelter, and barrels of nest grouped together for each family, will soon be acknowledged as home if they are always fed near them. Each colony should be separated from its neighbor by at least twenty-five feet, and fifty would be better. Strange birds should be controlled at first by a fence of wire netting, put up in a temporary way so it can be removed when the birds have settled down to their own group of buildings.

'Tis seldom that the ganders fight after they are once established as families, but if they do, the geese will make such a commotion that you will soon hear it and can interfere, when each family will go to its own particular home, and rarely trouble each other again.

Ducks and geese must—simply must—have lots of vegetable and animal food, otherwise they are bound to get too fat, and their progeny will be sickly creatures, only born to die. If you have no machine for cutting up clover or alfalfa, you can buy it ready chopped from any store that carries poultry supplies, and there are dozens of different brands of animal food on the market, figuring under such names as "beef meal," "beef scraps," "beef, bone and blood," and "animal meal." They are all about the same, and are valuable substitutes for fresh meat and bone, and have the advantage of keeping any reasonable length of time without spoiling. If you have a silo, ensilage makes a good foundation for mash when feeding geese. Chop up a pileful, and add a pint of wheat bran and middlings, or stock feed and shorts; and in the middle of the day, when all outdoors is frozen, give them waste cabbage or any vegetable which you may chance to have, except potatoes, which should be used very sparingly, because they are too fattening for breeding birds. Failing a home supply of vegetables, you must buy the chopped clover or alfalfa. Put three or four quarts into a pan with a tight lid, pour scalding water over it, and leave in a warm place to steam for several hours. Mix in the grain just before feeding.

Lots of fresh drinking water is imperative for both ducks and geese—in fact, for all poultry. During freezing weather it is difficult to keep up the supply unless you make some special provision for the water not freezing. A very simple contrivance is made by using two empty cases, one a little larger than the other. Put the smaller one inside the larger one, cut a square hole through both boxes at one end, so that the birds can reach the water when an ordinary drinking fountain is placed inside the smaller case. Fill up the space between the two cases with sawdust; or, in very cold localities, with horse manure. There are several poultry drinking fountains on the market which have lamp arrangements, and keep the water warm.

Another point, which many people neglect with ducks and geese, is keeping their sleeping quarters dry, and giving them plenty of bedding on cold nights. Strange though it may seem, water fowls, that can swim about all day in cold water, will develop rheumatism and leg weakness if they sleep in a damp place. The best thing is to make a rack like a big gridiron, to cover one part of the house. Use hardwood slats on three by three battens, and there will be a good space between the ground and the slats. The slats should not be more than half an inch apart, and well covered with straw or coarse hay. If making such a rack is not feasible cut some saplings and crisscross them on the floor, then spread boughs over them, and finish off with straw or hay, and clean off the upper soiled part two or three times a week. The bedding of ducks and geese should not be neglected, for it is quite as necessary as bedding cows.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address: Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. L. S.—Read this month's article. One-year-old geese are not good for breeders. Their eggs hatch poorly, and goslings are weak. There is a difference in the cry and usually has a narrow head, but it is difficult for an amateur to distinguish between geese and ganders. You had better try to find a neighbor who has had experience.

M. R.—From your description of the lumps on the liver of the birds you opened coupled with the fact that you have been losing one or two birds a week for the last year and a half, leaves no doubt that this is a case of tuberculosis—a most difficult disease to stamp out, especially after it has been in a flock for such a length of time. It is very contagious, and contaminates the entire premises, the germs being distributed by means of the infected birds' droppings. One light chronic case may be the unsuspected cause of frequent outbreaks. The germs are often contained in eggs laid by infected birds. Rats and mice also carry the disease. So you see extreme vigilance is necessary to prevent its spreading, if there is even one chronic case in the neighborhood. One of the worst features of the disease is that cases rarely attract attention in the early stages. Even a professional poultryman often fails to notice any symptoms of the disease until it reaches its last stages. For this reason an entire flock is often exposed to contagion before it is suspected. There is no cure for a bird which has once developed tuberculosis, so the only safe plan, after it is known that a bird has really died from the disease, is to kill off all suspicious-looking birds and burn the carcasses, then kill and sell the birds that may have been exposed to the contagion without loss of time, and before the disease has developed. After that, cut out all of the old stock, thoroughly clean the house, scrape off the surface of the yard, or ground on which the birds have been, in the habit of congregating, and burn, or bury very deeply, all the accumulated rubbish, and next spring make a fresh start with healthy stock.

E. J. B.—Barley is excellent food for poultry, but should be mixed with oats and kafir corn, as it is too fattening for laying hens if fed exclusively. Better use chopped clover or alfalfa hay which has been well steamed, for the vegetable part of the ration during the winter. Green barley in the spring would be all right. It would be difficult for me to tell you how much grain would be needed for six months, for I do not know what grains you purpose using. I gave special rations for laying hens, which had been arranged by the government to suit different districts, in one of the late summer numbers of COMFORT, so you will receive the necessary information on the subject before this reaches you.

L. B.—Without knowing the conditions on which the incubator was run, it is difficult to say what caused the poor hatches. You may have left the trays out of the machine too long whilst airing and turning the eggs, or you may not have aired them sufficiently. If the ventilation in the room in which the machine was being operated, it would affect the hatch; or if the machine did not stand quite level, the warm air in the chamber may have been drawn to one side of the machine, leaving the other side chilly. If the heat never ran above 104, that could not be to blame. It would not be wise to line a machine with asbestos, as it would

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be liable to interfere with the current of hot air and ventilation. Most certainly the tank should be emptied when the machine is not in use, or it will be liable to rust and leak when next used. We always give hints for running incubators in the February and March numbers.

J. W. B.—What is known as "going light" is a sort of wasting disease, caused by any one of a dozen reasons. Want of a proper combination of rations, intestinal worms, sickly or injured parent stock, lice and mites. As you have opened one of the birds, and found the intestines in a normal condition, it cannot be worms or chronic disease. So it must be food or vermin. If the birds which are not yet-sick appear to be hungry, increase the amount of feed. Give a mash in the morning, and skim-milk to drink. Examine the birds for lice, and the house and coops for mites. As you live in the South, the red or house mite is likely to be the cause of the trouble.

L. S.—Try using lard and flour of sulphur, mixed in equal parts, on the turkeys' heads, for the wood-ticks. It will stick, and last longer than kerosene or dip.

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